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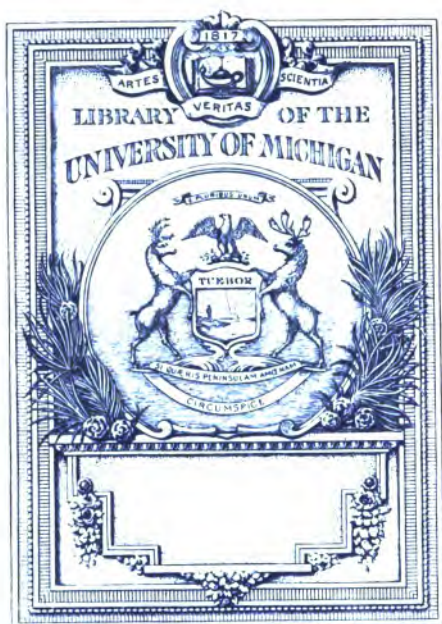
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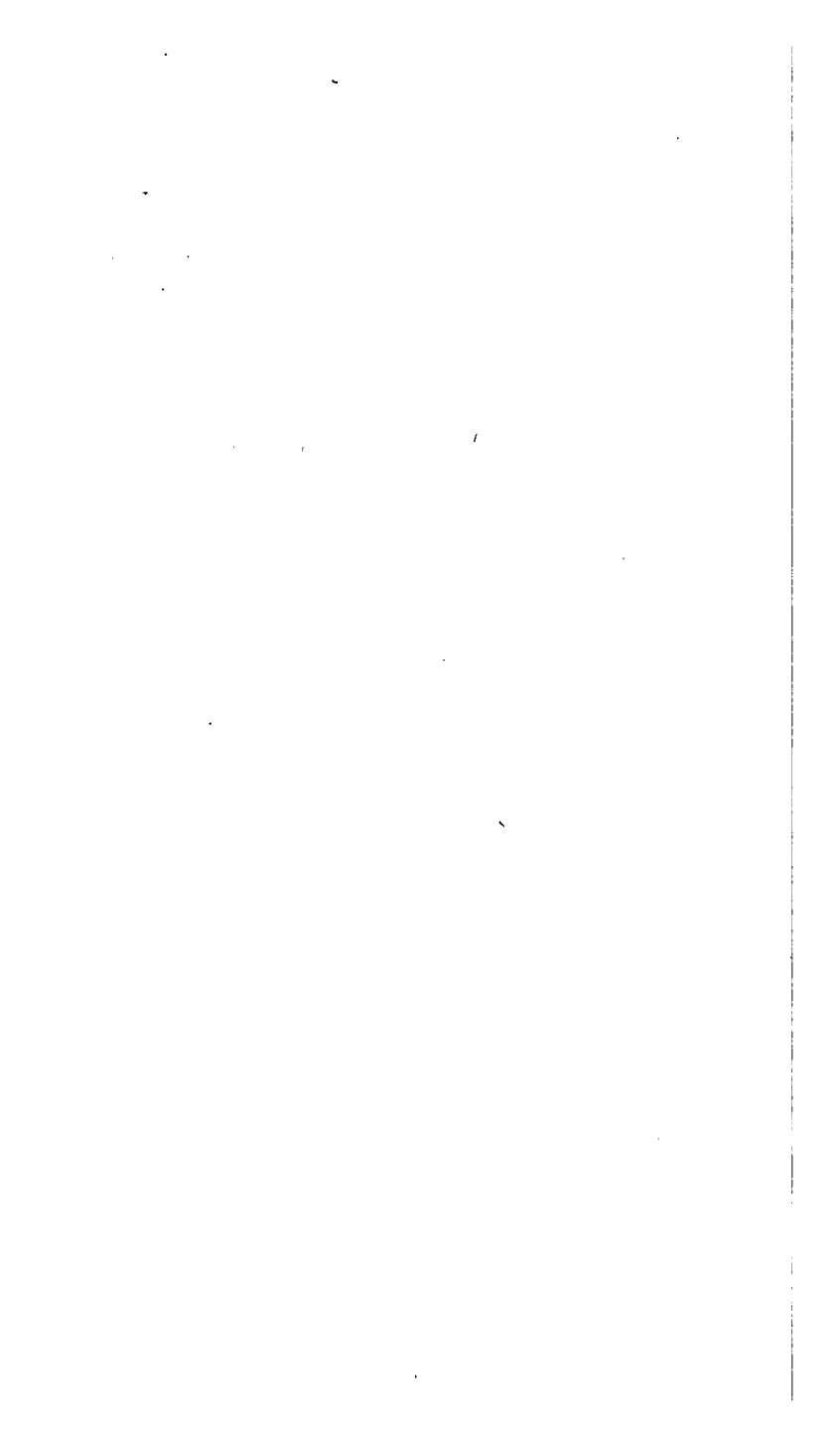


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# SKETCHES OF SOCIETY

IN



## GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

*Charles Stewart*  
BY C. S. STEWART, M. A.

OF THE U. S. NAVY,

AUTHOR OF "A VISIT TO THE SOUTH SEAS," &c. &c.

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SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:  
CAREY, LEA & BLANCHARD.

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TO THE  
  
HONOURABLE WILLIAM W. BOARDMAN,  
  
&c. &c.

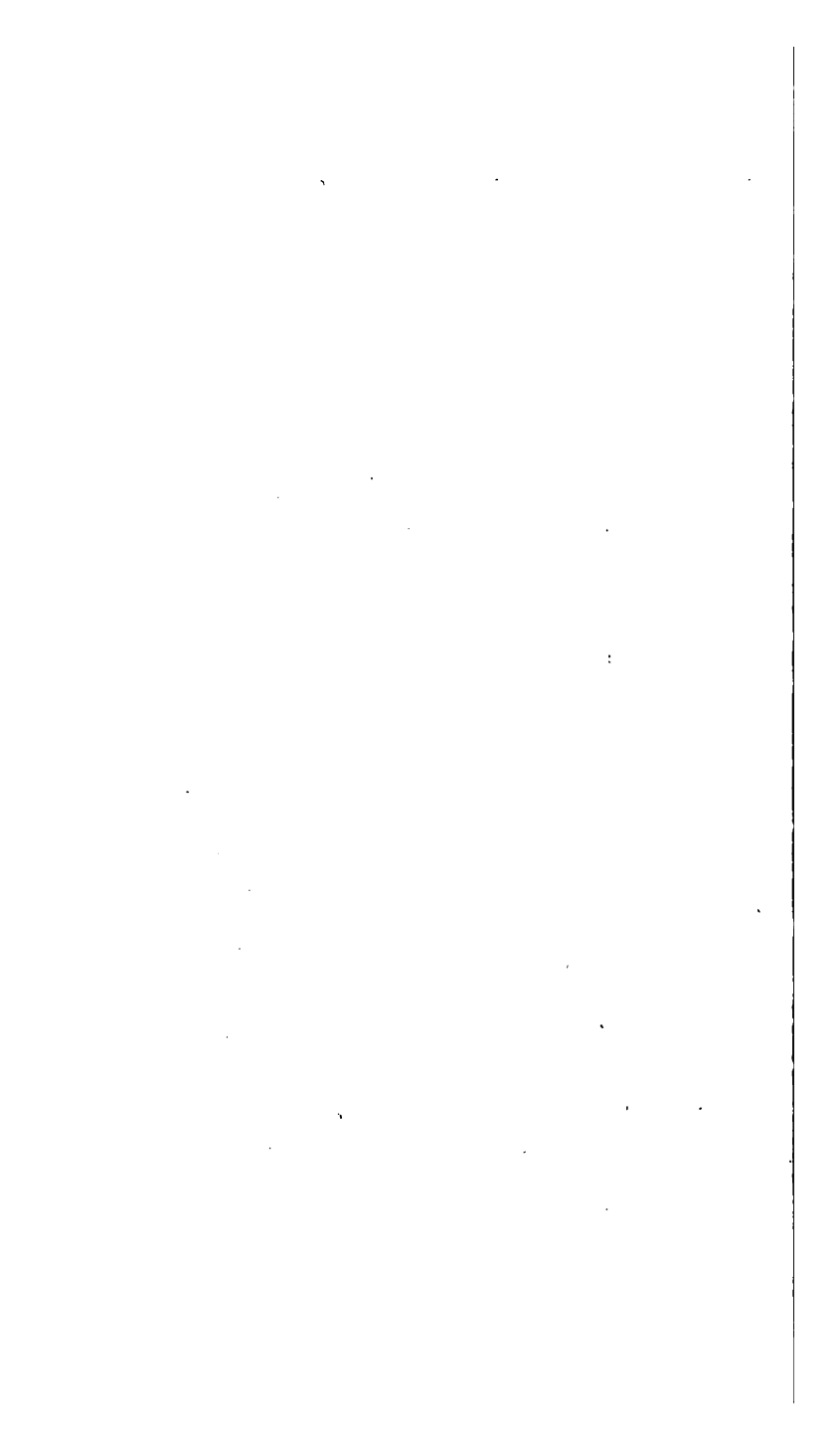
OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MY DEAR BOARDMAN,

It is not in idle compliment, that your name occupies this page.

Early endeared to me by associations of intimacy and friendship, you are blended in many of the choicest recollections of my youth ; and I am happy in the opportunity, now in our riper years, of paying a slight tribute to the virtues, talent and accomplishments which have won the unalterable regard of

THE AUTHOR.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE following volumes were promised to the public, early after my return from England to the United States, some months ago.

It was my intention, before putting the work to press, to remodel the letters contained in it, and to embrace in them, sentiments and impressions on many points coming under the title I have chosen, as well as on the state of politics, morals, and religion in the United Kingdom,—which had been purposely omitted, in my correspondence with America, till the observations of the entire tour should give me full confidence in their truth and correctness.

Orders from Government, however, for immediate duty in the office I hold in the Naval Service, rendered this impracticable ; and good faith to the gentlemen who are my publishers, made it necessary to print from the manuscript in an unaltered form. One volume only could be hastily gotten through the press before I left the United States ; and the second, copied rapidly while crossing the Atlantic, is now despatched to the compositor, without the advantage even of a reperusal.—A statement of circumstances in-

cumbent on me to make, in explanation of the delay which has occurred in the appearance of these volumes, if not in apology for the matter and manner of their contents.

My companion in the travel of the summer, it will be perceived, was Captain Bolton, of the Navy. It was under the command of this gentleman, as Captain Finch, that in the U. S. Ship Vincennes, I made the voyage of the world, of which an account has been given to the public. Circumstances have recently occurred to induce him to the resumption, by act of Congress, of an ancestral surname. It is by the appellation of Bolton only, that he will hereafter be known; and I have, therefore, made use exclusively of it, in alluding to him, though at the time the letters were written, the change had not taken place.

In availing myself of the present opportunity of assuring my readers, that I am not insensible to the kindness which they have shown towards the volumes which I have previously ventured to publish, I have only to regret that the work now placed in their hands—from the widely different spheres of observation on men and things in the different cases—cannot, like those which have preceded it, unfold in its details the merits of any subject of special interest to the hearts of the philanthropist and Christian, or embrace in its direct tendencies the moral good and melioration of my fellows.

U. S. SHIP DELAWARE 74,

*At Sea, Sept. 10th, 1833.*

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by this anticipation, explains to me, in part at least, the philosophy of a sailor's love for the mode of life pursued by him, despite its many privations, its hardships and its dangers. It is chiefly to be attributed to the changes and novelty incident to it, and to the play of feeling above the common movements of the soul, which it is ever calling into action.

Only a few days ago we were in all the excitement of a separation from our homes and nearest friends. The song accompanying the hoisting of our topsails, and the "Yo, heave O!" with which the anchor was then taken, touched in the bosoms of many on board, as well as many on shore, some of the liveliest sensibilities of the heart—the sympathies of friend parting with friend, brother with brother, through all the closest relations of life. And now, three thousand miles of our trackless way accomplished, a new set of emotions, scarcely less intense, are kindling in every bosom, and illuminating each face with joy, in the prospect of speedily reaching our port, and of participating again in all the blessings of the land.

Man loves this change and this excitement. He delights in the high capacities of feeling which they prove him to possess; and the sailor, soon habituated to the experience of them, becomes unfitted for the monotonous routine of a fixed home, and wearies of the shore.

The interest of a sea life, however, is far from being limited to the commencement and termination of a voyage. The varied phenomena of the ocean, which frequently by day and by night are presented

to the notice of the voyager, in the iceberg and water-spout, the meteoric flash and phosphoretic scintillation, furnish to him their instruction and amusement; and, while he learns to feel a companionship with the monsters of the deep as they sport around, and with the sea-gull soaring above, and the little petterel gracefully treading the water below, the weather itself is not destitute of its resources of interest and pleasure. Is the sky bright and the wind fair? the exhilaration on board is proportionate; and each looks abroad upon

“The blue above and the blue below,”

with a gladness of heart which, to be fully known, must be experienced. Does the storm threaten and the tempest lower? there is a welcome excitement in the activity and bustle of preparing the ship for the strife of elements; and, when “all is snug,” an untiring delight in watching the wildness of the clouds and sky, and the ever varying commotion of the billows, as in rapid course, they rush onward in their mad career, and rise, crest, and break widely around in beds of foam; or, conflicting one with another, toss their summits high in the air, seemingly in jets of commingled emeralds and diamonds.

Such, at least, is my experience; and I have never yet been a week at sea, without making the apostrophe of Byron my own—

“And I have loved thee, Ocean! in all time,  
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark heaving—I have loved thee,  
And exulted in thy billows.”

## LETTER II.

## COASTING OFF IRELAND AND WALES.

Sight of Land—Light-House on Cape Clear—Old Head of Kinsale  
—Wreck of the Albion—Cove of Cork—Rostellan Castle—  
Tuscar Light—Holyhead—Scene off Beaumaris and Bangor.

*Ship York, off North Wales,  
May 30th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

AT an early hour yesterday morning, we had exchanged the swelling ocean for the smooth surface of a summer's sea, and were gently sailing along the south coast of Ireland, with the land in near view.

At six o'clock, the evening before, I was the first on board to descry a speck of the "Emerald Isle" in the blueness of the eastern horizon—the top of a mountain far inland, and so indistinct in its outline, as to hold many of the least credulous of my fellow-passengers in doubt of the reality. Soon, however, long lines of the same dusky hue were seen stretched on the water; and before night several of the head lands of the coast were clearly distinguishable. One of the number, captain Bursley, recognized as "Mizen Head," some twelve or fifteen miles westward of Cape Clear, the most southern promontory of the Island.

The light-house on this Cape is the beacon most eagerly hailed by navigators in entering the English channel from the west; and we watched its appearance after dark with lively interest. The beauty and

splendid starlight of the evening, with a fresh and prosperous breeze, forbade the minglings of any anxiety in the joy of our approach to land; still the exclamation, "the light! the light!" as its rays first gleamed upon us from the breast of the ocean, produced a new thrill of pleasure in the additional promise, given by it, of the speedy and happy termination of our voyage.

With scarce an exception, the passengers of the York are British subjects, returning to their homes after an absence of a longer or shorter duration—from three to thirty years—and many of them involuntarily exhibited an enthusiasm of delight which communicated itself, by sympathy, to others less interested in our arrival. Even the pet dogs of some caught the feeling of their masters, and, by barking and frisking about, and running and jumping from one to another, added no little to the joyous animation pervading the ship, from the cabin to the forecastle.

I walked the deck with captain Bursley, who, to all the hardihood and intrepidity of the thorough-bred sailor, adds the gentler qualities and affections of the man, till a late hour, watching the appearance and disappearance of the light as it revolved, every two minutes, within its lantern. A light-house with its associations is to me a most impressive and delightful object of contemplation—seeming, like some guardian spirit of the deep, ever faithful to the trust, to warn in danger and to cheer in joy. To the sailor's eye, at least, it is indeed

"lovely as Hope,  
That star on life's tremulous ocean."

I was on deck again at four o'clock the next morning, and found the weather still bright and beautiful. We had passed Cape Clear, and were approaching the Old Head of Kinsale, memorable to many a heart, on both sides of the Atlantic, as the spot at which, in the year 1822, the packet ship Albion met her fate, and many a loved one perished.

The mist of the morning still shrouded the features of the interior landscape, but the perpendicular and iron-bound cliffs against which she was dashed with the white surf breaking high upon their gloomy fronts, were distinctly seen at a few miles distance. I scarcely regretted that the sun did not attain a sufficient height to illuminate the scenery beyond, till we had left behind us a landmark associated with such melancholy recollections. The most lovely imagery embraced in the same picture, would to me have been despoiled of its charms.

I well recollect the beauty and freshness of the spring morning on which that noble vessel, with full spread sails and banners brightly gleaming in the sunshine, left her moorings at New York and hastened triumphantly on her destination over the bay. Among the passengers were some whom I had intimately known, and many in whose character and welfare I had learned to feel an interest; and as I saw them clustered on the quarter-deck, full of animation at the cheering auspices under which they were about to put to sea, witnessed the last look of affection, given amidst smiles and tears, by friend parting from friend, and caught the farewell wave of the hand and the handkerchief, as long as these sig-

nals of attachment could be recognized in the distance, I involuntarily wished myself on board, that I might share in the promised prosperity and happiness of the voyage; little dreaming how soon that prosperity was to be exchanged for peril, and that happiness to terminate in death.

Ever since I heard the fearful catastrophe that followed, the "Old Head of Kinsale" has sounded like a dirge upon my ear; and the sight of its flinty brow now filled my mind with images of horror. While gazing upon it, I could see no picture but that of the raging tempest, driving the dismasted and helpless wreck at the midnight hour, with resistless fury against the cliffs which were soon to become the death-pillow of the beautiful and the brave, the learned and the good, and all that is most precious in the character of our race; and I turned away to still the repetition in memory of the lines,

"We perish! not a hope is left—  
Death rides on every billow!" &c.

so vividly descriptive of the heart-rending scene.

A telegraphic station, here and there, and the towers of small castellated buildings erected for the accommodation of the officers and men of the preventive or revenue service—forming a cordon along the coast—were the chief objects of interest till we approached the vicinity of the Cove of Cork. The country here seems delightful indeed. Above the cliffs, gently swelling hills, covered with various growth of the loveliest green, roll inland till they gain a height which cuts off all further view, except the

blue tops of mountains far interior. Small fields, laid out with great regularity and separated from each other by ditches and low walls of stone or turf, every where look like parts of an old and well kept garden; while a brown hut or plastered cottage, a farmhouse with its yard and numerous out-buildings, and occasionally a church tower in the midst of a cluster of humble dwellings, enliven and diversify the view. Scarce a bush or tree, however, is to be seen in the whole range of vision.

The Cove of Cork, from which the city of the name is some six or seven miles inland, is a spacious and beautiful harbour. We could distinctly see the fortresses by which it is guarded, its light-houses and signal stations, as we passed; and, with a glass, had a fine view of Rostellan Castle, a noble mansion in the vicinity, surrounded by a stately Park belonging to the marquess of Thomond, presenting to an American eye, in its contrast with every other building for many miles along the coast, a striking evidence of the distance here existing between the plebeian herd and the aristocracy of the land.

Every view, indeed, of the shore tells us that we are in the Old World. And at this distance it surely appears a beautiful and happy world; and would lead no one to suppose it to share so largely as we know to be the fact, in the poverty, wretchedness, and vice entailed upon our race.

The Tuscar light-house, at the south-east point of Ireland, came in view just as the night was again closing around us. This is one of the most beautiful structures of the kind in the world; standing seven

miles from the shore on a rock scarce larger than its base, and rising, from the midst of the water, like a pillar of white marble. It presents three different shades and degrees of light in a revolution of its reflectors. The first pale and livid, the second more strongly coloured and more lively, and the third a glowing blaze of brilliancy ; and during the evening while we passed round it, and till we had entered far into St. George's Channel, it was an object of general admiration.

This morning, in place of Ireland, points of the Welsh coast were in the distance before us. At mid-day the ship was reported by signal at Holy-head, between which and Liverpool, a distance of seventy miles, there is a regular telegraphic communication ; and shortly afterwards, in a gale of wind and rain, we bore round the Island of Anglesea for the mouth of the Mersey.

The chief interest of the day, however, has been in a picture of wildness and beauty with which we were favoured just at nightfall. In the early part of the afternoon the weather was so misty as to prevent a view of the land ; and the rain drove me to the cabin. On going on deck again, I found the wind greatly increased, and the ship in all the bustle and activity of furling and close reefing. It did not rain, however, and, in place of the mist, which previously had cut off the sight even of the nearest vessels making their way to port with us, one of the most picturesque and delightful sections of North Wales, at a distance of three or four miles only, burst upon me in a freshness of colouring, and grandeur of imagery,

both on land and sea, rarely combined in the same scene.

A pilot whom we had received on board, had ran the ship, to escape the strength of an ebbtide, from her direct course close to the shore, in the vicinity of the towns of Beaumaris and Bangor. Immediately in front us lay a beautiful vale—a garden of “sweet fields” literally

“Drest in living green,”

sprinkled with white cottages and hamlets, and adorned with the stately turrets of the castles of Beaumaris and Penrhyn—while around and above, mountain was piled upon mountain, from the dark-fronted Penmaenmawr, jutting in a precipice over the sea, to the hoary-headed Snowdon, lost amidst the clouds far inland, in a sublimity of grouping and strength of outline, I have never seen equalled except in the Cordilleras of Chili and Peru, and some of the most famed of the neighbouring islands of Polynesia.

The tempest seemed to have been just scattered in various directions from the point at which we were. Upon our ship, and the softer sections of the valley and shores in front of us, golden gleamings from the western sky shed a warm and mellow light, gilding every object on which they fell with a double beauty from the wetness of the recent rain, while behind us on the sea, and in dark glens and ravines of the mountain tops, the whirlwind and the storm were still seen to be raging with unabated fury.

The water, lashed on every side into a bed of foam,

and the rushing of fitful blasts through our sails and rigging, were in good keeping with the general aspect of the scene ; and the whole drew from us the liveliest admiration, till the curtains of the night screened it from further view.

This imposing glimpse of Wales, the widely different but lovely sketches of the Irish coast yesterday, and recollections of the Isle of Wight, the land first made by the ship in which I visited London in 1826, justify the high anticipations of pleasure I have indulged, in view of the travels of the summer ; and give assurance that I shall not be disappointed in the high improvement, rich resources, beautiful scenery, and stately magnificence of the United Kingdom.

## LETTER III.

## ARRIVAL AT LIVERPOOL.

Entrance of the Mersey—Scenery on the River—Approach to Liverpool—General aspect of the City—Docks and Pier—British and American Pilots—Captain Bolton—Hon. Martin Van Buren—Dinner at the American Consul's—Conversation—President's Message—Reputation of Gen. Jackson.

*Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool,  
May 31st, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

INDUCEMENTS of the most tempting kind are ever present to an American for a visit to England. But two circumstances, in particular, led to the resolution on my part of spending the summer abroad: the one a state of health which had interfered for a time with the discharge of my official duties in the national service, and the other the desire of my friend, captain Bolton of the navy, that I should accompany him in a tour which he had determined to make.

It was under the command of this gentleman, you will recollect, that I recently accomplished a visit to the south seas. The friendship and intimacy contracted in a voyage of the world had well fitted us for the close companionship of fellow-travellers on land, and every arrangement was made for leaving New York in company, when I was suddenly called to a distant part of the state, under circumstances rendering the practicability of my intended travel doubtful. Captain Bolton, therefore, embarked at

the time proposed, with the agreement that I should join him, if in my power, at an early period, in London.

Happily I was enabled to sail by the succeeding packet; and, on entering the English channel, learned from an Irish fishing boat, that the ship, in which he was a passenger, had preceded us two or three days only. In the hope that he might still be in Liverpool, I was all impatience for the termination of our voyage; and, greatly to my satisfaction, found on my going on deck this morning, that we were rapidly approaching the city, thirteen miles above the entrance of the Mersey, off which we had been lying during the night.

The stream is scarce a quarter of a mile in width, and affords a full view of the shores on either hand. The country in the immediate vicinity is not remarkable for its richness, but the high state of improvement to which the whole surface is brought, with the freshness and beauty of the season breathing its fragrance and scattering its bloom on everything around, made it lovely in our eyes; and we hailed with delight the dark green fields, thick hedge rows, neat cottages, and broad winged windmills seen, on every side, through the hazy atmosphere of the "fast anchored isle."

Liverpool, as a city, you are aware, is as modern in its rise and history as any of the principal American ports; and presents nothing, in the approach to it, particularly to arrest the attention of a transatlantic visiter. It is smoky and black, and extends two miles or more along the river, and an equal distance

inland. The general style of architecture is more heavy than in the United States, and the material for building, except in the public edifices, being principally unpainted brick, blackened with smoke, there is little in the external aspect of the town, when viewed *en masse*, at a distance, of the brightness and airiness of most of the ports in our own country. The environs, however, ornamented with numerous villas and country-seats, seem pleasant; and the shore of the water opposite is lined with the pretty towns of Egremont and Seacombe, Birkenhead and Tranmere.

Small boats and steam vessels crowd the river, but ships do not generally anchor in the stream. The boast of the port is its spacious and magnificent docks. These are immense basins of massive stonework, fronting the city in a line with the river, with which they communicate, by gates at either end. Vessels, on their arrival from sea, enter immediately into some one of these, the high walls of which, overtopped by forests of masts gay with the signals of ships from all quarters of the globe, form the principal view from the water, while the upper stories of the loftier warehouses, and the towers and spires of the city appear in the back ground. A noble stone pier, furnished at short intervals with substantial steps for the convenience of landing from boats at any state of the tide, separates the docks from the river, and affords an open and pleasant promenade, at the water side, much frequented by the citizens.

An hour or more was very vexatiously lost to me, under the circumstances, after we had arrived oppo-

site Princes' Dock, in which the packet ships lie, before we could secure an entrance to it; principally from the stupidity of a half intoxicated pilot. Brandy seemed a chief object of interest to him from the moment he boarded us; and, he soon became so much under its influence, as to have an interdiction laid, by the captain, to any after visit by him to the steward's pantry. Last night, when the wind was blowing so freshly, in our approach to the river, as to be carrying away the sails and spars of vessels around us, he scarce knew what he was about; and now, in entering the dock, but for the personal exertion and Herculean strength of Captain Bursley, much damage would have been done to the ship against the pier head, through mismanagement and carelessness arising from the same cause.

Such a dereliction of character in those to whose skill and integrity, so much of all that is most precious in property and life is daily committed, cannot be too strongly reprobated; and, while censure from all fell abundantly on the head of this victim of vice, the gentlemen of the British army, among the passengers, took occasion to remark the great respectability, as appeared to them, of the pilots of New York, and their decided superiority to any of the same class they had ever met in their own country.

The moment I could get on shore, I hastened to inquire for my friend; learned that he was still in the city; and soon had the happiness of being joyfully welcomed by him at the Adelphi. I had also the pleasure of meeting, at the same hotel, our late Ambassador at the Court of St. James, Mr. Van Buren,

and his son, who sail to-morrow on their return to the United States. Captain Bolton was engaged, with these gentlemen, to dine with Mr. Ogden, the American Consul for this port ; and, having received an invitation to join the party, I accepted a seat in Mr. Van Buren's carriage, at six o'clock, for the residence of that gentleman.

Among the company at table were some of the most distinguished citizens of Liverpool ; and politics, British and American, constituted almost exclusively the topic of conversation. The last year, as you know, has here been replete with tumult and popular dissatisfaction ; so much so, as greatly to perplex the administration, if not to endanger the stability of the government ; and, the passing month has witnessed a degree of national excitement, without a parallel in the modern history of the kingdom. Had we arrived, even ten days earlier, we should have seen the workings of an agitation which reached the very verge of open revolution. All parties admit the retirement of Earl Grey as premier, and the resignation of the ministers consequent upon it, to have been a most fearful crisis to the empire ; and nothing but the speedy recall of that statesman, and the triumph of reform, of which it was the royal pledge, saved the nation, at the time, from the horrors of a civil war.

Happily the tempest, which then filled the political horizon with blackness, has passed over without desolating the land ; and the only evidence, to the eye of the stranger, of its having existed, is the calm which has succeeded to the violence with which it swept

by, and the sunshine which throws the brightness of promise on the terrors of its retiring form.

Most of the gentlemen we met, are warm advocates for reform. They appeared greatly elated by the triumph achieved; and are sanguine in their confidence of a speedy purgation of everything, in the political economy of the kingdom, which they deem inconsistent with the light and liberty of the age.

It is taken for granted, that on this point every American is a brother of the party in sentiment and feeling; and the general principles of our government, though not its particular form, its history and prosperity, and, especially, its freedom from debt, as made known to the world by the last message of General Jackson to Congress, were commented upon with an enthusiasm, that could scarce fail of gratifying the national feelings and patriotism of a citizen of the Republic.

The exposition of the finances of the Union, contained in that able state paper, seems to have excited great and universal notice on this side of the Atlantic; and to have been productive of sentiments highly favourable to the, already, exalted reputation of the President, and to the honour of the country whose chief office he fills.

## LETTER IV.

EMBARKATION OF MRS. MARTIN VAN BUREN, AND GENERAL VIEW  
OF THE CITY.

Breakfast at Richmond Hill—Value of land—Intemperance, its prevalence in Liverpool—Embarkation of Mr. Van Buren—His popularity at St. James's—Comparative view of Liverpool and New York.

*Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool,*  
*June 1st, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

MR. BROWN, the principal of a distinguished mercantile house in this city, was of the party at the Consul's yesterday. I had letters to him from his brother, Mr. James Brown, of New York, and took breakfast this morning at his seat, Richmond Hill, three miles from town.

His place is new, and the improvements and plantations scarce yet completed; still, in addition to the pleasure of an introduction to his family, I greatly enjoyed the sweetness and budding beauty of its shrubbery, gardens, and conservatory. The value of the soil in the neighbourhood, astonished me; and I now dare scarce state it, though under the strong impression, that the sum paid by Mr. Brown, for the property he occupies, was a thousand pounds sterling an acre.

Among the subjects of conversation, at the breakfast table, was that of intemperance. In England, as in America, this vice has, within the few years past, become a matter of deep interest to the philan-

thropist and patriot; and, if Mr. Brown's report of its prevalence in Liverpool be made a criterion by which to judge of other cities in the kingdom in the same respect, it is not less extensively the bane of good morals on this side of the Atlantic, than on the other. He states, that during the past year, there have been no less than twenty thousand commitments for drunkenness, before the magistrates of the city and the dock police. A gentleman of his acquaintance, incredulous of the extent of this evil, as thus reported, in order to test the truth of it, stationed himself one day behind a screen in a grog shop, for three quarters of an hour; and, in that time, fifty-seven persons from the poor and working classes called for a dram, two-thirds of the whole being females!

Mr. Brown brought me to the city again, in time to see Mr. Van Buren and his son on board the packet of the day; and, with other of their friends, to give them a parting salutation, on leaving the dock to commence their voyage.

The impression made by this gentleman abroad, is of the most favourable character to himself and his country. A letter from a friend in the royal household, which I fortunately intercepted on its way to America, bears strong testimony to the high estimation in which he is held by those at court, who had made his acquaintance; and expresses much regret at his recall. The king and queen paid him marked attention, and, after he had taken his audience of leave as ambassador, entertained him for some days, as a private guest, at Windsor Castle.

The afternoon has been devoted by me, to a hasty view of the city. Many American travellers have recognized a resemblance, between this port and New York, which I do not perceive. There certainly is none in its situation, nor in the general aspect of its streets, and the predominating style of building. To my eye, they are alike only so far, as both are modern cities; both active commercial marts, into which merchandise for exchange with every clime, is pouring by ships from sea, and by river, canal, and rail road from the land; and both rapidly increasing in population, and augmenting in their resources of wealth.

New York, in its broad rivers and beautiful bay; in the air of brightness and cheerfulness resting on its dwellings; in the gaiety of its promenades; and the smiling vistas of the Jersey shore, meeting the eye across the Hudson at each angle of its principal streets, is incomparably the most pleasing and attractive place. On the other hand, Liverpool presents evidences of good taste, grandeur and magnificence, in the architectural exhibitions of its various edifices, and in specimens of the arts—in its town hall, exchange, new custom-house, botanic garden, and cemetery—to which the city of the Knickerbackers can furnish no parallel. But all is modern; and thus, to a transatlantic visitor, destitute of the peculiar charm which draws him, from the new world, to the old.

## LETTER V.

## DRIVE TO CHESTER, AND NOTICE OF ITS ANTIQUITIES.

Departure from Liverpool—Character of the scenery—An English village—Country inn—Arrival at Chester—General aspect of the city—Its antiquity—Historic interest—Walls—Gates—Castle and promenade.

*Royal Hotel, Chester,  
June 2d, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

IT would have given me pleasure to have made the acquaintance of several gentlemen at Liverpool, to whom I had an introduction from Dr. Hosack, Professor Green of Philadelphia, and other American friends; but, Captain Bolton, having already been a week on shore, was anxious to set off for London without further delay. We therefore left the Adelphi this morning, and crossing the Mersey in a steamboat, took a post chaise at Woodside, one of the pretty towns opposite, for this city, sixteen miles distant.

Yesterday and the day before were misty and wet, with a shower at intervals; the character of the weather at Liverpool, we are told, at least half the year. But to day the sun has shone brightly for England, the air is fresh and balmy, and all nature in the mood of spring; and we entered our carriage and rolled off upon a smooth Macadamised road, through the villages of Woodside and Birkenhead, in a state of feeling exhilarated and delightful. With a confidential

friend for his companion, a post-chaise for his equipage, and English roads, and English scenery in June beneath and around him, a man must be a cynic indeed, not to be more than satisfied, with everything he casts his eyes upon.

Had the impenetrable mass of smoke which, at most times, envelopes Liverpool, allowed a view of it, the general effect from many points of the road along the south side of the river, would doubtless have been fine. Its suburbs, particularly the hanging village of Everton, in the west, with its numerous villas and church tower, are seen to great advantage; and, for five or six miles, the Mersey, which widens into a broad estuary above the city, adds much to the interest of the drive.

Nothing can be more verdant and more beautiful, in the growth with which it is covered, than the country through which we passed. The surface of the ground, however, is tame and unvarying; and after a little time, notwithstanding the high improvement visible in everything, and the freshness and bloom, scattered by hedge rows and shrubbery, in all directions before the eye, there is a sameness, which makes it difficult to retain in the mind distinct images of the different sections of the scenery, which successively challenge and receive your admiration.

Widely as the two sections of the world differ in their profile, my companion, as well as myself, was strongly reminded, by some of the features of the landscape, of the green and beautiful shores encircling Byron's Bay, in the Island of Hawaii. Here, as there, the atmosphere is moist, and rain daily falls,

giving rise to a luxuriance of vegetation and a depth of verdure seldom seen in the United States; and though the country at Byron's Bay is undivided and untilled, except in small patches immediately around the cottages of the islanders, there are, on every hand, the same wide stretches and bright gleamings of a velvet like turf, which here throw such richness around, while groves, and clumps, and single trees, interline and diversify the scene with much of the effect, if not with all the regularity, of the hedge row, and the plantations of the English landscape.

The route we took carried us through Bebbington, Sutton, and a half dozen other hamlets and villages. But with the term "village," as here used, dear V——, you must not associate a picture from an American scene. An English village, such as we have yet met, differs, as widely as can well be imagined, from one in our own country; especially, in those sections of it, in the east and north, with which we are most familiar. In place of straight and spacious streets, lined with respectable looking and commodious houses of modern architecture freshly painted, and enlivened by numerous large windows, with blinds of green—characteristic of a village in the middle states and in New England—you would here see a narrow road, scarce wide enough for two coaches to pass each other, winding with greater or less curvature among some dozens of cottages and humble dwellings, clustered thickly together, as in the times, when the rudeness and violence of a barbarous age rendered it necessary, for men to dwell *en masse*, for the sake of mutual protection and defence.

The houses stand immediately on the street, in rude and irregular contour, having their floors of brick or stone even with the ground, while their low moss-grown roofs of thatch, with projecting casements of miniature glass in lattices of lead, are scarce on a level with the carriage window as you drive by. Neatly whitewashed, however, and overhung with roses and honeysuckle, each is an object of beauty in my eye, notwithstanding its antique and rude aspect; and might be taken for the original of sketches, which I recollect to have had placed before me, when a boy, as first lessons in landscape drawing.

A house or two, more spacious and pretending, with an enclosure and shrubbery, but old and ivy covered, designate the rectory, and the residence of the physician or attorney; while the time-worn turrets of a tower, or a lofty spire, at the extremity of a low and ancient chapel surrounded with grave stones, complete the picture.

There are some handsome residences at different points of the road, but one only of more than ordinary pretensions—that of Sir Thomas Stanley. The house is not in sight as you pass, but a semi-circular gateway of light free stone, with an entablature surmounted by stags recumbent, intimate that it is an abode of wealth and taste.

At Sutton, half the distance, we had an attractive specimen of a village inn, while the horses were refreshed with water. Though the house is old and low, and scarce larger than a nut-shell, with as many sub-divisions and windings as are found in the most tortuous of the genus, we were half tempted to lie

by for dinner, the landlady and all the appurtenances, from the little parlour, six feet square, to the kitchen, looked so bright and cleanly. A glass of lemonade, and a compliment to the hostess at the extreme neatness and order of the establishment, were, however, for the time, made to answer the more substantial patronage of "dinner for two;" and pursuing our way, we were soon rolling over the pavements of this ancient city, while still less than two hours from Liverpool.

Were Chester the first place on which an American should cast his eyes, after arriving in England, he would at once feel himself to be in an old and foreign land. The massive walls by which it is surrounded, its weather-beaten and time-blackened towers and antique dwellings, however few attractions they may have for those who have been familiar with such objects from their birth, would be gazed on by him with feelings of lively interest and admiration; and in the remembrance that for eighteen hundred years it has been the crowded abode of generation after generation of men, he would walk through and around it with musings on the present and the past, never before forced upon him by any similar objects of contemplation.

So early as the lieutenancy of Julius Agricola in Britain, near the close of the first century, Chester is known to have been a Roman colony, and from that period till the end of four hundred years, when the fall of the empire left Britain once more to the possession of her native sons, it was the station of the twentieth legion of the Imperial army. Some of

its churches are among the first foundations of Christianity in the island, and many of them, as they stand, have for centuries witnessed the changes felt the corroding power of time.

With the exception of York, it is the only ring walled town in the kingdom; and thus, a city to Englishmen themselves, as well as to visitors from the New World. The foundation of the city is believed to have been laid by the Romans; and the form and dimensions of the city, now, to be much the same as when occupied by them. It is nearly square and about two miles in circuit, and has four gates or carriages, one on each side, those opposite being connected by streets which intersect in the middle of the town.

The walls are of brown free-stone, and of a moderate height, from a few feet only, in some places to an elevation of some eighty or a hundred on the other end, where they overhang the deep excavation of a canal communicating with the interior. Their thickness on the top is about three feet; and, furnished with a parapet on the outer side, and a light rail of iron on the inner, they form a pleasant and commodious promenade, accessible from within by flights of steps, at various intervals on the different sides.

In the course of this promenade, the finest views are obtained of the city within on the one hand, and of its venerable cathedral, old churches, and other public edifices—and of the country without on the other, through a circuit of vast extent; and every few steps, you meet with objects intimately connected with the walls themselves, worth

tice and observation of the stranger. All the ancient gates, with their appendages of caution and defence, have given place, within the last half century, to modern looking, bridge-like entrances, better adapted to the convenience of the ingress and egress of the varied vehicles that pass through them, in the business and travel of every day, but little in harmony with the general features of the structure of which they form a part. Here and there, however, an antique tower, projecting from an angle, or surmounting a buttress, keeps you in remembrance of the nature and original uses of the mass upon which you are treading. A principal of these, at the north-east corner of the city, is marked with special historic interest, as that from the top of which the ill-fated Charles I., in 1645, witnessed the discomfiture of his forces by the parliamentary troops, on the neighbouring plain of Rowton Moor; and, at the diagonal angle of the city, overhanging the waters of the Dee, stands the castle, the scene of many a tragic act in the lives of the noble and the brave of former ages, and the prison, at the close of the fourteenth century, of a regal captive, in the person of Richard the 2d, previously to the resignation of his throne to Henry of Lancaster. Much of the pile has been refaced and rebuilt, in a style of modern Grecian architecture; but parts of it are coeval with the walls, particularly a massive round tower, still bearing the name of Cæsar.

The whole panorama presented in the walk is diversified and exciting, rich in its subjects of reflection derived from history and the arts, and beautiful

in its delineations of nature. The prospect to north and west, is said to be one of the finest most extensive in the kingdom, having the Dea foreground, and the blue mountains of Wales in distance, with a vast range of luxuriant and cultivated country intervening.

The glowing sunset of a summer's day was added to its loveliness; and with the fresh fragrance of June breathing from everything around, and the golden gleamings of the western sun illuminating the turrets and towers of the city, throwing double beauty on the impurpled plain below, I entered fully into the enthusiasm of the poet when of a similar scene he exclaims,

“Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires  
And glittering towers and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.”

## LETTER VI.

## WORSHIP AT THE CATHEDRAL, AND VISIT TO EATON HALL.

The Sabbath—Description of the Cathedral—Its antiquity—Worship and sermon—Rev. Mr. Law—Rev. Mr. Thorpe—Drive to Eaton Hall—New bridge—Scenery in the park—Coup d'œil of the edifice—Entrance hall—Chapel—Marquess of Westminster and his chaplain—Show rooms—Library and grounds.

*Royal Hotel, Chester,  
June 4th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

YESTERDAY was the Sabbath, and at eleven o'clock we directed our steps to the cathedral, there "to wait upon the Lord," and "to renew our strength."

The ground on which this venerable pile stands, is said to have been occupied, in the time of the Romans, by one of the temples of Apollo; and was the site of a distinguished monastery, dedicated to St. Werburgh, the daughter of a king of Mercia, in the earliest ages of Christianity here. Parts of the present structure bear evidence of a Saxon origin; other portions are in the architecture of the period of the conquest; while the principal mass is the work of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the ornamented Gothic style was in the height of its perfection and richness in the kingdom. In the whole exterior, however, except where some recent repairs and new facings have been made, the tracery of the chisel has long since given place to the fret-work of the winds

and storms; and the crumbling and time-stained walls and towers, standing in conspicuous view, forcibly admonish the approaching worshipper of the perishable nature of every temporal thing.

The nave, into which we first entered, is separated from the choir, where the service is performed, by a gothic screen and organ loft; the broad aisle through it, being formed by a double row of pillars with foliated capitals, from which rise the pointed arches that support the roof. It is spacious, but damp and chill; and appropriated only to monumental and varied sculpture "speaking of the dead," a vestibule well suited to the house from which death and eternity are preached to man, to the soul to heaven.

We were early, and the place of worship was yet open; and we passed the intervening time in looking at the monuments, of which there are several of interest, and some by the hands of masters, walking through the cloisters, and the chapter-house of the former monastery. This last is an old structure of the twelfth century, beneath which the body of Hugh Lupus, nephew of William the Conqueror, and first earl of Chester, was discovered a hundred years since, wrapped in an ox-hide, and in a coffin of stone, now exhibited in a corner apartment.

We were also shown an antique tomb, in the place of an altar, said to be that of Henry IV. and many; and other objects of curiosity in a subterranean chapel, which occupies the place of the high altar of Werburgh, previously to the reformation.

opening of the door of the choir, a janitor politely conducted us to seats within. It is solemn, lofty, and antique, harmonizing well with the general features of the exterior.

The entrance is beneath the organ loft; opposite to which, at the farther extremity, is the chancel with an altar-piece of tapestry, representing Elymas the sorcerer stricken blind before St. Paul: a copy from one of the cartoons of Raphael. Midway, on the side-wall on the right, is the bishop's throne, a rich piece of old workmanship in carving and gold, formerly the pedestal of the shrine of St. Werburgh; and opposite it is the pulpit—the reading desk a single leaf of wood, supported by the spread wings of a gilt eagle, being in the middle of the aisle between them. The spaces on either hand between the entrance and the throne and pulpit, are filled with stately stalls for the dignitaries of the cathedral, elevated two or three feet above the pavement. Each is a chair of state, in heavy carvings of oak, surmounted by pinnaced canopies of exquisitely wrought tabernacle work of the same material. It was in these we were seated with the other gentlemen of the congregation, while the females sat by themselves in pews beneath them in front.

Dr. Sumner, the learned and pious prelate of the see, is not at present in Chester; and the audience was small, consisting principally, from appearance, of those connected officially with the Cathedral, with their families, and a few strangers.

The perfect quietude and order of the whole city during the morning, except the chiming of silver-

toned bells, calling her citizens to the temples of God ; the neatness, respectability, and Christian aspect of the crowds we met making their way, in the brightness of the morning, to their various places of worship ; and the cursory view we had taken of the Cathedral, had all aided in a preparation of the heart for the services of piety. And I was thankful for the frame of mind, in which alone we have the best confidence, that we worship "in spirit and in truth."

The courts I was treading were widely different from those I had been accustomed to frequent. The Gothic grandeur and monkish relics around the altar, the ceremony and stateliness with which the officiating clergy were received on their entrance, and conducted to their respective places, by vergers in surplices, bearing before them the insignia of office ; the chanting of the responses and psalms, as we sang the anthems, which I had never before heard even in a Catholic chapel, did not by their novelty diminish the spirit-moving conviction within me, though surely, was none other than "a house of God" and "a gate of Heaven."

I do not remember at any time before to have been so deeply moved by the Litany and its touching appeals to the most sacred passions of the bosom. If I have ever known the affections of penitence, of love to God, of faith in a Redeemer, and of peace in believing, they once more visited my heart with a melting and refreshing power, as I now stood before the Almighty, and joined in the prayers and supplications of his people.

The Rev. Mr. Law, a prebendary of the C

and a brother of a late Bishop of Chester, preached the sermon. His voice and intonations are not agreeable ; but his manner was solemn and sincere ; and the discourse, in doctrine, illustration, practical inference, and application, all that truth and ministerial faithfulness could desire.

In the evening I heard the Rev. Mr. Thorpe, an eloquent and popular dissenting minister of the city. He was listened to with deep interest, in a small and humble chapel, without the walls, unmarked by spire or tower : a distinction limited by law, even in this enlightened age, exclusively to churches of the establishment.

The walks of Saturday evening and the observations of the Sabbath, would have sufficiently gratified our curiosity at Chester, to have allowed of leaving at an early hour this morning, but for a drive of four miles, we have just taken, to Eaton Hall, celebrated as the seat of Earl Grosvenor, a nobleman recently elevated by the king to the Marquisate of Westminster.

In making the excursion, you leave the city by the bridge gate on the south, so called from communicating with an old Gothic arched bridge, which, though narrow and otherwise inconvenient, is the only thoroughfare by land between the northern counties of England and the western, and the principality of Wales, including the travel to Ireland. A magnificent new structure, however, of light free-stone, designed to supersede its uses in this respect, is now nearly completed a few rods below. It crosses the bed of the river, near the Castle, in a single lofty and

beautiful arch, two hundred feet in width, with blank arch and extensive winged walls, to support the approaches, on either side. The design and workmanship are noble, and the expense estimated at forty thousand pounds sterling. It, with the old mill, is seen to fine advantage in crossing the river on the one hand, while, on the other, the winding stream, overhung by avenues of elm, and with the light and graceful boats of the Yacht Club, present a picture in striking and beautiful contrast.

An octagon lodge, pinnacled and richly ornamented, points out, at the end of two miles from the Chester entrance to Eaton Park; and you pass it, upon a perfectly kept road of gravel. This scene gracefully for the next mile through thickly settled plantations of every diversity of growth, embosomed at this time of the year, amidst their varied tints of the bud and the blossom of every flowering shrub and tree known to the climate.

Then comes half a mile of open ground, with extensive views of the distant country on either side, and, through a vista behind, a fine perspective of Chester and its antique towers. This section is ornamented with detached groves, clumps and single trees, beneath which are unnumbered flocks of birds, with here and there a herd of deer, whose fawns frisked about in half sport and half alarm at the sound of our carriage wheels, while the dogs and sires regarded us only with a quiet and unobtrusive gaze, till we passed into the pleasure grounds and shrubbery immediately around the hall, an embattled gateway of free-stone, flanked

ers, sculptured with the armorial bearings of the Grosvenors.

A few minutes farther drive brings you within view of the turrets of the edifice, overtopping the thick groves which screen it on the north; and soon an inner lawn, encircled by a sunken wall, surmounted by a low parapet of stone, meets the eye, followed by the whole western front of the magnificent pile.

To those whose country furnishes no display of private wealth beyond "the elegant sufficiency" of a moderate fortune, and whose public edifices, even, present few exhibitions of stateliness and wealth, the coup d'œil of this princely residence, as it first bursts upon the view, is truly imposing and strikingly illustrative to the stranger, of the splendour of the aristocracy of the kingdom.

The entire pile is of light free-stone, in the richest style of the florid Gothic, presenting a facade of four hundred and fifty feet, exclusive of a long range of offices, coach-houses, and stabling, on a line with the main building, and in uniform architecture with it; the whole being highly adorned with tracery and sculptured heraldic emblems, and surmounted by numerous pinnacles, clustered turrets and embattled towers.

Connoisseurs have questioned the good taste of selecting this style for a private mansion, as unsuited to the lightness and cheerfulness desirable in the air of a family residence; but however valid the objection to it, in this point of view, may be, the effect, as beheld *en masse*, I should think all that can be

gardeners, a religious man, inquired of him what preaching he attended. In giving the name of present chaplain in answer, the gardener spoke in terms of the highest interest of his character : preacher, and of his piety and faithfulness as the pastor of his flock ; intimating a wish that his lord would take some occasion to hear him. This Marquess did ; and with so much gratification and so full a persuasion of the merits and excellence of the clergyman, as immediately to appoint him to his present situation. An anecdote, which if related in the manner related to me, speaks equally in praise of his lordship, the chaplain, and the gardener.

The principal apartments are on the east garden front ; and consist of a state bed-chamber with dressing-rooms on either side ; a dining room, billiard-room, and saloon furnished with an grand piano, and harp, as a music room ; a first drawing-room, and a library ; all spacious, lofty, and communicating with each other, except last, in one grand suite.

A profusion of tracery, fret-work, and heraldic blazonry, clustered columns and pinnaced niches of exquisite finish, enrich the ceilings and walls ; stately windows of varied workmanship, filled with brilliantly stained glass, and containing the portraits of the most distinguished ancestors of the Marquess, from Hugh Lupus down, throw the light without, in gorgeous hues around.

One of the drawing-rooms is in blue and sil-

the other in crimson and gold ; and the furniture of the whole of the richest description, and appropriate to the apartment in which it is placed. But, if a simple republican may express a judgment on the decorations of a palace, I would say that, in general, there is too much of strong colouring and an unchastened glare, to be in perfect taste : a mingling of that which is gaudy as well as superb, and producing something of the effect which in costume is condemned as "being too fine." This impression is attributable, probably, to the extreme brilliancy of the windows ; a more disguised magnificence within, would harmonize better with the light poured through their richness.

The Gothic keeping throughout is perfect ; even the state bedstead, of richly carved oak, with hangings of blue and silver, is an exact model of the portico of the grand entrance. Full length portraits of the Marquess and Marchioness, and statues, in niches, of some of the most illustrious of their progenitors, are the chief ornaments of the dining-room. Paintings of value, by some of the first masters are found on the walls of the whole suite ; those in the drawing-room being mostly scripture pieces by West, interspersed with others by Rubens and Castiglio ; and from each of the ceilings is suspended a magnificent crystal chandelier, which, reflected from pier-glasses of the largest size, must, when lighted at night, present a scene of regal luxury and splendour.

With the library we were perfectly delighted. It is one of the largest and most beautiful rooms I was ever in ; and altogether the most chaste and magnifi-

cent of the pile. The colouring of the walls is in perfect taste; and the arches of its beautifully vaulted ceiling, defined by a simple moulding of gilt, throw an air of elegance and refinement over it, which I never seen equalled. The collection of books and manuscripts is choice and valuable; and all the appendages of the cabinet, such as to tempt even those who have never been votaries of the Nine, to themselves captives to their charms.

Occupying the extreme south of the mansion commands views of exquisite beauty from three windows, in as many different exposures, reaching extended vistas, over wide sections of Cheshire, Shropshire, and Flintshire in Wales.

The east front overlooks a broad terrace, furnished with noble flights of steps leading to a lawn descending to the Dee, on one hand, and to a shrubbery, conservatory and gardens on the other. The general scenery around, though too flat to be varied to be fine, presents sketches of such a luxuriance, and taste at every turn, as to elicit instant admiration, and to leave images of lovely nature in the mind not readily to be forgotten.

No one, after a view of Eaton Hall, its park, grounds, park, and gardens, and observing the magnificence and keeping of the whole, can be a surprise, if the noble possessor, with an income of some three hundred thousand pounds sterling, should feel much of the spirit of a high-minded aristocrat and much of "the pride of life."

Beholding everything, as we did, in the

ness of its bloom and beauty, the surprise to us was, that at this season of the year, such a palace in such a paradise, should be left unoccupied by its proprietors. They do not leave town till midsummer; and, while gazing with delight on what they thus lose, I could but regret that to them, here truly,

“ So many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

## LETTER VII.

## JOURNEY FROM CHESTER, AND ACCOUNT OF BIRMINGHAM

Inn at Birmingham—Ruse of the Chambermaid—Travelling Coach—Roads—Coachman and Guard—Beauty of the Country—English Cottages—Beeston Castle—Night scene at Warrington—General appearance of Birmingham—Show of Mr. Jones and Mr. Thomason—Warwick Vase—Shakespeare—Wellington—Political state of the town—News of the passing of the Reform Bill.

*Hen and Chickens, Birmingham  
June 5th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

MY present date is less aristocratic, both in style and sound, than some which have preceded it; but it is not improbable, will hurry your associates very unceremoniously to a poultry yard.

Were you at the "Hen and Chickens," which I write, however, you would be very content with your quarters; and would soon forget all thoughts of a clucking old fowl and her brood, in the bloom and fragrance of a seemingly conservatory. In place of a feathered flock, I am surrounded by vases of beautiful flowers, many of the choice productions of the green house and the rude climate, which ornament and perfume the corridors and landings of the staircases, and impart an air bordering on elegance, to the general neatness and comfort of the establishment.

The inn at which we are, is said to be the best in this great work-shop of iron and steel ; and we have reason to believe such to be the truth, though we were not quite in such good humour with it, as at present, when first set down last night, in a heavy shower of rain, after the travel of the day.

On summoning the chambermaid to show us rooms, we were led by her "up stairs and down stairs," from one section of the building to another, till I found myself unconsciously repeating the nursery rhyme, beginning with the cognomen, in diminutive, of a bird famed in the annals of Rome, from which the phrase in quotation is an extract. We were at last "brought up all standing," as the sailors say, in a range of little rooms next the sky, with scarce a window, and without a fire-place. We have been already long enough in England to know, that the most indifferent rooms at an inn will be allotted to the first comers, who are willing to put up with them, a better market being thus secured for those that remain ; and at once said, "these will not do." "Indeed, sir, they are all we have ; the house is quite full," said the maid. Perceiving, however, that we were decided in our refusal, she added, "but I will ask my mistress ;" and away she ran, returning after a little bustle with the report, that she believed there were a couple of rooms yet on the floor below.

Down therefore we went. But found these, though better than the first, much inferior to the lofty and airy apartments and spacious beds we had occupied at Liverpool and Chester ; and, not very well

pleased at the manœuvring exhibited, refused to go also, though again assured that there were others in the house. "Then we must try the A or some other hotel," was our reply: an annunciation that quickly led to a second embassy to the mistress, terminating in the discovery, that "a had left, but it had been forgotten, and two chambers on the second floor, with a parlour joining, were vacant." And very neat and pleasant rooms we find them to be—just such as we wish so that our knowledge of travel, you will perceive has been shown off, in this instance at least, to purpose.

Had we arrived in a post chaise, we do not think we would have been ushered at once to this suite of rooms, however, in —, but I forget—I have taken you to Birmingham as if by a rail-road: and scribbling farther, must take you in the same way back to Chester, that we may make the inter-journey a little more leisurely together.

Soon after our return from Eaton Park, we mounted on the "Rob Roy" coach for this purpose, in my favourite seat, the box, beside the coachman, the more readily to avail myself of the local acquaintance in his possession; and Captain Bolto took his reach of conversation on the seat behind me.

The unrivalled excellence of the roads in Britain, gives to the country a decided superiority over all others in the comfort and pleasure of travelling by public conveyance, not only in safety and rapidity, but particularly, in all great numbers of passengers on the outside

coaches, without any hazard to the much desired equilibrium. The inside seats, six in number, three behind and three in front, are so arranged as to secure to their occupants much of the cushioned ease and freedom of limb enjoyed in a private carriage ; but the body of the vehicle being swung low, and the sides entirely close, except the windows above the doors, there is little opportunity of viewing the scenery from them, and a confinement of air that is never agreeable. One feels like a prisoner, or as when below decks in a ship at sea ; and a chief luxury to me, in this mode of travelling, consists in the elevation at which you are on the top, where you overlook the whole country, and the purity of the atmosphere you there breathe.

Of these outside seats there are usually twelve, except in the royal mails, in which the number is less ; one by the coachman, four on the top in front, four behind, with their backs to the horses, and three, beside the guard, over the hind boot or box for luggage, articles of which are also placed in a light frame of ironwork, on the top, between the two rows of passengers in front and rear. The coachman's box, and the two outer seats in the front row overlooking it, are the most pleasant ; and, it is a settled point, that whenever we travel in this manner, except it be in heavy rains, or at night, it will be in these seats, if they can be secured.

Placed thus upon a handsome carriage, with horses well groomed, neatly harnessed, and in fine condition, and a respectable looking coachman and guard, gaily dressed in frocks of scarlet cloth, trimmed with

black velvet and gold lace, and lace hat bands and rosettes—the king's livery—there was no reason to be dissatisfied with the manner in which we were leaving Chester; and we bade adieu to the ancient city with great cheerfulness and good will.

The day was fine, though hazy; and we greatly enjoyed the drive of eighty miles to this place, through some of the finest parts of Cheshire and Shropshire and a section of Staffordshire, by the towns of Lichfield, Lichfield, Nantwich, Drayton, Newport, Westwich, and Wolverhampton. From the haziness of the atmosphere, the prospect was more limited and more indistinct in the distance, than was satisfactory to the eye; yet, eager to let nothing within the possible reach of vision, pass unnoticed or unseen; still, over most of the road we were filled with admiration, and feasted on a luxury of pleasure; such was the high improvement of taste, and richness we were constantly passing before us on either hand, and such the freshness and beauty of the fragrance and the bloom, on everything around us.

The whole, to us, appeared but a succession of lovely pictures, in garden and lawn, in cottage and hamlet, and town—all composed of the same objects, and is true, but in a variety of combination and colour, and of form, that precluded weariness or satiety. It called forth the not unfrequent exclamation, "How like a fair specimen of England, well may they be proud of their country!"

You have read and heard much of the beauty of the cottages in England, but not more than their merit, as constituting a most picturesque and characteristic part of its imagery. Ever since I was a

can recollect, when travelling, often to have put the question to myself, in passing different habitations, "could you live happily there?" and scarce remember ever before, when gazing on a rude and humble dwelling, to have received any return from my heart but an unhesitating "no." I am by no means sure, that I was yesterday favoured with a very decided "yes," notwithstanding the pleasing impression made by unnumbered cottages on the way, but, certainly, did not feel the prompt, repulsive negative, with which I have so often, in other countries, turned from habitations marked with external evidences of much greater independence, and respectability of circumstances in life.

In most of them, there is a neatness both within and without, which is exceedingly attractive; and the more to be remarked in such old, time-stricken, lowly structures. Everything around, as well as the white-washed walls, looks cleanly and carefully kept; while honeysuckles and jessamine, clustering roses and graceful laburnums, with their thickly pendant blossoms of bright yellow, overhanging and festooning the doors and windows with sweet drapery, add a charm seldom seen in the abodes of the poor in our own country, and, to my mind, give assurance of something beyond mere animal existence within. However rude and uncultivated the mind, I would trust much to the hearts of those whose dwellings are marked with such evidences of taste and purity.

Within the first hour from Chester, we passed Beeston Castle, an old feudal strong-hold, crowning the summit of an isolated hill, which rises abruptly

to a height of three or four hundred feet from midst of a widely extended campaign country a bluff island from the sea. It was erected by nulph, Earl of Chester, on his return from the sade at the close of the twelfth century; and much historic note in the military annals of the try. Previous to the invention of gunpowder, an impregnable fortress, but is now in ruins; its dismantled battlements and towers are still for many a mile along the road, standing in bold lines against the sky.

It is the first object of the kind seen by us; more than half sighed, as I gazed upon it, into strong relief to the eye by the brightness morning, that we should thus be hurried by it of being permitted to inspect it more closely. spend a day in rambling over and around it. a striking feature in the scenery from the Chester, and the windows of Eaton Hall; and into conspicuous view from five different prospects from its parapets must, on a clear beautiful in the extreme.

Corbet Hall, at Drayton, a seat of an ancient distinguished family of Shropshire, of that quaint motto of whose arms, "*Deus pascit*" "God feeds the ravens"—the original cognomen of the race, I presume—attracted our notice; that at Nantwick; a distant view of Hawkeston the estate of Sir Rowland Hill, a near of the celebrated clergyman of the same name; the grounds and mansion of Earl Bradford ton; and numerous other residences of gen

influence, were pointed out by the coachman, as worthy of our attention.

The information derived from this source extends, not unfrequently, to a knowledge of the persons of individuals of rank, as well as to their seats and estates; and the names and titles of several we met were thus communicated to us. Among others was that of a Countess of distinction in her own right. She was driving herself and a child, in the neighbourhood of a cottage occupied by her, in a low open carriage, of the plainest kind, drawn by a single horse; and in the simplicity of her dress, and whole appearance, as well as in her equipage, would have reminded you more forcibly of a plain country lady in America, often seen thus acting the charioteer for herself, than she might have answered any preconceived image of the style and tournure of a British peeress.

Towards night the weather became so wet as to cause us to retreat to the inside of the coach; a necessity which I regretted, on coming suddenly upon Wolverhampton, in the dusk of the evening, and during the drive of twelve miles from it to Birmingham. A more unexpected and more entire contrast in the character of the scenery, I have scarce ever witnessed. As my friend remarked, had we fallen asleep ten minutes before entering Wolverhampton, and awakened again when leaving it and entering the road to this place, we should scarce have believed our senses, or should have imagined ourselves in the regions of Pluto.

Instead of green fields, flowering hedges, and w cottages embowered in bloom, we were seemi transported to the bed of a living volcano. The w surface of the country, uprooted and blackened cinders and ashes, was sending forth steam and s as if just bursting into fire ; while, at a little dist on every side, flames from unnumbered furni flashed loftily and fiercely on the eye in the darl of the gathering night, with a constant whee steam, and a confusion of intermingled sounds, ling in clank and labour all the din of the worl of Vulcan itself.

It is a region of coalpits and kilns for the bu of coal, in preparation for the smelting furnaces t scattered around ; and which furnish Wolver ton and Birmingham with the raw material fo immense manufactories of steel, brass, and ir never met anything before, that brought to my such vivid recollections of the volcano of H With the exception of its lakes and rivers of fi their brilliant coruscations, the general aspect environs of Wolverhampton and this place in night, such as the last was, is not dissimilar to the masses of smoke and many flashing cones characterize that magnificent phenomenon.

It has rained during the whole morning ; have taken little observation of the city, be panoramic view from the upper windows of th The general aspect of the town, situated even ground, with a population of more than dred thousand inhabitants, is modern and un ing. Some of the streets are well built, an

of the churches and other public edifices large and respectable ; but, with the exception of its numerous and ingenious manufactories, it embraces little, amidst the mass of smoke by which it is enveloped, worthy of special notice.

Intending to proceed almost immediately on our way to London, we have not leisure to examine the processes of any of the manufactories of the place ; but have given an hour, with much satisfaction, to the show-shops of Mr. Thomason and Mr. Jones, rich in specimens of the most beautiful workmanship in steel, silver, gold, plate, and japan-ware. To describe the extent, variety, and splendour of the exhibition would be to exhaust time, without conveying to you any idea of the respective establishments, beyond that which you will have, by picturing to your mind a range of shops, filled with a profusion of the most superb, and exquisitely finished articles of usefulness and ornament, in metals and glass.

Mr. Thomason's rooms are particularly attractive, and contain several articles of very special interest. One of these is a full-sized model in bronzé of the famed Warwick Vase, discovered at the bottom of a lake near the villa of the Emperor Adrian, at Tivoli, and presented to the late Earl of Warwick by Sir William Hamilton. It is a chef d'œuvre of the Grecian antique, and a favourite pattern at present in plate and china, for all articles whose uses are suited to it. The workmen were nine months in taking the mould from the original ; and six years, if I remember correctly, in completing the piece. But the finish is in a perfection of beauty ; and its decorations of the

wreathed vine, clustering with fruit and leaves, the furred skin of the panther, with the head claws still attached, hanging in drapery around unrivalled exhibitions of modern attainment in art of graving.

A Shield of Faith, in silver, richly traced with appropriate emblematic designs and inscriptions the Wellington Shield of gold, magnificently bellished in a similar manner, are also of great beauty and admirable execution. The exasperation of people throughout the kingdom, against the Duke of Wellington, at the present time, in consequence of his opposition to the Reform Bill, is excessive. The young man who, with great politeness, accompanied us over the establishment, pleasantly remarked of this shield, wrought so exquisitely in honour of the hero, when the idol of the nation, "were this exhibited from our windows for a few moments now, gentlemen, I can assure you it would receive a *finishing touch* from the workmen of the town."

Birmingham has been famed for its popular disturbances, and is now the scene of much ferment. During the retirement of Earl Grey several weeks since, and while the Duke of Wellington was in nomination as premier, a hundred thousand men, it is said, were here assembled, under a proclamation that they, and fifty thousand others in the neighbourhood, were prepared to meet his Grace at the end of the bayonet, in their determination for reform. Numbers of men are still constantly seen in the streets wearing blue and tri-coloured ribands; and

the same signification are flying from many houses, on which are placards with the inscription in large letters, "NO TAXES PAID HERE TILL THE REFORM BILL IS PASSED !" while every corner is covered with calls to political meetings.

Before we reached the hotel again, an express arrived, with the intelligence that the important bill had passed the House of Lords; and the news quickly flew into every part of the city. The streets are now thronged with crowds, wearing joyous and triumphant faces; the royal standard is floating gaily from the towers of all the churches; almost every window shows its tri-coloured banner; guns are beginning to be fired, and huzzas to fill the air; while unnumbered bells are sending forth, on every side, their peals of joy.

## LETTER VIII.

## ARRIVAL AT COVENTRY.

Departure from Birmingham—Travelling by post—Its comfort and luxury—Disadvantages to a stranger in comparison with a coach—Arrival at Coventry—Antiquity of houses and narrowness of the streets—Beauty of its steeples—St. Michael's Church—Historic interest of St. Mary's—Banqueting Hall and Council Room.

*Craven Arms, Coventry*  
June 6th, 1832

DEAR VIRGINIA,

It was with a kindly feeling towards the "Hen Chickens," that we, yesterday evening, made preparation for a departure to this place. Despite the rain, should you ever visit Birmingham, I would recommend to you the civilities of its landlady, and the comfort of the little parlour and neat bed-rooms she will secure to you, unless you permit the chambermaid, at the offset, to consign you to the garret or the cellar.

Indications of rain led us to take a post-chaise for the drive, in preference to seats in the public conveyance; the glass windows in the front, and open doors of the former, affording a view of the streets as well as a protection from the weather. I have thus ascertained—in addition to the fact, that on our arrival we were satisfied only with the best rooms in the house—that we were not strangers to the "mode of posting," as this mode of travelling is called.

departure brought the landlord himself to hand us into the carriage, while the landlady, at the gaily stained door of her glass sided parlour, stood courtesying and wishing us all prosperity, as we passed through the hall, with the waiter, chambermaid, boots and hostler, grouped around, in expectancy of their accustomed fees. I say hostler, in addition to the servants, usually receiving a remembrance ; for when a chaise is ordered, a sixpence is expected by him, for putting the horses to the carriage and letting down the steps, in addition to the regular pay per mile to the master for the chaise and horses, and to the post boy for himself.

Civility and prompt attention you are, in general, sure, if you have the exterior of a gentleman, everywhere to receive, at the hotels and public houses. But the degree of marked respect, accompanying an arrival and departure, appears to be regulated by fixed rules, connected with the style in which you travel. A passenger on the top of the coach will be helped very civilly down the ladder, placed for the purpose, by an under waiter, while boots will take charge of his luggage ; to one in the inside, the head waiter will politely open the coach door, and present his arm in assistance ; a chaise and pair will hurry forth the landlord to the same office ; while the rattling of a carriage and four, after setting all the bells in-doors on a jingle, will bring half the household into the streets ; and the traveller will thus have the gratification, if gratification it be, of being bowed and courtesied in, through a double line of attendants.

All charges and fees having been duly satisfied,

the landlord, with a courteous bow, closed the door of the carriage upon us; and giving the customary signal of motion, "all's right!" to the postilion—

"Smack went the whip, and round went the wheels,"

in true Gilpin style; and we were once more whirling rapidly on our way.

Posting, as here established, presents a perfect of comfort and pleasure in the movements of the traveller. Especially, when, as is customary with persons of wealth and rank, to its rapidity and the certainty of relays of fresh horses, as often as desired there is added the luxury of a private travelling carriage, with its various appendages of convenience and elegance. The inventive powers of coachmakers and valets, assisted occasionally by the taste and experience of the master, have been so successful in devising arrangements in box, boot, and erial in this kind of vehicle for the disposal of luggage without a sacrifice of comfort within or of elegance without, that a gentleman may now, at the notice of a few minutes, have all that is requisite from his wardrobe, dressing-room, and library, in a journey to the extremity of the kingdom, placed in his car without the least interference with its accommodations or beauty; and, in a manner as accessible at any moment to his use, as if still in their accustomed places in his rooms.

We are constantly meeting equipages of this kind with one or more inmates reclining luxuriously amidst silken cushions, absorbed in a book—or as frequently the case, lost in less sentimental

vion—as unobservant of everything around and passing them, as if lounging upon the ottomans of a drawing-room at home.

The carriage ordinarily hired, at a post-house, is a light chariot with seats for two, furnished with glass windows and blinds in front, and in the doors on either side. The post-boy, dressed in a gay jacket of red, yellow, or blue, with a jockey cap, white pantaloons, or small-clothes and long boots, does not usually drive from a box in front like a coachman, but rides one of the horses as postilion ; and thus, an unobstructed view of the road and country around, is enjoyed from within. But this mode of travelling, however great its advantages in point of comfort and ease, a command of time and place, and an appearance of respectability, has its disadvantages to the stranger, desirous of learning the moral and intellectual character of the people, as well as to become familiar with their physical appearance and the general aspect of the country.

The love of ease which would lead him to choose it, in preference to the coach, would hasten him, on his arrival at a hotel, to the enjoyment of a private parlour, instead of the accommodations of the coffee-room common to all ; and thus, when at rest, as well as when on the road, he would be by himself ; and would, at last, know little of the people, beyond the bows and courtesies of the host and hostess, and their adjuncts, attending his arrival and departure, at the different stages of a journey.

On the other hand the coach, and the coffee-room, to which the passengers in it usually resort, present

constant subjects for observation in men and manners, and unfailing sources of information and amusement. To these, therefore, as the traveller of a few months only, I must give a decided preference, over the "*otium cum dignitate*" of the post-chaise; just the choice of those who are at home in the kingdom and familiar with the distinctive traits and characteristics of the various classes of its subjects.

The travel of a day by coach, however, from Coventry to Birmingham, presented one objection at which I was surprised; and which, I cannot but believe will prove an exception to our general observation. I refer to a freedom and looseness of speech, in the coachman and guard, across the top of the coach within hearing of all the passengers, and with the sons passed on the road, and met at different stopping places, which was anything but agreeable to me, such, as would not have been suffered a moment in America, when ladies, as in this case, were in company. I feel no disposition to imitate the example, so freely set by some travellers, in presenting the vulgarity of an individual as characteristic of a nation, or the ignorance and ill-breeding of a class, as of a whole people; but were I to judge of the general sentiment of the lower orders in this country, both male and female, by what was forced upon my hearing, at the close of the drive of the day, I should think there had been little improvement in the kingdom, in this respect since the times of the "immortal Shakspeare," and "the glorious days of the good Queen Bess."

Coventry does not lie in the most direct route from Birmingham to London; but we made choice

a resting-place for the night, in our way to the ruins of Kenilworth, not far distant. The drive of an hour and a half, brought us in view of it, rendered peculiarly striking, by three beautifully pointed spires, rising in great loftiness and symmetry, from the midst of its antique and closely crowded dwellings.

The streets and doors were thronged with inhabitants, men, women, and children, in a state of cheerfulness and animation, which we, at first, attributed to the political intelligence of the day ; but which, on being set down at the inn, was ascertained, to arise from the ascent of a balloon, which had just gone up, with two persons in the car, notwithstanding the haze and wetness of the evening.

Many of the houses are singular old structures of wood and plaster, built in the sixteenth century ; and the streets, generally, are irregular and narrow. The proximity at which we find ourselves, from this cause, in our little parlour on the second floor, to the neighbourhood around, is quite amusing. We not only unavoidably see clearly into the rooms opposite ; but, with scarce a change of voice, could converse very readily with their inmates.

Since breakfast, we have taken a hasty view of some of the principal objects of interest in the city. The lofty and symmetrical spires, which so greatly attracted our admiration, even through the mist and rain in which we arrived last evening, appear doubly beautiful in the brightness of a fine morning. That of St. Michaels Church, is the finest piece of architecture of the kind I have ever beheld ; and can be gazed on, as it gracefully springs in light and fault-

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less proportion, seemingly, to the sky, only an enthusiasm of admiration. Its entire height including the tower on which it rests, is upward three hundred feet; the whole in Gothic architecture richly adorned with niches and statuary, pinnacles, fluting, and a variety of embossed carving, and brodered stone. It is the workmanship of the thirteenth century; and said to have been pronounced by Sir Christopher Wren, a master-piece, in the school of which he himself was so distinguished a master.

The church, to which it is attached, is a foundation of the reign of Henry I. conferred upon monks by Ranulph, Earl of Coventry, in the succeeding reign of Stephen. It is an exceedingly venerable pile, near three hundred feet in length, more than a hundred broad; and contains many aisles, separated by lofty pillars and arches lighted by Gothic windows, filled with painted glass of varied religious subjects. The whole grandeur of its decay, excited, as we walked round and over it, feelings of deep interest and solemnity.

Coventry, as you are aware, is not without history. The price at which, it is said, and by some, that the Lady Godiva purchased freedom for her habitants, from her husband, Leofric, Earl of Mercia, the privileges of its charter, and the "Peeping Tom," are among the earliest traditions of my childhood. The place is marked by much of interest, in the recollections of the past, and was so often honoured, in olden times, by visits of kings and queens, and persons of royal rank, as to have borne the distinctive appellation of "chamber of princes." In reference to a fa-

of this kind, shown towards it by Margaret of Anjou, it is quaintly styled, in the records of the day, "the secret harbour" of that unfortunate queen.

St. Mary's Hall, an antique building in the immediate vicinity of St. Michaels, was the scene of all the sumptuous festivity, with which guests, of such distinction, were entertained by the public authorities and the inhabitants; and is the point at which the association of persons and manners connected with them are now, most readily, pictured to the imagination.

This structure was erected in the fourteenth century; and originally belonged to a religious fraternity, known by the style of "the Masters, Brothers, and Sisters of St. Mary." After the dissolution of such associations, it was purchased by the Mayor of Coventry from the crown, and has ever since been the place where the corporation of the city has held its meetings, and given its entertainments. From the time of Edward the Black Prince—whose crest and motto, as gathered by him from the brow of Bohemia, on the fields of Cressy, are still conspicuous among the decorations of its apartments—to the reign of James II., it was honoured with the presence, at different periods, of a long list of illustrious personages and crowned heads, including Queen Elizabeth and her ill-starred rival and victim, Mary of Scotland. The latter, however, as a prisoner only, in charge of the Earls of Huntingdon and Shrewsbury, when on her way from Bolton Castle to Tutbury.

There are several apartments within the building; but that of chief interest is the hall, still used, on

state occasions, as the banqueting room. It is spacious and lofty, with a noble antique window at one end, in nine compartments, richly painted in figures, arms, and varied ornaments of the most brilliant colours, but bearing the marks of time. Among the arms and figures are those of the Emperor Constantine, and kings Arthur, Alfred, and William the Conqueror. The windows at the sides were originally executed by the same artist; but being so much mutilated that they were removed, and are now replaced by modern glass stained in facsimile of the original, with exquisite skill and beauty.

In their various compartments, canopied with Gothic decorations, are exhibited portraits of the distinguished members of the original fraternity: Earls, Countesses, and Mayors of the city, mingled with Bishops, Arch-bishops, and Priests in the magnificent attire of official dresses, glowing with the rich colour of their robes, and the splendour of their jewellery. A beautiful oriel window also is a principal ornament of this apartment; and the minstrel's gallery, formerly occupied by the minstrels, still remains at one end, and is now ornamented with suits of armour and full-length portraits of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, and George I., II., and III.

The walls are covered with inscriptions and armorial bearings; and the centre timbers of the ceiling present full-length figures of angels, in carved wood, playing on different musical instruments.

A principal curiosity of this hall is an oaken chair of state, covered with carved tracery; and another, a piece of tapestry, which, at the great window, exhibiting Henry

rounded by his court on one side, and Queen Margaret and her ladies on the other, at worship in state in St. Michaels, during their visit at Coventry, with the patron Saint of each individual in a compartment above, and a representation of the Virgin Mary in glory, encircled by the angels in the centre. The figures of the king and queen, and the individuals of their court, are thought to be portraits; and no doubt furnish a correct delineation of costume and attitude, as exhibited in the pageant furnishing the subject of the piece.

A room of the structure, famed in days of yore, is the "Mayoress' Parlour," adjoining the banqueting hall. The mayor and corporation were holding a meeting in it the hour we were there, and it could not be shown; a matter of little moment, however, notwithstanding its having been the prison-room of Mary Queen of Scots, as the whole interior is now in modern architecture. An old council-chamber is in better keeping with the pile; and by its antique chair of state for the mayor, and heavy seats of stall-like aspect for his associates, massive council-table, and wainscot, all of oak, keeps the imagination still deeply impressed with images of antiquity.

The ceiling is of flat oaken panelling; and in its embellishments is strikingly illustrative of the spirit and feeling of the age which produced it—presenting, in carved work, symbols of the four Evangelists in each corner of the room, and in the centre effigies of numerous saints, surrounding the Deity, represented as an old man wearing a crown, with his arms and hands extended, and projecting from the surface, as if in the act of blessing those in council below,

## LETTER IX.

## RUINS OF KENILWORTH, AND WARWICK CASTLE.

Spires of Coventry—First impressions at Kenilworth—Description of the Ruins—Richness and beauty of Warwickshire—rival at Warwick—Church of St. Mary—Ladies' Chapel—Tomb of Richard of Warwick—The Castle—Its general effect—Uncourteous Cicerone—The Hall—Boudoir of the Countess—Paintings—Relics of Guy of Warwick—View from the Tower and notice of the Gardens.

*Black Swan, Warwick  
June 7th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

THE spires of Coventry, pointing like needles to the sky, were, on our departure, as on our arrival, the chief objects of admiration and comment, till after our approach to Kenilworth, at the end of half an hour, we fixed every look in eager search of the ruin, around which the pen of genius has thrown an interest of our own day, outrivalling the recollections of a former historic glory.

Distant glimpses of ivy-covered walls and towers were soon caught before us, as we were whirled rapidly over a road, branching for a short distance from the main route, to a little hamlet near the Castle, and prepared us, by the occasional gaze of a moment, for the depth of impression which a full view of the first object of the kind ever beheld, with the various associations inseparable from it, is calculated to produce on the imaginations of those whose country

was unknown to the world, when these then stately battlements and turrets were gleaming widely in the meridian brightness of earthly honour.

The enclosure of a few acres, by which the ruin is guarded from wanton trespass and depredation, is separated from the road by a wall, through which a keeper admits, by a small gate, the visitors who now, in greater or less numbers, are daily attracted to the place. Before our carriage could draw up at this entrance, we were surrounded by a troop of little girls from the neighbouring cottages, each so eager to anticipate her fellows in the sale of a book of description, that I had several thrust into my hands before the chaise door could be opened; and from whose importunity to dispose of a second copy, after one had been purchased, we were freed only by the shutting of the keeper's gate, after we had passed through.

The noise with which this closed again upon the wall, started hundreds of rooks from every part of the ivy-clustered pile before us, who, hovering around, with loud cawings, proclaimed, in no uncertain language, that the only inhabitants of that which once was among the stateliest of palaces, were now flocks of unclean birds. Trifling as this incident may appear, it gave a tone to every feeling with which I afterwards contemplated the scene; and became the inlet to musings which will long remain associated with a recollection of the hour.

The morning was bright and lovely; and only the moment before, I had been in an exuberance of fine spirits; but now, an irresistible thoughtfulness came

over me, and I was at once spiritless and sad. thousand imaginations rushed upon my mind; and I gazed around, I became lost in interrogatives connected with the present and with the past. Before us was the scene of one of the most magnificent and costly pageants, ever witnessed in the kingdom, at the princely castle of one honoured beyond precedent, with the confidence and favours of the throne. But where was the elysian imagery of land and water, that was once spread around? Where the noble park, with its antlered herds? Where the mirror lake, and its Triton and Arion, in the midst of sportive mermaids and dolphins? Where the groups of gods and goddesses, pouring their richest gifts at the feet of royalty? Where the chivalrous display of the tournament and tilt-yard—the clangour of the joyous trumpet, and the strains of enrapturing music, swelling on the breeze? Where the gay and festive throng—the courteous host and favourite—and where the stately queen? All gone—and gone forever, without leaving a trace behind!

The wide-spread hunting grounds are traversed now, only by the plough-boy and the reaper. What was once the lake, is a widely tufted meadow; and the castle itself, from whose gilded turrets the banners of England, then so proudly gleamed, is a crumbling mass of ruin, amidst which, even the outlines of the banqueting hall, then, filled with all the wit, beauty, and splendour of the court, can scarce be traced, and where, in place of the music and revelry, is only heard the uncouth noise of rooks and the movements of the reptiles of the earth!

What a comment is here presented, on the pomp and vanity of the world ; and how impressive the lesson taught, of the perishable nature of all earthly glory, and of every temporal good ! “Dust has again returned to dust, and ashes to ashes,” but the immortal spirits of the actors in the gorgeous scene, where are they ?—for ages, gone to their “long home,” where the things which then knew them, shall know them no more forever !

As a ruin, Kenilworth is beautiful indeed ; and a day, at least, could be given to its examination, with undiminished interest and gratification. Every section, adorned with the most graceful and luxuriant drapery of flowering ivy, would, in itself, form a picture ; and I could hardly be satisfied to allow my pencil to remain unemployed in my portfolio. Especially, when I saw other visitors with baskets of refreshment by their sides, as if there for the day, transferring various parts of it to their sketch-books. The lights and shadows cast over it by the brightness of the morning sun, and the silver gleamings, thrown back from the polished leaves of the clustering vine, were just such as an artist would have them ; and added greatly to the impressions of beauty, which the visit has left on my imagination.

The grand entrance, built by the Earl of Leicester, is still entire. It was never connected with the castle, but was attached to the wall by which it was surrounded, and consists of four towers, with a lofty arched gateway between them. The arch has been walled up, and the whole is now transformed into a dwelling, for the keeper and his family. It contains

some curious specimens of old work, in wood, from the castle; and the leads on the top of the tower command extensive views of the surrounding country. The castle itself, occupies the summit of a gently swelling knoll, some rods distant. It was originally a quadrangle, enclosing a large court or area but a small portion of it only is standing—showing here and there, a massive tower, a pointed arch and remains of the beautiful bow windows, which formed so ornamental a part of the architecture of the age in which the more modern parts of the structure was erected.

Upon the attainder of Sir Robert Dudley, son of the Earl of Leicester, the manor and castle of Kenilworth reverted to the crown, and was a favourite residence of several of the princes of the blood at the time of Charles II., when it was conferred on the family of Hyde, and has since, to the present time, been a possession of the Earls of Clarendon that name.

Kenilworth is midway between Coventry and Warwick, a distance of ten miles. In passing through Cheshire and Shropshire, we thought nothing, in spite of the charms of a mountainous country, could be more beautiful or rich, than the scenery they exhibited; but Warwickshire, appears to us to be decidedly more so. Perhaps, because the day has been exceedingly fine. The country itself, however, is broken and undulating; and the prospect, from this circumstance, as well as from the clearness of the atmosphere, more extensive and varied. There is more old timber here, too. For a long distance

leaving Coventry, the road is lined with heavy avenues, reminding me of some of the fine woods, often passed by the way-side in America. Everything, indeed, indicates the highest state of cultivation and wealth ; and I should judge Warwickshire, in these respects, as well as in geographical position, to be the very heart of England.

The road is one of the great post-routes of the kingdom—everywhere smooth as a bowling-green, and hard as marble—and, in addition to the carriage-way, is provided with a regularly formed gravel side-walk, for foot passengers. These are common, in all the principal roads ; and, associated as they are, with the greater comfort of those, whom choice or necessity make pedestrians, add to the delight with which you yourself, more luxuriously accommodated, are hastened onward.

The approach to Warwick gave assurance, at a distance, that we should not be disappointed in any anticipations of interest we might have indulged, in reference to it. I have already remarked, that scarce any object, in English scenery, is more striking, or more delightful to my mind, in its associations, than the towers and spires of its churches. The first, and not unfrequently the only, intimation you have of the vicinity of a village, till you are entering it, is the turrets of these, piercing the thick masses of foliage by which they are encircled. The tower and pinnacles of the church at this place, thus first appear ; and, in their proportions and workmanship, are beautiful in the extreme.

We have been much gratified with all our observations here; and, with Garrick, can say, though in different spirit, that

“ On Warwick town, and castle fair,  
We’ve feasted full our wondering eyes,  
Where things abound, antique and rare,  
To strike the stranger with surprise.”

The town is exceedingly neat; the streets wide, well paved, and the whole aspect of the place more pleasant than most others we have passed through. In our hotel, we have another evidence, that none of the *feathered tribe* deserve well of travel. Everything in and about it, is in the nicest order, and the landlady and servants most polite and attentive. The mistress of the house, especially, deserves our thanks, for her very great civility.

It was principally at her recommendation, that we made the church of St. Mary a visit, before proceeding to the castle, the grand attraction and ornament of the place. It is a venerable pile, chiefly of the workmanship of the fourteenth century, at the expense of Thomas and Richard Beauchamp, successive Earls of Warwick at that period. That part of it styled “the Lady’s Chapel,” erected by the first, though smaller than the choir built by his father, is the most beautiful section of the pile, and contains much exquisite carving in wood and stone. The ceiling is a fine basso-relievo of the salutation of the Virgin, and a rich gothic canopy, with a shrine of delicate workmanship on either side. In one of the windows are some curiously wrought images of saints and

in stone, and in another several portraits, scriptural and historical, in stained glass.

The principal ornament of the chapel, however, is the tomb of Richard of Warwick, its founder. It is a whole length effigy, in full armour, of brass gilt, upon a tomb of marble, with a swan at the head and a bear muzzled at the feet, the heraldic emblems of the present and the original Earls of that title. The whole surrounded by images of brass gilt, and surmounted by a canopy of the same, of fine workmanship, is said to rival, in beauty, every other monument of the kind in the kingdom, with the exception of that of Henry VIII. in Westminster Abbey. There are several other monuments of richness and beauty; but one other only of prime interest—that of Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the proud owner of Kenilworth, and favourite of his queen.

Notwithstanding the antiquity and varied interest of this building, and the associations arising from it, “to the castle—to the castle,” were the impatient urgings of a stronger curiosity; and we were soon on our way to its portals. It is a few moments’ walk only, from the heart of the town, but so screened from it by the walls encircling the grounds, and by the growth of heavy plantations, that on passing the gate at the porter’s lodge, you might at once suppose yourself in the most secluded part of the country.

Like the town itself, it stands upon a rock overhanging the Avon; and the approach is a circular drive,\* cut, for several hundred rods, to the depth of twelve or fourteen feet, through the solid stone, which thus forms a moss covered wall on either side, mantled

and festooned with varied vines and creeping plants and overhung with thick shrubbery and trees. The whole, in its massiveness and durability, is in keeping with the pile opening upon the view, passing, at a short distance, a second lofty arc gateway, in a bold rampart, flanked by gigantic heavily embattled towers.

Sir Walter Scott has pronounced Warwick Castle to be "the fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour, which yet remains uninjured by time. It is, indeed, a most noble and princely pile, and possesses as imposing and magnificent an exhibition of the baronial style of architecture, as Eaton does of the perfection of the florid gothic. The castle is in perfect repair, and as capable of sustaining a siege, as in the days of its greatest feudal power. The impression made by it, in passing the pond gateway opening into a wide-spreading court of green, as it stands in one lofty mass of irregular harmonious architecture, with embattled ramparts and time-marked towers sweeping on either side in a circle around, can scarce be imagined, and is readily described. In the indulgence of a keen admiration never known before, one almost forgot himself the being of centuries gone by, and instantly becomes lost in the romance and hardihood of the "olden times."

The brightness of the sun and beauty of the landscape presented the irregularity of its contour, relieved and adorned by rich masses of diversified foliage back ground, to the highest advantage; and applying for admittance within, we took sever

around the area of the court, to seize, from different points, the varying beauty and grandeur of the exterior. This, however, was at an expense, of which we were not at the time aware. As we first passed the principal entrance, a party were just leaving, and the female of the house attending them, who appeared very affable and obliging, asked us whether we would then view the interior. We replied, that we would prefer a walk without first.

On ringing, sometime afterwards, in place of this cicerone, we were received by one far less prepossessing in her manner, and in a mood of seeming petulance and surliness, which we could scarce overcome, till we had nearly accomplished the circuit of the apartments. As we entered, some visitors, who, though well dressed, bore the air of the "*ignobile vulgus*," were just leaving; and possibly this, in connexion with some deficiency, it may be, in the fee, received, had given rise to the appearance of a want of amiability which we noticed. She seemed fatigued, too, and, no doubt, was weary of the endless repetition of the names of articles and artist, necessary to be rehearsed in every exhibition of the show of rooms; and, in this view of the case, my sympathy was more excited, than any ungracious feeling provoked—though every service of this character, for which an ample remuneration is expected, and usually received, should be rendered with all affability and kindness.

The fees derived from this source, by the upper servants in some of the principal show-houses in the kingdom, must amount to a handsome income; and

I am told, on good authority, that a late housekeeper in this castle, left, by will, to a younger son of the family, at the close of a long service, a fortune of many thousand pounds, chiefly accumulated in this way.

The range of state rooms are in the rear of the castle; and, though scarce above the level of the court in front, overhang the Avon at an elevation of fifty or sixty feet, in perpendicular ascent from the rocks jutting over its waters, and of which the rocks on this side seem to form a part. The apartments beneath them, used as domestic offices, are cut into the rock, as are most of the cellars in the town, joining. The suite is more than three hundred feet in length, and filled with unnumbered articles of *vertu*; most of them antique, and highly curious for all of taste and costliness.

The Hall is a noble baronial apartment, with a pavement of marble in lozenges of red and white, and a lofty gothic roof of carved oak, highly polished. Its chief ornaments are rare pieces of ancient armour, several coats of mail, and the head of an elk of immense magnitude, dug from a bog in Ireland. A fire place, such as became the hall of a powerful feudal chieftain, in the days of chivalry, displaying its ample dimensions on one side, and with huge logs of wood, placed as if in readiness to be kindled at a moment's notice, in token of hospitality and good cheer.

The dining-room is ornamented with a round table of antique marble, and two beautiful Etruscan vases; and the drawing-room, wainscotted with

dar, contains some exquisite cabinets, magnificent mirrors, and marbles and vases of great beauty. In the state bed-room is a bed and furniture of crimson velvet, embroidered with green and gold, once the property of Queen Anne ; and the armory is rich in the finest specimens of ancient British arms, including those of Cromwell, the Duke of Monmouth, and the quilted doublet in which Lord Brooke, an ancestor of the Warwicks, was killed, at Litchfield, during the civil wars in 1643.

One of the most tasteful and charming of the rooms, is the boudoir of the Countess. It is in hangings of satin—is filled with some of the choicest productions of the most eminent artists, and commands prospects, from its windows, in wood, water and lawn, of enchanting beauty. All the windows of the suite overlook, from their deep recesses, long stretches of the Avon, both above and below the castle, murmuring over its rocky bed ; its bold banks on the one side and smooth shores on the other ; a bridge in ruin, beautifully tufted with ivy ; and wide spread views of a noble park stretched over the country for many miles around.

And what shall I say of the paintings, covering every wall in every apartment ? the works of Titian and Paul Veronese ; of Leonardo da Vinci, Murillo and Guido ; of Salvator Rosa, Vandervelde and Pousin ; of Rubens, Lely and Vandyke ?—all choice and beautiful ! What can I say more, than that the whole are worthy the pencils of such artists, and fit for the possession of a king.

In the porter's lodge, we were shown what claim

the honour and antiquity of being parts of the  
mour, and the *porridge pot* of the famous Guy  
Warwick, who

“In fierce fight  
Maintained a summer’s day, and freed this realm  
From Danish vassalage.”

The helmet, breast-plate, shield and sword, w  
upwards of a hundred pounds; and the pot, or r  
cauldron, in which his food was cooked, and w  
now, on festive days, at the castle, is filled  
punch, holds more than a hundred gallons!

From the ramparts of Guy’s tower, we enjoy  
extensive and magnificent prospect of the co  
round, and finished our visit, by a hasty glan  
the gardens; where

“Snatch’d through the verdant maze, the hurried eye  
Distracted wanders. Now the bowery walk  
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
Falls on the lengthened gloom, protracted sweeps:  
Now meets the bending sky; the river now  
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,  
The forest darkening, and the glittering spire!”

## LETTER X.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, AND BLENHEIM PARK.

Guy's Cliff, a seat of Mr. Percy—Description of the grounds and mansion—Paintings by Bertie Greatehead, Esquire—Portrait of Mrs. Percy—Drive to Stratford—The landlady—House of Shakspeare's birth—Autographs of visitors—Parish clerk, and visit to the church—Tomb of Shakspeare—Journey to Woodstock—Blenheim park and palace—Present Duke of Marlborough—Arrival at Windsor.

*Castle Inn, Windsor,  
June 8th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

IN our approach to Warwick, yesterday, I caught a momentary glimpse, a mile or two from the town, of a spacious castellated building, in the distance, on one hand. It was screened, however, almost immediately again from sight, by the thick foliage of the road side; and I had almost forgotten the circumstance, when another vista presented a second and nearer, but equally fleeting, view of the same structure, and the grounds around—coming upon the eye in a vision of taste and loveliness, which reminded me, in its lights and shades, its colouring and its bloom, beneath a summer's sun, of paintings I have seen, in which the fancied beauties of Paradise have been attempted to be portrayed.

The post-boy could give us no information concerning it; but, on being set down at "the Swan," we learned it to be Guy's Cliff, the property of a

Percy, of the family of Northumberland, in right of his wife, an heiress and neice of the late Duke of Ancaster. When at Liverpool, Mr. Ogden and other gentlemen had said to us, "by all means visit Gutcliffe, when at Warwick." Till now, however, we had thought of it in association with the name, and had intended to inquire for it, only, as some point of view or offset of country, affording a fine or romantic prospect.

Though almost weary with the sight-seeing of the day, the impression left by the passing glimpse was so fascinating and so vivid, that, when the carriage came to the door, we returned to visit it for an hour before proceeding on our way.

We were not disappointed in its loveliness, though

"Once the gloomy haunt  
Of solitary monks,"

it is now

"A beauteous seat  
Of taste and elegance: around whose skirts,  
Parks, meadows, groves, their mingled graces join  
And Avon pours his tributary urn!"

The grounds, by nature extremely romantic and picturesque, are replete in embellishments of taste. Like Warwick Castle, the building, a massive structure in the style of queen Elizabeth's time, is so situated, upon a cliff over the Avon, that the apartments of the principal floor are, on one side, scarce above the level of the entrance, on the other they are at an elevation of thirty or forty feet above the basement, at the water's edge below.

diately around the mansion, all is rocky wildness; but, from every elevated window, long vistas are caught of river and lawn, grassy mead and tufted grove, of Elysian softness and beauty.

The romance and seclusion of this cliff, caused it to be selected, at a very early period, as the site of a small oratory, which was dedicated to Mary Magdalen, and placed under the care of a hermit, dwelling in a cell in the solid rock, embowered with trees. In this cell, Guy of Warwick is said to have secreted himself, and to have lived in penitence, for many years before his death. To this circumstance the cliff owes its present name. The cell is still shown, and in an antique and curious chapel, built on the site of the original oratory, in the fifteenth century, by one of the Earls of Warwick, is a stone statue of Guy the Warrior, now much defaced.

The decorations and furniture of the interior, harmonize well with the style of the building, and the scenery without; and many of the paintings are of high merit. One of the apartments is entirely hung with copies of *chef-d'œuvres* of many of the most distinguished masters, made by Mr. Greatheed, an only brother of Mrs. Percy—a young gentleman of genius and accomplishments, who died in Italy some years since, just after having acceded to this estate. In another, is a large unfinished piece, by the same individual, from Spencer's "Cave of Despair," in the Fairy Queen, which connoisseurs pronounce to bear evidences of the highest talent in the art. I have scarce ever gazed upon any thing on canvass, which

excited a stronger feeling, or left so deep an impression of the subject upon the mind.

The emotions excited by it, are too painful for the everyday gaze; and the piece, very properly, is arranged in the wall, as to be screened at pleasure by a sliding wainscot. For this reason, probably it is also made the last object of exhibition, in a circle of the rooms. My friend was unwilling to take leave of Guy's Cliff, with such melancholy imagery before him; and returned to the drawing-room to banish it by a second look at a splendid portrait of Mrs. Parncliffe, which had particularly attracted our admiration, not only by a beauty of feature and elegance of *tour*, but peculiarly attractive, but also by an expression which blended dignity and sweetness, and a beaming mind and soul, far more fascinating than either.

Our next stage, of eight miles, was to Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place of Shakspeare. The character of the country is much the same as between Coventry and Warwick; and the landscape on every side, as delightful as can well be imagined in scenery, devoid of everything that partakes of the wild and sublime.

From the many sketches and engravings which I had seen of this place, I felt myself acquainted with many of its most prominent features; and as we approached, we recognized the beautiful spire of its church, and the section of the Avon which embraces the bridge crossing the river in the direction to Oxford.

The inn, to which the post-boy drove us, is kept by a female of middle age, who, from her dress appeared a quakeress, wearing a plain bonnet,

of thin muslin, and a short drab cloak. She seemed to be the factotum of the establishment, and bustled about with great activity, in the direction and superintendence of its various departments. Towards us she was particularly attentive and polite, and almost officious, in her wishes to oblige; and, at once, gave us to understand that she knew us to be Americans, by telling us, that she had "twice had the honour of entertaining our distinguished fellow-countryman, Washington Irving," and that "many Americans visited the tomb of Shakspeare."

To what particular circumstance we were indebted for this discovery, whether to some unlucky "guess," or "nasal twang," or other exhibition of transatlantic habit or manners, or to a glance at the cypher, "U. S. N." on our trunks, which might have been understood, I cannot say; but we were a little surprised at it, as the first instance in which we have been recognized, or been suspected, so far as we could judge, of being from abroad. Our nationality soon became known in the streets, and as we walked about the town, especially in the vicinity of the post house, it was manifest that we were gazed on as two Indians, or something of the kind, just broken loose from the forest.

After refreshing ourselves for a few moments, in a neat parlour above stairs, boots was summoned to be our guide to the paternal residence of the immortal and immoral bard. It is a very old butcher's shop, in one of the principal streets, built of timber and filled in with plaster. The timbers are all seen

on the outside, and are painted black, while the plastered parts are kept neatly white-washed.

The show-window, for exhibiting the meats, at the plank, much worn, on which they were cut, still remain in their original condition, with the exception of being now painted, for their better preservation. No use is made of the building, but to accommodate a single female, its keeper and exhibiter, who made her appearance to conduct us the interior, on a tap being made by our attendant on a small window adjoining.

The room, in which the poet is said to have been born, is on the second floor, directly above the shop, with a casement overlooking the street. Its only furniture, is an antique and heavy chest of wood—where, with two or three old portraits, has stood in the place it now occupies, a longer time than any now living can remember, but, whether originally the property of the Shakspeare family, is not known. On the wall, and a plaster cast of the dramatist, in one corner. The walls and ceiling, of beam and boards, are white-washed; and covered so entirely in every direction with the autographs of visitors, from all parts of the civilized world, of every rank and character, that room for an additional cypher even, can scarcely be found.

Years ago, indeed, they became so completely filled, that albums were necessarily opened, for the signatures of persons, wishing to leave such a mark of their interest in the spot. Finding such autographs as those of his present majesty, when Duke of Clarence, of Sir Walter Scott, and Washington

in the countless number, we felt ourselves protected, by the example, from any contempt of the motives and the feeling, which induced us to search out a place of the size of a shilling, on which to leave the same tribute of respect, to the memory of the leading genius of his day.

The sentimental and poetic feeling of my companion, were more deeply excited by associations of the spot, than I have scarce ever known to be the case before; and could we have spared one moment for the manual process, or found the space of a single inch for the transcript, the muses, more friendly to him than to many other of their admirers, would have furnished a memento of our visit of more interest than the mere initials of a name.

On leaving the house, the old clerk of the parish, in the palsied infirmity of three score years and ten, hobbled before us for half a mile, to show the monument, and the vault, in which the body of Shakspeare reposes, in the church. The monument consists of a tablet and bust, against the wall, near the chancel, with a simple inscription. The vault is near, and the coarse stone covering of it is marked with the well known verse, in rude execution, of the poet's own diction:

“ Good friend, for Jesus’ sake for beare,  
To digg the dust enclosed Heare,  
Blese be y<sup>e</sup> man y<sup>t</sup> spares thes stones,  
And curst Be He y<sup>t</sup> moves my Bones.”

“But for that curse,” said the old man—in a tone which, I was at a loss to determine, whether of regret that the honour could not have been conferred,

or of satisfaction, that his bones were still where they had secured him so many a handsome fee—"he would long ago have been in the 'poet's corner,' in Westminster Abbey."

Very near the vault is a fine marble sarcophagus surmounted by a full length effigy, lying in state. The clerk pointed it out to us, as the monument of a wealthy miser of the town, a contemporary of the poet, who desired that he would furnish him with an epitaph. Shakspeare complied with his request; at the expense of the mortal hatred of the old gentleman, as our informant said, repeating to us the following lines:

"Ten in the hundred lies here in grave;  
'Tis ten to a hundred, his soul is not saved!  
If any man ask, who lies in this tomb?  
"O," quoth the Devil, "'tis my Johnny Combe!"

Whatever the origin of the story may be, the mate of the tomb has the stigma of the verse as firmly attached to him, as if the fact were as related; the doggerel is quite as extensively circulated, likely to be as permanently attached to the monument, as it would have been if chiseled in the place, upon the marble.

From Stratford, we travelled rapidly by Vauxhall, Stock, Oxford, and Henley, to this place. Since leaving the borders of the Avon, the country, in the direction we came, loses much of its richness and beauty. The soil is light, and principally of a cold and inferior section of the kingdom—differently wooded, with stone walls in place of hedges, and the houses of the farmers and cottages

in general, unwhitewashed and unadorned, by the shrubbery and flowers, which had decorated the most humble abodes, in the preceding parts of our route. It is said to afford fine hunting, however, and many gentlemen have lodges, in different parts of it, for their accommodation, while enjoying that amusement.

At the last change of horses, before coming to Woodstock, we particularly requested of the post-boy and his master to be taken, for as great a distance as practicable on the way, through the park of Blenheim, the celebrated estate and mansion of the duke of Marlborough, which is open for three or four miles before reaching the town, from the north, to private carriages. Through the stupidity of the one, however, or the wilful deception of the other, we were hurried past the proper entrance, without being aware of it, till too late to remedy the matter, but by a loss of time which we could not afford.

The park is one of the finest in the kingdom; and the drive would have carred us through some of its handsomest sections. We took a hasty view of the house and grounds immediately around it. It is a proud pile, and ranks among the palaces of the kingdom of Grecian architecture, as Warwick Castle does among the remains of feudal grandeur, or Eaton Hall in the exhibitions of the modern Gothic. Its tapestries, paintings and statuary, noble suite of rooms, grand entrance hall, library and chapel within, and its gardens, ornamented grounds, and park without, would require a month for a satisfactory examina-

tion, in place of the hour which alone we could possibly afford to them.

The Gobelin tapestry, on the walls, present the most distinguished battles and victories of the hero of Blenheim; and were not the less interesting to captain Bolton, from exhibiting in their prominent groups the figure and portrait of one of the most distinguished of his ancestors, in the person of a favourite aid-de-camp of the Duke—one who, on the field of Ramillies, was fortunate enough to have saved the life of the illustrious warrior.

"That is his grace," said the little old housekeeper, in great earnestness, with a palsied shake of the head, as a voice followed by a whistle was heard from the hall; and, on turning in that direction, had a momentary sight, through an open door, of a very graceless looking personage, though evidently the individual referred to, from the additional exclamation, "Yes, it is his grace." He seems youthful and active for one of his age, between sixty and seventy, and in his step, whole air, and dress—a red jacket, grey pantaloons, and cloth cap, worn on one side—appeared what common report claims to be the fact, somewhat of a *roué*. His estate is under trustees for the benefit of his creditors, with an allowance to himself, from the proceeds of it, of five thousand pounds a year.

After the purchase of some of the beautiful glass for the manufacture of which Woodstock is so celebrated, at a shop in the town, near the gates of Blenheim, we drove on to Oxford, a distance of thirty or fourteen miles, to dinner.

The country, before we had arrived at Woodstock, began to resume its beauty and luxuriance. In the vicinity of Oxford, though tame in its general features, it is lovely indeed; and the city, as seen embosomed within it, is at once most venerable and magnificent. The view of its domes, and spires, and towers, especially in the approach in the direction of London, is strikingly impressive and beautiful.

As it was not possible, in connection with other arrangements, to pass even an hour here, we determined to postpone all observation of it, beyond the passing view, and to make a place so highly attractive to the stranger and foreigner, and so worthy his special notice, the subject of an after visit from the metropolis.

At Henley, the environs of which are peculiarly beautiful, we first met the Thames, and observed the chalky soil which gave to Albion a name; the faces of many hills along the banks of the river, in the vicinity, being almost perfectly white from it. Our approach to Windsor, for many miles before reaching it, was by cross-roads in the forest. Just as twilight was gathering rapidly around us, we caught a first distant view of the Castle, rising in a heavy mass of darkness on the horizon; and, soon after, till our arrival, had in it a kind of guide to our course, in the ranges of light gleaming from its long lines of windows, the Court being at present here.

## LETTER XI.

## ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1826—E  
 quence of the Hon. Charles Grant—Speech of Gen. Orde  
 Baron Pelit de Logiere—Anniversary of the Charity School  
 London—Manner and circumstances of entering the Metro  
 lis—Epsom Races—Dissipation attending them—London fr  
 Waterloo Bridge—Arrival in Westminster.

*Piazza Coffee-House, London*  
*June 8th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

HAD our visit to England been a matter of l  
 anticipation, my arrangements, in reference to  
 would have been such as to have insured, with  
 favour of Providence, an arrival in the metropol  
 month earlier than the present date, that I m  
 have attended the anniversaries of the principal  
 tional societies of philanthropy and piety, celebra  
 here in May.

The regret I feel, in having just missed this g  
 fication, is less, however, than it otherwise w  
 have been, had I not, in the year 1826, on my  
 val in London from the Sandwich Islands, had  
 happiness of being present at many of the mo  
 teresting and most important of the public meet  
 by which they are distinguished. After having  
 separated, for three years and more, far from the  
 ders of Zion, in a spiritual wilderness, in the  
 “ends of the earth,” the period was to me “a


of fat things," refreshing to the heart, almost beyond the conception of one who has never been a dweller in "the tents of Kedar," in a heathen land.

It now seems to me but as yesterday, that I then attended the anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was the first meeting at which I was present, and the impression made upon my mind and feelings by the appearance of the platform as I entered the hall, crowded with much of the talent and piety of the nation most distinguished in church and state; by the thronged audience below, from every eye in which "peace on earth and good will towards men," seemed to beam; and afterwards by the eloquence and evangelical spirit that breathed from the lips of the Hon. Charles Grant, M. P. a member of the Cabinet, of Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow, of the Bishops of Salisbury, and of Litchfield and Coventry, of the Rev. Dr. Philip of the Cape of Good Hope—followed in their statements and supported in their zeal, by such spirits as that of the Lords Gambier and Calthorpe, of the Earl of Harrowby, of Col. Phipps and Gen. Orde of the Royal army, was such as I can never forget. More than a dozen times during the day, my heart was made to thrill with affections of interest and delight, almost painful from their intensity; and had my bosom been as cold as an icicle to the subject matter when I entered, it would, from sympathy alone, if from no higher influence, soon have been made to burn with the desire, that the Word of Truth might speedily be scattered through all nations, and the Light of Life be made to fill the world.

I do not remember ever before to have been perfectly charmed by the power of eloquence blended with the breathings of Christianity, as by the speech of Mr. Grant; and before the simple and unaffected statements of Gen. Orde were closed, the whole audience were in tears, and the speaker not being obliged to sit down, overcome himself by sympathy with feelings elicited by his remarks, and the manner in which they had been presented.

One of the most interesting persons taking part in the exhibitions of the day, was the Baron Pelet de Logiere, a representative on the occasion, accompanied by the Rev. Mark Wilks, from the Protestant Bible Society of Paris. An able and appropriate speech from him was received with great enthusiasm by the auditory; and partly gave fire to the glowing eloquence of Mr. Grant, with which I was so greatly delighted. I had previously made his acquaintance in private society, and for the month following, we almost constantly met at various public places—the anniversary of the London and Church Missionary Societies, of the Tract Society and Sunday School Union, of the British and Foreign School Society, and of the Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty.

Both foreigners, for a first time in the kingdom, the opportunities thus enjoyed of becoming informed of the operations and influence of these noble institutions of benevolence and piety, were most valuable and most gratifying. And, stamped upon memory and the heart, as the reports from the missions were, by the oratory and animated zeal of many of the most distinguished subjects of the empire.



by evidences of the lively interest and cheerful patronage of thousands and tens of thousands of their fellows throughout the kingdom, they produced, I doubt not, on the minds of both, the same conviction. A conviction that these associations of philanthropy, however overlooked, and however lightly estimated by the worldly politician and the worldly statesman, have a tendency in their spirit and their influence not less to the safety of the empire at home, than to its glory abroad; and in the dispensations of that Providence which controls alike the destiny of nations and of men, will prove more surely than her navies and her armies, the bulwarks of her power and the defences of the land.

The last anniversary which I attended was that of the Charity Schools of London, held in the Cathedral of St. Paul's. The assemblage consisted of nearly eight thousand children, boys and girls, in the antique and monkish uniform of their respective foundations, ranged in an amphitheatre of twenty-five seats, rising one above another, beneath the great dome of the church—with many thousand spectators in the centre, and at every point commanding a view of the scene—presenting in connection with the pealing organ, the chaunting and chorusses of a full choir, in which the children joined, one of the most imposing spectacles I ever witnessed.

The same anniversary has been celebrated to-day. We met several of the schools returning in procession to their respective parishes, as we entered the city, and thus I find that I have reached the metropolis just in time to take up my observations, at the

precise point at which they terminated in my form visit.

I was amused, though somewhat vexed, at manner and circumstances in which we made entry to London this evening from Windsor—the termination of our journey, in these respects, was different from its beginning at Liverpool a week ago. It is true that, now as then, I had “a confident friend for my companion, a post-chaise for my equipage, and English roads and English scenery June beneath and around me”—but my friend, I was sadly out of humour; our chaise the sorriest vehicle you ever placed foot in; and the roads and scenery little else than a mass of dust!

In leaving Windsor, instead of pursuing the direct route to London, we visited Hampton court, then crossed into Surrey, by Claremont. It has been the week of the Epsom races, and this the last time, and we found some difficulty, even at Hampton, in securing a good chaise and horses. On reaching the last stage to the city, perceiving the place to be thronged with persons going to and returning from the races, we made particular inquiry, before deciding the carriage in which we arrived, whether it could be furnished with another for London. Being answered in the affirmative, allowed the carriage which we had possession, to drive off, while we took of a lunch. This, in a dirty, crowded inn, full of confusion and uproar, was soon despatched. Having paid for fare and attendance, more indignant than any we had before met, we were well pleased to have announced to us, that “the chaise

the door." To the door therefore, we hastened : but what an exhibition was there, for the eyes of two strangers, destined next to be set down at a hotel, in "*the West End.*" A carriage, all tattered and torn—dirty straw making its appearance at all points, amidst greased and filthy rags of lining within, and broken panels, broken springs, and broken pole, presenting themselves without! And, for horses, two miserably jaded beasts, appearing as if they had been in harness for a week, every limb presenting a skeleton of bone, with the skin here and there rubbed off, and their heads drooping on their chests, as if just ready to drop down and die!

But for a sight of our trunks and carpet bags, we would not have believed such an establishment designed for any one, having the exterior of a gentleman. And, not prepared, by anything occurring to us at the house, to be in very good humour, the Captain turned around, with the intention of expressing his dissatisfaction in no very equivocal terms ; when, in place of a portly Boniface, he perceived before him, a pretty looking, and genteelly dressed landlady, full of such becoming sorrow, and so many civil regrets, at the necessity of furnishing us with such an equipage, that we were obliged once more to turn towards the street.

"Why, those animals will never carry us a mile," exclaimed my friend. "O yes, Sir," was the reply, in the same breath, of a half dozen ostlers and stable boys, gathered round, in expectation, no doubt, of some objection to the turn-out, "they goes excellent,

when they once gets started!" And, though doubting very much the truth of the assertion, we reluctantly became seated in the shabby old vehicle. The rusty steps, and shattered door, after some difficulty, we adjusted and fastened; and the signal, "all's right!" though very much at variance with the state of things—was given. But no motion followed. The postilion instead of being mounted, was standing powerfully against his horse, with clothes all soiled, as if jolted from a nap in a ditch, one eye, completely swollen, shut; his whole face scratched, and black and blue, and he so drunk, as to be incapable of moving.

"Open the door," vociferated the Captain, in a tone of the quarter-deck,—*"Open the door, and get us out; the fellow is drunk! Do you wish our neck to be broken!"* "O, Sir, he will take you perfectly safe," exclaimed the group, "he is one of the boys on the road! When he gets up, he will be all right again!" And despite our vexation and remonstrance, they hoisted him into his saddle, gave him the reins and whip into his hands, started the horse, and off we came at a snail's pace—no doubt, no less amusement from the figure we cut to those left behind, than, after our better feelings had turned, we became to ourselves.

The condition and appearance of our postilion, whose whole powers, physical and mental, we had in requisition for many miles, to enable him to hold his seat, were far from being the only evidence observed, of the melancholy extent of the excessive dissipation attending the race-course, in this country.

as well as in our own. We were constantly overtaken and passed, by vehicles and horsemen of every description, from the carriages and four of peers and peeresses, with liveried outriders, to the carts and donkeys of gypsies; while unnumbered pedestrians were, at the same time, making their way to their homes—most of those of the lower orders, exhibiting in their aspect and manner the effect, in a greater or less degree, of the inebriating draught.

After passing through a continued suburb, for two or three miles, we at length entered Westminster, by crossing the Thames at Waterloo Bridge. This structure commands the finest general view of London, with which I am acquainted; presenting, on the one hand, in the approach from Surrey, Somerset house, in unobstructed view, the gardens of the Temple, the turrets and dome of St. Paul, the Monument, and pinnacles of the Tower, with a long sweep of the Thames, and the bridges of Southwark and Black Friars; and on the other, the windings of the river above, Westminster bridge and Abbey, with a large section of the court end of the metropolis.

We saw the whole to fine effect, in the golden and mellow light of a closing day in summer; and drew up on one side, for fifteen or twenty minutes to enjoy it—to catch the varied living imagery, meeting the eye at every point, in the barge and wherry, gliding swiftly across the mirrored water below, and in the throng of carriages, horsemen, and footmen, passing and repassing beside us. And to listen for a moment, before mingling with it, to the distant din and murmur

rising on the ear, of the occupation and move of the million and a half of beings, forming the relation of this world in miniature.

The Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, had recommended to us in Liverpool, as a suitable for our first accommodation in town. But we unable to obtain rooms there; and feel ourselves happy, after the fatigue and vexations of the day, the enjoyment of a quiet parlour, with good attendants, at the Piazza, in the same neighbourhood

## LETTER XII.

## REGENT'S PARK AND THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Gen. Von Scholten, Governor-General of the Danish West Indies—Gov. Rosenhall, and Dr. Stevens—Regent's Street—Its architecture and general aspect—Equipages and Servants—St. James's—The Green and Hyde Parks—Regent's Park—Entrance to it from Portland Place—Count Danniskiold—Arrangement of the Animals and Birds at the Gardens—Earl of Dundonald and Countess of Jersey—Drive in Hyde Park—Dinner of Gen. Von Scholten—Cordiality and kindness of the General and Capt. Oxholme—Rev. Mr. Ellis and Mrs. Ellis.

*Piazza Coffee-House, London,  
June 12th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

A LONG interval in my dates—four days—compared with the frequency with which they appear in the preceding pages, has occurred, as you will perceive, by looking at that which I have now made.

The truth is, that our travel from Liverpool was so rapid, and during it we saw so much to excite and keep the mind and feelings on the *qui vive*, that we found ourselves in a fever when we arrived, which required two or three days at least of quiet to subdue. We should not have made ourselves known to any one in that time, had we not very accidentally, but greatly to our pleasure, fallen in with a party with whom we had become acquainted, some time since, in the United States. General Von Scholten, of Copenhagen, at present the governor-general of the Danish

Islands in the West Indies, with his suite, was passing through London, to Falmouth, to join a ship of war, from which he had disembarked in the Downs, on his way to the West Indies. Himself and the gentlemen accompanying him had apartments at the Bedford Hotel, adjoining that at which we are; and we very unexpectedly met, neither knowing that the other was in the kingdom.

The general received so much kind attention from the citizens and government of the United States when there the last year, as Minister Extraordinary from the Court of Denmark, on his way to the West Indies, that we were hailed and welcomed by him with the cordiality of a friend and brother. And next, being his last day in London, were made guests for it, with a warmth of heart, that did not allow a refusal.

After spending the morning in an interchange of calls, we at three o'clock joined himself, Gov. Russell of the Island of St. Thomas, and Dr. Stevenson, a Scotch physician of celebrity attached to the suite of the governor-general, but at present on leave of absence, in a drive around Regent's Park, and a visit to the Zoological Gardens—one of the most interesting and most fashionable of the modern attractions of the kind in the metropolis.

The general, with a military cloak thrown over his shoulders, mounted the coachman's box, while the rest of us occupied the inside of an open landau. A few minutes after leaving our hotel, we were in the midst of the fashion and splendour of Regent Street. This is a grand avenue, opened within the last

years, between St. James' Park, near the Thames, and Regent's Park, some two miles or more distant from it, at the north western section of the whole metropolis. It is not entirely straight, but is divided into three sections of about an equal length, by a curvature just after crossing Piccadilly, on the St. James' side, called the quadrangle or colonnade, and by a second at Langham Place, at a similar distance from Regent's Park.

The architecture of brick, stuccoed and painted in imitation of a yellowish Portland stone, though very various in its details, presents, as a whole, a range of stately buildings on either hand the entire distance, relieved and adorned at different points by columns and pilasters, and highly ornamented balustrades and parapets. In its length, width, and architecture of uniform stateliness, it, probably, is the most princely street in the world. And, at this season of the year, when all the rank and fashion of the kingdom are in town, on a fine morning, such as that on which we first drove through it, affords, in the multitude of splendid equipages and liveried servants, and in the dress and air of the throngs met in carriages and on foot, an imposing exhibition of the extent and varied forms of the *out-door*, and *every-day* magnificence of the "Court end."

The equipages and servants present, to my eye, the most striking difference, I have yet observed, in the *externals of life* here and at home. The heavy, dark-coloured chariots, with rich trimmings and emblazonry, and wide flowing hammer-cloths; the gay liveries of crimson, yellow, blue, blended with

party-coloured lace, silver, and gold; the small clothes, stockings, and pumps, so trimly adjusted to the limb and so neatly kept; the powdered hair graceful shoulder-knots, and snow-white gloves on every coachman and every footman met, contrast, as strongly as can well be, with the light and gay vehicles of our cities; the indistinguishable and too often negligent dress of our servants; and the entire simplicity of our whole style in this respect.

The Parks of London constitute one of its most beautiful and attractive features; and are equally the sources of health and of pleasure to its citizens as the "*beau monde*." That of St. James, taking its name from the palace immediately adjoining; the Green Park, which a stranger would suppose only a section of the former, the only separation between them being a light iron railing; and Hyde Park formed, till within a very few years, the western boundary of the metropolis. St. James' Park, about two miles in circumference, and the Green Park, much smaller, are not open to carriages and horsemen, except under some privilege connected with the royal family or household, but at all times to pedestrian every character. They are filled, particularly the former, with fine groves of stately trees; with lawns and beautiful shrubbery; and are adorned with sheets of water, artificially disposed—so as to give the appearance of a beautiful lake, with varied points, islets and many other characteristic features of the scenery—and form a delightful promenade.

Hyde Park, which is separated from the Green Park only by the width of the road in which Piccadilly

dilly terminates, at Hyde Park corner, is several miles in circumference, containing near four hundred acres, exclusive of Kensington Gardens, which are a continuation of it on the west; and which originally formed a part of the Park. This is less artificially laid out and adorned, and contains fewer trees than the former, but is an airy and fine extent of ground; and being open to horsemen and to carriages, except hackney coaches and other public vehicles, is daily, in the fashionable season, a scene of much animation and splendour in the morning drives of the "*haut ton*."

The Regent's Park, however, is the modern boast of London in this respect. It is but a few years since it received its present form and name; and its plantations are not yet grown, nor its embellishments completed. The area of the enclosure is nearly equal to that of Hyde Park, from which it is distant a mile and more on the north; and is about three miles in circumference. It is nearly circular; and has an outer and an inner drive. The first intended to be faced with a succession of magnificent rows of houses, called terraces, of different names, many of which are already completed; and the last to be studded with separate villas of princely elegance. The taste and beauty of the design upon which it is formed are as yet but imperfectly exhibited; but the disposition of the whole in water, lawn, and plantation, is said by connoisseurs to be in a perfection of the art of landscape gardening—an art in which the English greatly excel.

The approach through Portland Place and Regent Circus is fine ; and the whole drive around beautiful. One of the most pleasantly situated and conspicuous of the villas of the inner circle was pointed out to us, by Dr. Stevens, as that occupied by the Marchioness of Wellesley and Miss Caton grand-daughters of our venerable fellow-citizen and distinguished patriot, Carroll of Carrollton. We found a great throng of equipages and horsemen at the entrance of the Zoological Gardens, occupying a section of the Park in the north-east ; and, ignorant of the manner of gaining an admission, might have experienced some difficulty in securing it, but for the politeness of Count Danniskjold, a young Danish noble, who met us by appointment at the gate.

The gardens are a menagerie and aviary, in which the numerous rare and beautiful specimens of animals and birds collected by the Zoological Society are accommodated in a manner most congenial to their native habits respectively, so far as this is practicable in a state of confinement ; and with a cleanliness, beauty, and taste of arrangement, that make the examination of them a source of unmingled gratification to the visitor. The grounds are extensively lying on both sides of the road, beneath which a tunnel is cut ; so that you can view the whole, after entering on either side, without scarce being aware of having recrossed the street. The number of animals and birds amounts to several hundreds ; and an hour quickly elapses in strolling from cage to cage.

surrounded by the choicest plants and shrubbery, and in passing from walk to walk, interspersed with flower beds, and relieved by stretches of water for the water-fowl and other aquatic creatures.

Some of the company were as much the objects of curiosity to us as any of the "real lions." Such as the Earl of Dundonald, late Lord Cochrane, of South American valour and celebrity. The Countess of Jersey, celebrated for her beauty and elegance, and, as a conspicuous leader of the fashionable world, Mrs. Beaumont, the bride of a member of Parliament and beautiful daughter of Mr. Wiggins, an American resident of London, &c.

From the gardens we continued our drive to Hyde Park, in which direction much of the company, leaving with us, also proceeded; and for another hour our carriage made one in the hundreds of every description, coursing its broad avenues in an endless whirl—while numbers of persons on horseback, both ladies and gentlemen, added to the animation and varied display of the scene. A station at one of the angles of a drive even for five minutes, on a fine day, at a fashionable hour, would be sufficient I should think to cause a person's head to turn with giddiness, at the constant whirl of the double line of equipages, glittering with gilding and livery, that would be passing in review.

A dinner with Gen. Von Scholten and Gov. Rosenthal at the Bedford Hotel, completed the day; Count Danniskiold and Captain Oxholme, the military aid of the Governor General, making up the number of our party. There was a cordiality of

manner and warmth of heart in the civilities of these gentlemen, truly grateful to those who had not yet sought out a single friend, in this wilderness of human beings. Had we been their own countrymen and their most chosen friends, we could not have received more kindly expressions of friendship and goodwill. They urged us in the most flattering manner to visit Copenhagen before our return to the United States; and left with us letters, which, should we do so, would doubtless secure a hospitable reception in the most interesting circles of the Danish Capital.

The rest and quiet of the Sabbath proved sufficiently restorative to enable me to sally forth, yesterday morning, to make known my arrival to the most intimate of my personal friends.

The Rev. Mr. Ellis, the associate and endeared companion of my residence, as a missionary at Sandwich Islands, was the first to whom I have addressed. The leading incidents in the lives of each have been so strikingly similar, and the dispensations which we have been removed and separated from our chosen work in the islands of the sea much the same, that the close intimacy characterizing our intercourse at the Pacific, has become a brotherhood, than which there can be none more strong or more dear. And our interview could scarcely be more delightful and refreshing to the hearts and affections of both.

For more than six years past, he has been intently and successfully engaged in promoting the interests of the cause to which he is consecrated. His eloquent appeals to the Christian public in

parts of his native kingdom, in behalf of the heathen world, and by various publications—The Tour of Hawaii, Polynesian Researches, &c. &c. containing much of the most interesting and valuable matter, on the subject of missions, ever issued from the press.

Within the last few weeks he has been appointed the Corresponding Secretary of the London Missionary Society; an office of high importance and responsibility, but one for which his long personal experience in the missionary work, his untiring zeal and acknowledged talent eminently fit him; and in which, by his efficiency, wisdom and piety, I doubt not he will prove himself a worthy successor to such men as the Rev. Dr. Burder, and the Rev. William Orme.

After spending some time at the Mission House, I accompanied him to his residence at Islington, a northern suburb of the city, to pass the night beneath his roof. Eight years ago, at the Sandwich Islands, I took leave of Mrs. Ellis before her embarkation for England, under the full persuasion that the bed of suffering upon which she had then long been lying, would soon be to her a bed of death. But, two years afterwards, I found her in London, still its tenant in unmitigated affliction. And now, at the end of six additional years, have again met her in circumstances so much the same, that it seems but yesterday that I gave a last grasp to the enfeebled hand, and a last look at the pallid but saint-like features, from which the spirit chastened and made ready, appeared just taking its glorious and eternal flight.

In the case of this refined and lovely woman "patience hath had its perfect work;" and the spirit of Christianity, in its meekness, cheerful submission, and joyous hopes, a delightful and instructive illustration. Confiding with unshaken trust in the truths of revelation, and reposing sweetly on the righteousness which it sets forth for acceptance with God, her soul hath been kept "in perfect peace." Even in paroxysms of unequalled suffering, prayer and thankfulness have been the only language of her heart. And when all earthly good has been most shrouded to her in darkness, such light has rested on the realities of a better world, that cheerfulness and joy have beamed on every feature, in persuasion, that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God hath prepared for them that love Him."

## LETTER XIII.

## LEVEE OF THE KING, AND THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

Palace of St. James—State apartments—New palace—Duke of Wellington—Talleyrand—Earl Grey—Presentation to the King—Sir John Gordon Sinclair—Privileges of the *entrée circle*—Ante-room and diplomatic corps—Arrival in state of the Duchess of Kent, and the Duke of Gloucester—The Duchesses of Northumberland and Richmond—Admiral Sir Robert Otway—*Coup d'œil* of the throne-room—the Queen—Aspect and display of the general company.

*Piazza Coffee-House, London,  
June 15th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

MR. VAIL, Charge des Affaires from the United States at this court, early returned a call, from Captain Bolton and myself. Mr. Van Buren, in a letter of introduction to him, had requested that we should be presented to the King and Queen; and our names had already been sent to the Foreign Office, according to the regulations of the court, respecting those to receive this honour. The levee of the king was held on Wednesday; and Mr. Vail called for us in his carriage, at one o'clock, to conduct us to the palace.

This, as you are well aware, is in its exterior, an old and shabby pile of irregular, time-worn brick work, scarce equal, in the respectability of its front on Pall Mall, to the old brick State House, in Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It was originally the Hos-

pital of St. James; and was converted into a royal residence by Henry VIII. A principal part of the present edifice was erected by that monarch.

We were set down at the grand entrance, in the inner court, amidst a detachment of the Life Guards with a band playing; and passed up a fine staircase of a double flight of white marble steps, with balustrade of bronze and gilding, into a guard-room on the second floor. This, and the staircase, were both lined by the Yeomen of the Guard, leaning upon pikes and battle axes, in their old and fanciful dress of kilted jacket of scarlet, with lacings of black and gold, and flat round hats of black, decorated with ribands of red and blue.

The guard-room opens into a picture-gallery, a long corridor, having a range of windows on one side and a line of full-length portraits of many of the distinguished kings and queens of England on the walls opposite. It communicates, at the further extremity, with the suite of state apartments. These consist of a saloon, ante-room, and presence-chamber, or throne-room; behind which last, is the royal closet, in which he gives audience to the ministers of state, foreign ambassadors, and the members of the royal family.

The state-rooms are spacious and lofty—sixty feet in length, perhaps, by forty in breadth, with ceilings of proportionate height. They form a series at right angles, with the gallery and guard-room, and communicate with each other by stately folding doors of mahogany, in the centre of each separating door, with a smaller door on either side. So, that, w

are thrown open, there are three long perspectives of the suite. The folding doors, however, are kept shut, except for the passage of some member of the royal family arriving in state. Four lofty windows, in each apartment, overlook the courts and gardens of the palace, from which the music of the finest bands in the kingdom swelled upon the ear, with animating and delightful effect.

The walls of the saloon and ante-room are of a light salmon colour, and those in the presence-chamber hung in crimson damask. In the whole, the cornices, mouldings, and ornaments of the ceilings are of the heaviest gilding; with an effect rich and chaste, without being glaring or gaudy. The throne occupies the upper end of the room in which it is placed, opposite the range of folding doors, opening through the other apartments. It is of crimson and gold, elevated three steps above the floor, beneath a magnificent canopy of crimson Genoa velvet, with hangings to correspond.

The furniture in all, is much the same; consisting of magnificent mirrors and pier-tables, in heavy gilding; of splendid lustres *or-molu* hanging, from the ceilings, and candelabras of a similar style, upon massive brackets on the walls—with portraits of George II., George III., and George IV., and several large paintings, naval, military, and landscape, by masters, opposite the windows and over the doors.

The want of carpets on the polished floors of oak, however, struck me as a defect in the keeping of the suite; and, to my eye, imparted a nakedness and coldness to the whole, detracting greatly from the

air of magnificence and luxury, anticipated in the interior of a British palace.

I was disappointed both in the coup d'œil, and in the more leisurely observation of the apartments. They have been allowed to fall, it is probable, into a state of *negligè*, from the fact, that they are soon to be deserted, and the whole pile to be torn down. A new palace, for the town residence of their majesties, is rapidly being erected, on the opposite side of the Park, better suited in its accommodations and style, to the magnificence of the empire, and to the present manner of life in the kingdom, than the long reproached, old St. James.

Immense sums have been expended upon the structure, with the intention of having it all that the state residence of the monarchs of Great Britain should be, in point of convenience and splendour; but it is feared, I am told, that, externally at least, the architecture and general effect will disappoint the public expectation. It already presents an extensive mass on the west side of St. James' Park, within full view of its lake and islands, and beautiful lawns and shrubbery; but is so blocked up and screened by walls and fences, and other temporary obstructions for the accommodation of the workmen, that no correct judgment can be formed of the design, or of the façade that will eventually be presented by the architect.

But to the presentation. Being with a gentleman of diplomatic rank, we shared with him the privileges of the *entrée*; and passed through the saloon, or first apartment, where the general company assemble,

into the ante-room, appropriated to the reception of the ministers of state and other high officers in the government and household, and to the foreign ambassadors.

We were in good time, and among the first to arrive. The Duke of Wellington, however, was already in the room, and of course arrested almost exclusively our first attention. Time has laid his hand with distinctive marks upon him; and he has lost much, in face and form, of the imposing air and strongly marked character distinguishable in busts and portraits taken, at an earlier and more flattering period of his life and history. He is only of middling height, or very little above it, is not stout, stoops a little, and appears to be, what is, perhaps, best expressed by the familiar phrase, "old and broken."

Thinking of him only, as associated in my mind's eye with the image formed by hearing and reading of him when a school and college boy, fifteen and twenty years ago—kept up by representations since seen on canvass and in marble—the involuntary inquiry on a first glance was, "Can this be the hero of Waterloo, and the conqueror of Bonaparte?" Still it is evident that he has possessed a fine, commanding face, though, I should think, one never equal in its traits of genius to that which distinguishes the heads of a Washington and a Napoleon.

He was in conversation, at the time, with Prince Leiven, the Russian ambassador; and so slight was the impression made by his personal appearance, that, to my own surprise, I soon found myself standing with my back towards him, forgetful alike of his presence and his glory.

This may perhaps be accounted for, however, by the entrance, in the mean time, of Talleyrand from a private audience in the king's closet. We have just saved a sight of this prince of politicians and diplomatists. He is taking leave, the present week of their majesties for a visit to the continent during the summer; and, had we not now have met him we probably never should. His looks are by far more indicative of the character he sustains in the world, than are those of Wellington; and, were we living in an age of superstition, his is just the face and figure to which, in sailor's phrase, "I would give a wide berth." A disfigured foot, a natural malformation, or an effect of the gout, would, in a dark period of the world, have confirmed the suspicion which a glance at his countenance might excite, that he had received aid, in the political game played him through the last half century, from a quarter where few are fond of being on very familiar terms.

His countenance is sallow, deeply wrinkled, and imbedded in a large quantity of widely frizzled grey hair. As he moved slowly along, supporting his slender and feeble frame by a cane in one hand, in addition to the arm of a friend held by the other, he sank into a seat, as if exhausted by the interview. The courtesy just had with the king, I could but think of his celebrated remark upon hearing of the retreat of Bonaparte from Russia—"C'est le commencement du fin!" and mentally exclaim of himself, so far as this life and world are concerned, "*C'est la fin!*"

The prime minister, Earl Grey, and Viscount

merston, secretary for foreign affairs, with numerous other members of the cabinet, were soon added to the circle ; and were early joined by the whole diplomatic corps, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Worcester, &c. &c. The Rev. Dr. Wilson, the newly made Bishop of Calcutta, with others of the clergy, and gentlemen and nobles of every rank, to some three or four hundred, entered from the first apartment, after the commencement of the levee.

At the end of half an hour, His Majesty, having completed the private audiences of the day, was announced as in readiness to receive the ambassadors and their suites ; and we followed Mr. Vail in his order into the presence chamber, by the door next the windows. The King, attended by the Duke of Devonshire the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Lilford, as Lord in waiting, and other gentlemen of his household, stood on one side the room, near a window, and not in front of the throne. With the exception of the shaking of hands, the immediate presentation did not differ in its form and manner, from an introduction at the levee of the President at Washington ; and the conversation of a few moments with each, following the mention of our names, and the bows of salutation, was quite as informal and as much prolonged as is customary, in ordinary cases, in the drawing-room of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. The putting of a few questions, with their answers, such as the section of the Union from which we came, our intended stay in England, course of travel, &c. constituting the "gracious re-

ception," with which all, on such occasions, are satisfied and grateful.

The whole had less stiffness and form in it, and more meaning, than the similar ceremony through which I went, in 1829, at the imperial Court of Brazil, where five bows, without the utterance of a word constituted the honour.

His majesty is a short, stout man, of mild and benignant expression of countenance; and is, no doubt as generally reported, a plain-hearted and generous spirited sailor. He was in the simple uniform of an admiral; and in dress and whole manner, as might have been expected, the least formal of the assemblage. The ambassadors and their attachés remain in the throne room, after making their salutations while the levee is being held; but persons presented by them return, according to the etiquette of Court, with the general company to the ante-room by a different door from that at which they entered thus making a semi-circular sweep through the apartment.

Among other gentlemen we unexpectedly met was an old and intimate friend of Captain Boscawen, Sir John Gordon Sinclair, of the royal navy, a grandson of the late Duke of Gordon, and of the Duke of that title, so distinguished at the close of the last century, in the most brilliant circles of England and the Continent, for wit, beauty and accomplishment. He resides at present upon an estate near Edinburg. He is a noble, warm-hearted sailor, and gave us a cordial invitation to visit him there, with the assurance that we should meet from him a true Scotchman.

welcome. Captain Bouchier, another naval friend, who has been very kind in his attentions, also joined us for the half hour we afterwards remained at the palace.

Cards, received through Mr. Vail, from a diplomatic lady, gave us an opportunity, in the evening, of being present, with him, at an entertainment, crowded with much of the most distinguished and most polished society of the court circles. I expected to have found, in this view of society, something more distinctive of grade, in the polish and manners, and various traits of high life, than the company presented.

The gentlemen, in their general appearance, address, and conversation, did not differ, that I could perceive, from those of a similar standing with us; and among the ladies, there was nothing in the *tournure*, even of those of the most distinguished rank and celebrity, in the gracefulness of their movements or the polish of their manners, or in taste and elegance of costume—with the exception of a greater display of magnificent jewellery, in cases of extreme wealth, such as the marchioness of Londonderry, &c.—to distinguish them, in the least, from an equal number of the elite of our own country.

Although I knew, that, in the throng, we were constantly brushed by the drapery of duchesses and countesses, and ladies of every rank; and were elbowing and elbowed by dukes and princes of the blood, still I was so little impressed with being in a company, differing, even in appellation, from persons of good breeding at home, that the strongest impres-

sion I received of being in the midst of the *haut ton* of the empire, was while waiting on the stair-case and in the halls, for our carriage, and hearing a succession of the first titles in the kingdom, passed down from landing to landing, in the call for their respective equipages.

To many, this proved a useless form, at the time and it was in vain, among others, that the "American Minister's carriage," was called and recalled, by a dozen voices, a dozen times. The footman, at last came to say, that it could not be got to the door for at least a half hour; and, after the fatigue of the day we were very well satisfied to walk to it, at the distance of a square and more, with the whole street blocked up in every part, rather than be out till a late time of night.

But the grand show of the week, dear V——, has been that of the Queen's last drawing-room for the season, held the day after the levee of the King.

The Captain, in the full dress uniform of his regiment and I, in a new suit of canonicals—gown, band, and scarf, with a little flat, three-cornered hat, of silk—carry in my hand, for vain would have been the tempt to have placed it on any corner of my head, were in readiness, on the occasion, by one o'clock to take up Mr. Vail, in our way to St. James'. Carriages having the entrée, approach the palace through the park; and the gates at the entrance, and walks, for a mile, were crowded with people, selected to witness the arrival, in this direction, of Ministers, the members of the Royal Family, the Ambassadors—while St. James-street and

Mall, by which the general company approach, were doubly thronged, for a similar object.

The horse guards, the most completely caparisoned and most magnificent troop in the world, were on post at different points in the park ; and detachments of grenadiers, with bands, were stationed in the immediate avenues to the palace. We were early. But a gorgeous coach, with a coachman and two or three footmen, in state liveries, stiff with gold lace, laced chapeau, powdered wigs and gold headed canes, was seen, here and there, rolling towards the point of ceremony, or already setting down, in the courts of the palace, some important and privileged personage. The simplicity of the equipage in which we were, a plain carriage, without any insignia of rank, and a single footman, out of livery, contrasted strikingly with these ; and I could not help thinking, that, in all probability, as we drove along, the question would pass through a thousand minds, "who can these be, who, with so unpretending a conveyance, are admitted to a privilege denied to the first peers of the realm, not in office ?"

The only difference I observed, in the arrangements of this and the preceding day, was, that the bands of music were in state dresses ; and, that noble looking grenadiers, in addition to the yeomen of the guard, lined the staircases, as well as the outer courts. The portrait gallery and the throne room, were also lined by "the honorable company of the gentlemen pensioners," under the command of Sir George Pocock, the standard-bearer, and Mr. Wilson, the king's harbinger.

The Princess Leiven, with a magnificent display of jewellery, in tiara and corsage, was the first of the Ambassadors to enter the chamber of the *entrée* circle; and was quickly followed by the Countess de Ludoff, from Naples; Madame Bermudez, from Spain; the Baroness Bulow, from Prussia, &c. &c. with their husbands, the Ambassadors, and *chefs de mission*, the attachés, members of the ministry and household with their ladies and daughters, till, in a few moments we were in the midst of a sparkling galaxy of gentlemen and surrounded and overtopped by clouds of court plumes.

Feathers and diamonds, with lappets of lace, formed the universal head-dress of the ladies; and each wore a train, some two or three yards in length of an endless variety of material, colour, and decoration—principally, however, in embroideries of silk and gold, and some in entire tissues of the same.

Of the company, the Duchess of Richmond was one of the most conspicuous for beauty, blended with great intelligence and vivacity of expression and a high polish and affability of manner. The grace of Northumberland, though not apparently youthful, and not so handsome, left also a very strong impression on my mind, as to a superior character and elegance of manners. She is the governess of the Princess Victoria, and, I should judge, admirably qualified for the situation.

But the impression which threatened to be serious in its consequences to myself, dear Victoria, came from a different quarter—from a tall and twenty, of sedate and dignified air and counter

but evidently under the influence of an insuppressible agitation. For this, I was, at first, entirely unable to account ; though persuaded that it could not arise, in one so evidently of high rank, from the mere intimidation even of a first appearance at court. She was accompanied by a stout female of middle age, whose general appearance contrasted strongly with this seemingly meek, serious, and sensitive creature. She, too, was far from being in a perfectly composed state ; and, though I saw her, two or three times, by a look and gesture, rebuke the tremor of the younger, was obliged herself, constantly to have recourse to the revivifying qualities of *sal volatile*, or something of the kind, concealed in her handkerchief.

My sympathies were so strongly enlisted in favour of the one appearing to be the protégée, that I could not avoid inquiring of a friend beside me, intimately acquainted with the court circle, who they were. The answer at once explained the case. It was the —, of no enviable notoriety, making her way to the Queen, for the first time since the accession, without an assurance, it is probable, of the character of her reception ; and bringing, as a kind of peace offering, it may be, a young and lovely daughter, for a first presentation.

I do not know how graciously her majesty may have thought proper to receive the former, but was gratified to learn, that the daughter had been most kindly welcomed, and been honoured with the royal kiss.

After a considerable portion of the *entrée* circle had assembled, the folding doors of the suite were thrown

open, for the passage of the Duchess of Kent, into the throne-room. She had arrived in state, from her residence at Kensington palace, attended by Lady Charlotte St. Maur, and Sir John Conroy, of her household. She is an intelligent looking woman, of middle height and size, and of kind and amiable expression. Her air, without any mingling of hauteur, is that of one bred in courts; and in a silver lamé dress, trimmed with lace and diamonds, and train of pink and silver, she passed through the long line formed for her by the company, from room to room in a succession of courtesies, made on either hand with great grace and courteousness.

The Duke of Gloucester also came in state, and with several of the gentlemen of his household, entered the presence-chamber in the same manner. He is very tall and finely formed, and is said to have been, when young, the handsomest man in the kingdom. At present, he seems in ill-health, and looks pale and debilitated.

Prince Adalbert, a younger son of the king of Prussia, has, for some time, been on a visit to their majesties. He receives great attention from court; and arrived with his suite, in the royal carriages, sent with an escort, to bring him from his hotel. He remained sometime in the ante-room. He is quite young—not more than twenty or two and two; is simple and unaffected in his appearance and manners, and said to possess an intelligent and cultivated mind. The aides-de-camp accompanying him are monstrously overgrown young men, dressed like himself, in military costume, with boots large ex

for Goliath. One of these, standing beside a state-page of his majesty—a tidy, trim, little figure of ten, scarce reaching to the other's knee, equipped *en militaire*, however, with steel heels and rattling scabbard, and a wide chapeau beneath his arm—who entered about the same time, and made his way with an air of no little consequence to the throne-room, exhibited not an inapt illustration of Gulliver and a Lilliputian.

The Duke of Devonshire, the lord chamberlain, passed frequently through the room. He has a noble figure, with strongly marked features, and is the standard of taste, elegance, and high breeding in the court and kingdom. Every thing for which he stands responsible, it is said, is always sure to be *comme il faut*.

Shortly after two o'clock, the procession into the presence-chamber commenced. It was led by the ladies of the diplomatic corps, according to their length of residence at the court. The train of their dresses is carried on the left arm, till they reach the entrance-door, when it is dropped by them, and spread widely behind by gentlemen in attendance, and flows at full length after the figure of the wearer, while she makes her salutations to the queen, and completes the circuit of the room. A space more than six feet in length is thus required, for the movement of each of the fair ones; and, when hoops were worn, six feet square even, could hardly have sufficed for the full display of each stately figure.

The advance was slow; the queen conversing freely with each of the ambassadors and their ladies, as they successively presented themselves before her.

The king, as on the day previous, stood near a window on one side of the room, attended by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Combermere, and others of his household. In the number, was Admiral Sir Robert Waller Otway. I had made the acquaintance of this gentleman, and received much kind attention from him, when he was in command, some two or three years since, of the British fleet at Rio de Janiero. Captain Bolton had also known him in South America. He is now a groom of the king's bed-chamber and was in waiting. Not aware of our being in the kingdom, the look with which he recognized us on our entrance, was one of great surprise, but evidently of equal pleasure. And perceiving, that it would be sometime yet, before we could get within reach of him, he hastened from his post, to give us a most kind welcome, by a cordial shake of the hand, though not without fear, as he whispered to us, that by it was infringing all the rules of court etiquette—followed by the declaration, "I cannot help it, however where are you to be found—I will see you soon," he hastily returned to his station.

Whatever a formal courtier might think of this manifestation of the kind and open-hearted spirit, characterizing our friend, it was, under the circumstances, highly gratifying to us; especially, as a proof of injustice of the remark, not unfrequently heard, that "an English friend abroad, is a haughty stranger at home." We were brought into rather bold relief, it, however, for the eyes of half the court became fixed on us, while the question, in whisper, was heard every side, "Who are they—who are they?"

time too, at which this attention towards us was elicited, happened to be unfortunate, if the term can properly be used in reference to a trifle, for we also had been betrayed into a breach of etiquette. The import of "gloves—gloves," whispered to us by one of the gentlemen in waiting, was at once understood. In the surprise and pleasure of meeting Sir Robert, we had omitted to draw the glove on the left hand, as we entered; and, it is not etiquette, at St. James's at least, as I recollect long since to have been told, for the hands, more than the head, to be covered in the royal presence.

After the presentation the day preceding, we now merely bowed to the king, and passed slowly onward to the throne end of the room. The *coup d'œil* here, presented an imposing and beautiful sight. The queen stood in front of the throne, on the side next the windows, with the Princess Augusta, and the Duchesses of Cumberland and Kent on her left, and the ladies of the ambassadors, and others of the *entrée* circle grouped near; while, on the steps of the throne behind, were the ladies of the household, the Marchionesses of Westmeath and Wellesley, the Countess of Brownlow, &c. on one side, and the maids of honour, Miss Paget, Miss De Roos, Miss Bagot, &c. on the other.

The queen is tall and slender in figure, and not handsome in face; though the expression of her countenance is that of amiability, blended with intelligence and decision of character. It is said, that she has felt very sensibly, the political agitations of

the country; and the loss, in a degree, of the great popularity which attended, and for some time followed, the accession of her husband to the throne. My sympathies were also excited for her in another respect. She has the reputation of being most kind in her domestic and social affections; and a favourite niece, the Princess Louisa, of one of the German states, is now on a death-bed, at Windsor. The queen is unremitting in her personal attentions to her and, I was told, had passed a principal part of the night previous, in the chamber of suffering and death before starting for London to hold the Drawing-room. She seemed already fatigued, and weary with the ceremony, only then just commencing; and, I doubt, would gladly have escaped altogether its irksome forms. Her dress was silver and white, with a train of the same; a diadem of diamonds, surmounted by plumes, and ornaments for the ears and neck, of corresponding magnificence.

She received us courteously, on our presentation by Mr. Vail, asking us two or three questions each how long since we had arrived, whether we intended travelling in company, &c. &c. till, with a bow we made way for those behind; and gradually retreated, with our faces towards the court, to the ante-room.

All the privileged number had not yet entered. It was not for a half hour yet, that the doors of the ball-room were thrown open, and the general company amounting to some five or six hundred commenced what is humourously called by some of the diplo-

tists, "*the long run*." A green cord, on light supports, is extended around the walls of the first room, allowing two or three only to walk abreast of each other; and in this manner they enter the ante-room, and slowly pass in a line to the door of the throne-chamber. The procession necessarily moves very slowly; and, by taking a station near, we had a full opportunity of surveying at leisure, all the beauty and fashion, as well as the rank of the kingdom. Count Danniskiold, Captain Bouchier, and others of our acquaintance, were very kind, in pointing out to us the most celebrated of the *haut ton*: thus giving an identity,

"A habitation and a name,"

to observations, which otherwise would have been like "an airy vision" and a dream.

The variety, taste and splendour of dress, and the shades of beauty and character passing before us in this review of two hours was bewildering. And, long before it closed, the whole suite of apartments presented, in the groupings of those who had made their *congé* to the throne, a scene of brilliance—exhibiting every character of naval, military, court and professional dress—which needed only the effect of candlelight poured from the chandeliers above, and from the lustres and candelabra around, to make it all that imagination has sketched of the splendour of one of the first courts in Christendom.

It was near four o'clock, before we attempted to make our way out; and then, accomplished it slowly through a double row of ladies, waiting, in the picture gallery and guard-room, the usual announcement, "*the carriage of Lady so-and-so stops this way.*"

## LETTER XIV.

AN EVENING AND A MORNING VISIT.

Lord and Lady Byron—Autograph of the poet—The Adam family of Marshgate—Reminiscences of 1826—Workmen and sick Gardener—John Urquhart and John Adam—Interview with the Bishop of Calcutta.

*Piazza Coffee-House, London,  
June 16th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

You are not ignorant of the circumstances, under which I became acquainted at the Sandwich Islands with the present Lord Byron, nor of the interest and attachment with which I have long regarded him.

Letters, in greater or less frequency, have been interchanged by us for several years. The last addressed to me bears date only a short time since—its departure for the United States having been anticipated by my arrival here. Though unadvised of any intention on my part of crossing the Atlantic, his Lordship, in it, kindly gives an assurance of the pleasure it would afford him to welcome me in England ; and early after reaching the metropolis, I left my card with a note, at his residence in Eaton Place, to inform him of my unexpected arrival.

He is one of the gentlemen of the Queen's household ; but, not being at present on duty, had left the city for a day or two, and was not at the palace yesterday. A note from the country apprized

me that he should, however, return after dinner, and would expect me to pass the evening with himself and Lady Byron.

This I did with very great pleasure. I found him more than ever the cordial, animated, and delightful friend and companion, who so fully won, under widely different circumstances and in far distant scenes, the confidence and friendship of my heart. No anticipation that I had been led to indulge, of the loveliness in person and character of Lady Byron, was disappointed; and in the flow of soul, induced by the kindness of their reception; in recollections of the voyage of the *Blonde*—mementos of which, in portraits of some of the Sandwich Islanders, and in different paintings having their origin in the cruise, cover the walls of the drawing-rooms—and in varied conversation on the passing and past, I was in danger of forgetting that I was a guest for a first time under their roof, and of prolonging my visit to an unseasonable hour.

One subject only was mentioned, during the evening, which gave rise to a regret—the fact, that I had not reached town a day or two earlier, that I might have made the acquaintance of Lady Noel Byron, and of Ada, the daughter of the poet. They have just completed a visit to the family; and had I been in London during it, should, probably, have had the gratification of meeting them under circumstances peculiarly desirable.

Our accomplished and amiable friend, Mrs. Ogle Tayloe, of Washington, in showing me some books of autographs last winter, remarked, that had she

those of Byron and Bonaparte, she would scarce desire any further addition to those already in her possession. I was then just writing a letter to the present Lord ; and mentioned to him the wish of my friend to secure the handwriting of his gifted relative and predecessor in the title. The request accompanying it had not been forgotten ; and I had the satisfaction now of receiving, from the Hon. Miss Byron, his daughter, the desired scrap for Mrs. Tayloe, in an original verse never printed—the more to be valued from its being, with the exception of some of his larger poems, the only manuscript in his own writing now remaining in the family.

The morning of my present date, like the evening of the past, has been marked by more than ordinary pleasure and happiness, in the society of those whom I can even here meet, as long-attached and confidential friends—the Adam family of Marshgate, at Homer-ton, a northern suburb of the city, with whom I took breakfast.

This is one of the households into which myself and family were received, with all the kindness of Christian hospitality, on our arrival in London from the Sandwich Islands, in 1826. The residence of a fortnight beneath their roof at that time, gave origin to an intimacy and friendship which no length of separation can affect, and which the dissolution of time itself, I trust, will not destroy.

Compared with the extensive parks and splendid mansions of the princes of the land, Marshgate is an humble and unpretending retreat, upon which, over the high walls by which it is screened, the passing

traveller would scarce bestow a second glance. But associated as the "elegant sufficiency" within its boundaries is, with all that is most winning, in the spirit and graces of Christian piety, in a refinement of manners, and a cultivation of mind, there is a charm cast over its lawns and shrubbery, its streamlets and bridges, secluded walks and consecrated alcoves which to me outrivals in the affections of the heart all the greater magnificence and luxury of more noble domains.

I shall not soon forget the happy impression first made upon my mind, by this example of English Christian life; one only of ten thousand in the same class of society, which, I rejoice to believe, adorned and bless the land in its length and breadth. The perfect order, neatness, system and quietude of the whole establishment; the excellence, fidelity, and attachment of the servants; the gentleness and kindness towards them of their superiors; the affectionate interchange of the salutations of the morning and the evening, by parents and children, brothers and sisters, and friend and friend—as they first met in sacrifice of praise and prayer at the family altar separated after the same heavenly duty for the repose of the night—all had a double charm for me after having witnessed, for three years, scarce any but the wildness of heathenism in a pagan land. It seemed, from day to day, a continued illustration of the golden precept of our religion, "to do to others in all the economy of life, " as we would have them do to us."

The benevolence of Christianity appeared b

with everything. I recollect, the day of our reception by them, to have been particularly struck with an evidence of this, in the first few moments of conversation with Mr. Adam. He was showing me the gardens and grounds. Every department appeared in the neatest possible order ; still, at different points, we met workmen clipping lawns already as smooth as velvet, and searching the shrubbery and walks for every fading leaf and every straggling pebble. To a remark upon this extreme care, he replied—"it is by no means necessary, Mr. Stewart, to the full enjoyment of the beauties of Creation around us, either by myself or family, that everything should be kept in the neatness you observe ; but, dear Sir, we are surrounded by many who scarce know where to get a loaf of bread, and the employment I thus give to these poor men, not only keeps them from idleness, but gains for them an honest and comfortable livelihood." And on noticing to him a little time after, the pretty effect of a cottage seen from a particular point, the same spirit in the utmost simplicity of heart presented itself, as he answered ; "yes, dear Sir, it forms a pretty object ; but there is something more pleasing in it than mere ornament—it makes a happy home for the family of one of the poor workmen we have just passed."

The same spirit, still, there breathes its blessings around. This morning, while I was taking a hasty turn through the grounds, before coming to town, I met one of these labourers, in a garden chair, drawn by his wife. He was ill, and appeared very feeble ; and, in answer to the question, how long he had been

sick, replied, "it is a long, long time, sir. It is more than thirteen months since I did any work, and few families would have borne with me, a burden on them, for so long a time. But they are always doing good. My poor dying body, wants for nothing—and they do not forget my soul, sir, but have taught me its worth, and where to seek its salvation." Adding, with emphasis, as he closed his eyes in feebleness, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, "God will reward and bless them for it!"

You have read the memoirs of John Urquhart—an example of youthful genius and piety, scarce surpassed by the intellectual attainment and spirituality of Martyn himself—and in them have found frequent mention of JOHN ADAM, his counterpart in mind and heart, and the chosen companion of his contemplated missionary life. He was the eldest son of this family; and one of the most interesting and delightful of characters.

Urquhart passed a vacation with him at Marshgate, only a few weeks after my visit in 1826, and but a few short months before an illustration, in his own fate, was given, of the truth of the poetic declaration, "Death loves a shining mark!" Young Adam

—— "denied to self, to earthly fame  
 Denied, and earthly wealth, his kindred left,  
 And home, and ease, and all the cultivated joys,  
 Conveniences, and delicate delights  
 Of ripe society,"

to dwell, as a missionary, on the burning plains of India. But the friends who had been so closely united in life, were not destined to be long separated in

death ; and he, too, was early cut off in the midst of the brightest prospects of usefulness.

It is by the memory and the prayers of such spirits, that Marshgate is consecrated. The name of a third, precious in the hopes of India, whose early years were passed under the same roof, is now just being added to the number, in that of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Islington, the newly created Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

The Rev. Dr. Milnor of New York, and Mr. Brigham, Secretary of the American Bible Society, kindly furnished me with letters to this distinguished clergyman and writer. But, on hearing of his recent appointment to the See of Calcutta, and his almost immediate embarkation for the East, I had relinquished the hope of seeing him, till invited by a note, in answer to one accompanying some private papers committed to my care for him, to the interview of a half hour this afternoon.

The courtesy of this, to an entire stranger, is, under existing circumstances, strikingly characteristic of the kindness of heart, for which this gentleman is proverbial. With the exception of the morrow, which is the Sabbath, and on which he is to preach twice if not three times, this is his last day in the kingdom. He sets off at daybreak on Monday to join the ship in which he is to embark. But though unavoidably overwhelmed with business and engagements of every character, his door thronged with carriage after carriage of affectionate friends and parishioners, crowding to take leave of him, and his house lumbered with boxes and luggage for the voy-

age, he still finds time, and time of his own appointing, to give a smile of welcome and a blessing to a stranger and a foreigner in his native land.

An interview, under such circumstances, with one worthy, in wisdom and in piety, of becoming the successor of a Heber, a Middleton and a Turner, in one of the most important fields of usefulness in the world, could not fail of being delightful to me. And the urbanity, intelligence, and kindness of heart towards others, and cheerful trust in God for himself, in the new sphere upon which he now enters, which marked the few minutes of our conversation, will not soon be forgotten; and will often carry my thoughts and prayers to the region in which, it is devoutly to be hoped, he may be spared to a fulness of years, as hitherto, a wise and an able preacher and dispenser of the richest blessings of the gospel.

## LETTER XV.

A LONDON HOTEL, AND DINNER AT SIR CHARLES OGLE'S.

Occupation of time—Outline of a day—The Piazza Hotel—Its character—Bed-rooms—Coffee-room—Dinner hour—Manner of serving dinner—The head waiter—Company—Contrast with American table *d'hôte*—Private lodgings—Admiral Ogle and family—The Baron Schlemer—General ignorance of America—Rev. Dr. Thorpe, and worship at the Lock Hospital.

35 Maddox Street, Regent, London,  
June 18th, 1832.

DEAR VIRGINIA,

A SINGLE day in society, here, convinced me, that the briefest outline of our movements, while in the metropolis, will be all with which I can furnish you.

The hospitality of our friends, has already led us into engagements for almost every hour of our allotted stay in town; and we have been obliged, even at this early period, to decline civilities which, with more leisure at command, it would have afforded us the sincerest pleasure to have accepted. As to "the sight-seeing" of London and its environs, a whole year might be busily occupied, without exhausting its resources of curiosity and amusement.

Difficult as it may be, I will endeavour, however, by a few moments of hasty scribbling, occasionally at least, to enable you to keep "the run of us," as a sailor would express it, that we may not be entirely lost to you, in the whirl and uproar of this very Babel of the world.

To prove to you, that there is nothing imaginary in a want of leisure to write, I will mention, that although it is not yet a week since we made ourselves known, and first cast a glance around us, I am already three days behind-hand, in the record I am desirous of transmitting to you. The breakfast at Marshgate, in the morning, and the interview of the afternoon with the Bishop of Calcutta, on Saturday, constitute but a small portion of the occupations of the day. The additions to be made form a chapter of contents, which would require hours, at least, rightly to fill up; for, besides removing ourselves and luggage, from the Piazza to our present lodgings, during it, we visited, under the guidance of Captain Bouchier, the Club House of the United Service Club; Westminster Hall and Abbey; the various Courts of the Judiciary of the kingdom, communicating with the former; the House of Lords and the House of Commons; made a call upon Mrs. Ellis; and dined with a party in Belgrave Square, at the residence of Admiral Sir Charles Ogle.

A week at the Piazza Coffee-House, had made us sufficiently acquainted, with the manner of life at a hotel of its class, to satisfy our curiosity, and we determined to pass the remainder of our time in town, in private lodgings.

I had been disposed, at a very early period after our arrival, to make a change from the Piazza; but, only, from what I soon discovered to be an erroneous impression. The building is immediately adjoining one of the entrances to Covent Garden Theatre; and the house, from that circumstance, became as-

sociated in character, in my mind, with those similarly situated, in reference to the theatres of New York, and other American cities. And I could not resist the feeling that our position, in this respect, was not as reputable as it might be.

A little observation, however, on the character and rank of the inmates, and of the gentlemen at the Bedford and Tavistock Hotels, and at the Humhums, in the same neighbourhood, supported by an inquiry from some of our friends, satisfied me, that there was no ground for uneasiness on this point. The house is one of high respectability ; and altogether as suitable to us, for the time, as any we could have chosen.

The bed-rooms in it, as well as at most of the hotels at which we have yet been, are superior to those generally met at the best public houses in the United States ; and, in their dimensions, spacious beds, handsome hangings, large wash and dressing tables, mirrors, and other appropriate and desirable furniture, are not inferior to apartments of the kind, found in the dwellings of private gentlemen of fortune, with us.

Its Coffee-room is a magnificent saloon, of noble extent and height, the walls covered with crimson velvet paper with gilt mouldings, and having a vaulted ceiling, beautifully painted in allegory. It is quite classical, too, in its history and associations, having been built by Sheridan, with studied care, while manager of Covent Garden, for a private recitation room, when at the height of his oratorical glory. As a public eating hall, however, it has now long echoed to more ignoble sounds, in the jingling of knives, plate, and glass, than were then returned,

from above and around, to the bursts of his impassioned eloquence.

It is lined with a succession of mahogany tables, each sufficiently large to accommodate four persons, if a party of that number should desire it; one end being placed against the wall, so that those, at the sides of different tables, sit with their backs toward each other.

At first, I thought this manner of eating by one's self, or with a friend, at a separate table and at a different hour from others in the same apartment, less agreeable, even, than at a table *d'hôte* of strangers. Especially, during the first day or two, when, being partially invalids, we chose to dine at an early hour under the unavoidable *surveillance* of some doze loungers, with nothing to divert their attention from us but a newspaper, already pored over to ennui. But, it unquestionably is greatly to be preferred to the custom in America; and, if generally introduced in our hotels, would at once do away with many of the vulgarisms, into which even well bred people, at a common table, are in danger, sometimes, in the exercise of a kind of self-defence, of being betrayed and which have been so often and so liberally assigned to Americans, as traits of national character.

No one thinks of ordering dinner, at such a hour as the Piazza, earlier than five o'clock; and when on one or two occasions, we have chosen to have ours served as early as half past three and four, it has been brought in by an under servant, the head waiter having not yet completed his toilet—a special preparation of dress for this important repast, extending

here, both in public and private establishments, to the servants of the dining-hall, as well as to the guests of the table. At what is deemed a suitable hour, however, this important personage is found promptly on the field of action; a fine gentlemanlike man, in a full suit of black—small clothes, silk stockings and pumps, with gold shoe and knee buckles; linen and cravat fresh from the laundress; a snow white napkin, carried as a badge of office, under the arm or in one hand, a finger of which is ornamented with a diamond ring, and head and whiskers brushed and curled, like those of a master of ceremonies at an assembly. Soon afterwards, the gentlemen frequenting the house for dinner, and those lodging in it, begin slowly to enter—singly, or in groups of two or three—each, also, in full evening costume, prepared for the theatre or opera, or any private entertainment, without further change of dress. Some to order the dishes of their choice, and wait their preparation; and others, to sit down to courses previously directed to be in readiness at the hour. .

Every movement is of the most quiet and gentle character, and all the conversation in an unobtrusive tone. Floods of light, from a range of massive chandeliers above, give a moon-beam radiance by contrast to the wax candles clustering upon the tables, amidst the glitter of plated covers and the display of glass and china below—presenting a scene, as a whole, widely different, it must be confessed, from that of the *grand rush* at an American hotel, on the first sound of the bell, which summons the inmates to its common table in the middle of a hot afternoon.

It must be remembered, however, that the scenes are not more strongly in contrast than are the standing in society, and the general character of the respective actors in them. In the one, they are exclusively gentlemen of leisure and high breeding, living here at an expense each day, equal to that of a week at hotels and boarding-houses of the same class in America; and in the other, they are almost as entirely mere men of business, often from the commonest ranks of life, and the most remote villages and settlements of the Union, careless, if not ignorant, of the factitious usages of good breeding.

The case never occurred, it is probable, in which the honest mechanic, or humble tradesman, from a country town, in a chance visit to London, took up his quarters in a hotel at the west end. Should any unwonted event call such an one to the metropolis, he would arrive by a conveyance, and would seek for himself accommodations, in which those only who are similarly circumstanced in life would be found. Persons of fortune and refinement would never, by scarce any possibility, be placed beside him. Whereas, in America, such individuals form a large portion of the masses found everywhere in motion. It is customary for them, as you know, however distant the places of their abode, to go regularly to the large cities for the transaction of business and for pleasure; and in doing it, they travel by the best coaches and finest steamboats, and secure rooms, and a seat at the tables, of the most fashionable and expensive hotels.

Foreigners, therefore, who draw their pictures of

American manners from the travellers they meet, and the observations they make on the well-dressed multitudes seen at places, which, in their own countries, would be frequented by those only who belong to the polished and higher orders of society, err as widely as we should, did we resort to the commercial room of a country inn, or the refectory of a tavern in some obscure lane of the city, for groupings and outlines in the sketches of English life and manners made by us.

With our present lodgings, and their situation, we are quite delighted. In all parts of the town, cards are to be seen in the windows, with the label, "FURNISHED APARTMENTS," upon them. And perceiving several thus marked in Maddox street—an avenue leading from a central part of Regent street to Bond—in a neat and quiet neighbourhood, we fixed, after a short search, upon a house of attractive exterior, and made the inquiry whether we could be accommodated in it. The interior promised, not less than the outside, to be all we could desire in neatness and good order; and we were happy to learn, from the amiable-looking and courteous daughter of the occupant, that a suite of rooms, just such as we desired—two sleeping apartments, with a parlour on the first floor—were vacant.

We at once determined to take them; and soon became established in our new quarters. To our agreeable surprise, we have since learned, that they have been occupied, at successive periods, by fellow countrymen of our own, of no less interest than Washington Irving and Capt. Nicholson of the navy.

They thus bid fair, by mere accident, to become quite American in their reputation ; and, while under the good management, and recommended by the civility of Miss Raymant, will be worthy the remembrance of any of our friends who may be contemplating a visit to London.

Breakfast is furnished in our parlour, at the cost of the refreshments chosen by us ; and, with three and a half guineas per week for the rooms, we find our expenses at least a third less than at the Piazza.

We are indebted to the friendship of Mr. Og Tayloe, of Washington, for an introduction to his relatives, Sir Charles Ogle and family. We were received by the Baronet in the most kind and gratifying manner ; and were early engaged to dine Saturday with him. Lady Ogle is in extremely delicate health, and does not leave her apartments ; and the company assembled in the library adjoining dining-room, on the ground floor. This is the usual arrangement of the apartments—the drawing-room in most cases embracing the whole suite above. Among the most conspicuous embellishments of the library are some exquisite specimens of art in drawings, and in models in plaster, by Lady Dacre, a sister of the Admiral, greatly distinguished for her various talents and accomplishments. A Phæton, in marble, driving the chariot of the Sun, exhibits a superiority in the execution and beauty of finish, that can scarcely be surpassed.

Miss Ogle and Lady Strange were the only ladies of the party. The privilege of handing either of them to the dining-room, when dinner was announced,

could not, of course, fall to me; and the Baron Schlemmer, a young German nobleman, and myself became seated together. The sight of a round table, handsomely laid for a small party, with the lights tastefully disposed in the centre, such as we now encircled, always makes me feel more than ordinarily cheerful and social. Such appeared the prevailing spirit of the company; and we had a delightful entertainment, in the animation and intelligence of the conversation, as well as in the delicacy of the viands placed in successive courses before us.

I was greatly pleased with the polished affability of my immediate companion, and with the varied information evidently possessed by him; particularly so, perhaps, because it extended to everything connected with, and relating to the United States, as fully as to the European world. I make this the subject of remark, for I can assure you, dear V——, that, much as we Americans think of ourselves at home, few here know much about us beyond the name, blended with a confused idea of a half savage and a half civilized state of existence.

In general society, even of the greatest cultivation and intelligence, little information respecting America betrays itself, which is at all calculated to flatter the vanity of a lover of his country.

Before taking our leave, the Admiral invited us to breakfast the next morning, that we might be in readiness to accompany the family to the worship of the Sabbath, either in the church which himself and the ladies attend, on the Square in which his residence is, or at the chapel of the Lock Hospital, the choice of

Mr. Chaloner Ogle, his only son, a captain in the Guards.

Recollections of the life and character of Dr. Scott the distinguished commentator, who, you know, long occupied the pulpit at the Lock Hospital, with other associations of interest, led me to prefer it. And Captain Bolton and myself accompanied Mr. Ogle there. The Rev. Dr. Thorpe is the present preacher. He is distinguished for his eloquence; but, with the exception of one or two passages, his sermon—which appeared to be extemporaneous—was not, on this occasion, particularly marked in this respect. It was Trinity Sunday, and the subject almost exclusively doctrinal on that point of faith; which may, in some degree, account for a want of his usual interest and power of appeal, to the hearts and conscience of hearers.

The audience included much of the highest rank and fashion of the West End; and, its worship, whether defective in true spirituality or not, was marked in every section of the crowded house, by a dignified sobriety, strict attention to the services, apparent devotion, alone becoming a temple of Most High God; and which, wherever seen, never fails to rouse the interest, and excite the affection of my heart.

## LETTER XVI.

THE COLISEUM, AND A SCENE IN NEWGATE.

Panorama of London, from the top of St. Paul's—Grotto, and coast scenery—Swiss cottage—Concert at the Marchioness of Salisbury's—Madame Cinti Damoreau—Miss Woodham—Madame Dulken—Mrs. Fowler Buxton, and family—Mrs. Fry, and a company of female convicts.

*35 Maddox Street, Regent, London;  
June 20th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

SEVERAL hours of each morning are devoted, by us, to the various objects of art and curiosity in the city, most worthy the attention of a stranger.

Among the modern shows of London, the Coliseum has, for two or three years past, held a conspicuous place. It is an immense structure, in the Regent's Park, near the entrance from Portland Place; presenting to the eye, in every distant view of that section of the West End, the majestic outlines of a magnificent rotundo, crowned by a dome, overlooking the entire region around.

A principal object of interest in it, is a panoramic painting of the city, taken from the summit of St. Paul's, so true to nature, and arranged with such skilful distribution of light, as to produce one of the most perfect illusions I have ever witnessed. You insensibly draw back from the balustrade, separating the spectators from it, as from the fearful parapet, from which, on the cathedral itself, you cast a glance into the terrific depth around. And are obliged almost

to reason with yourself, to be persuaded that it is not nature, instead of a work of art, upon which you are bestowing your admiration.

The winding river, with its craft and numerous bridges; the undulating sea of brick and mortar, sweeping widely on every hand; the long vistas here and there, marking the grand avenues—by Fleet street and the Strand, Oxford street, and the new road—through the city; the unnumbered public edifices; the parks, the palaces, the gardens, and the distant, but lovely regions encircling the whole, for twenty miles in every direction, are all presented to the view, as distinctly and minutely, as faithfully to themselves and to their colouring in the finest shades of the purest atmosphere, as if seen under the best possible advantages, from the giddy height itself. We gazed upon it till our eyes ached, and we became weary of the very admiration excited.

On the ground-floor there is a gallery of sculpture, containing many beautiful specimens of art, in marble and plaster, and various architectural designs and models of high merit. And in another section adjoining, a conservatory of tropical plants and flowers, interspersed with fanciful fountains of shell-work; a series of grottoes, opening upon scenes on a coast; and a Swiss cottage, in the midst of its mountain solitudes. All so exquisitely true to the reality, and so completely illusory in their effect upon the eye, and the associations of the mind and heart, that you lose the recollection that the whole is a mere show; and feel, on coming upon the scene without again, as if the illusion were almost as much in the

brilliant equipages and gay company, drawing up and crowding the gates and doors, as in the mountains and glens, the roaring cataract, and the dashing surf, left behind.

On the evening of the day, that we were at the Coliseum, we attended a concert, at the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury's, in Arlington street. It was given for the benefit of Miss Fanny Woodham, a young musical prodigy, the *protégé* of a circle of ladies of the highest rank, including the Duchess of Kent, and others of the royal family, and even the Queen. And, the best performers, vocal and instrumental, at present in the metropolis, were engaged for the occasion—Madame Cinti Damoreau, Madame Dulken, Tumburini, &c. &c.

The suite of rooms of her ladyship is spacious and lofty ; consisting of a large saloon and drawing-room, with a music-room, vaulted and lighted from above, between them. A principal ornament of the last, is a magnificent full-length portrait of Charles X., of France, presented to the Marchioness by the ex-monarch himself.

We found Mr. Vail, the *Chargé d'Affaires*, with Mrs. Bates, the lady of an American partner in the house of Baring & Brothers, her daughter and Miss Hoffman, of Baltimore, already in the music-room. Early after our arrival in the city, we had dined at the house of Mr. Bates, in Portland Place ; and, having also met Miss Hoffman before, we joined them now as old friends, and formed quite an American group, in the crowd of British rank and fashion filling the rooms.

If I have a passion for any one thing more than for another, it is for "*sweet music*;" and I was charmed with the performance of the evening. Miss Woodham is quite a child, and her voice scarce yet in full power; but she sang several pieces with much taste and skill, and received great applause. Madame Cinti Damoreau, is the *prima donna* of the Italian opera; and, with great sweetness and compass of voice, possesses the advantages of an uncommon degree of beauty, in face and figure. But with the performances of Madame Dulken, at the piano, I was most delighted. She is as simple and unaffected in her whole appearance and manner, as a child; and evidently full of enthusiasm for the art in which she so much excels. Her execution is unrivalled; and she scarce becomes seated at the instrument, before every power is absorbed in the character of the piece. She seems to lose all remembrance of the presence of a living creature. Every feature becomes illumined with a kind of unconscious delight, bordering on triumph, at the exquisite harmony brought forth by a seemingly causeless touch; and in gazing upon her, I could think only of the happy subject she would thus furnish for a personification of genius, sporting in triumph with its own powers.

The first scene of the next morning, presented a widely different picture, but one that has left as vivid an image in my mind, with associations far more impressive and valuable.

Among my fellow-passengers from America, was Mr. Backhouse, of Darlington, in Yorkshire, a mem-

ber and preacher of the Society of Friends, of wealth and influence. The benevolence and piety of his character, won the respect and good will of all on board, as they did my particular regard and affection. He was kind enough to make me acquainted, by letter, with some of his special friends and relatives in town: among others, with the family of Fowler Buxton, Esquire, whose reputation, as a member of parliament, is well known to you.

Mr. Buxton was not in the city, when I left my card at his residence; but it was acknowledged immediately by Mrs. Buxton, in a note inviting me to breakfast the next morning.

Wishing to arrive in time for the worship of the household, I went early. And, on being shown into the drawing-room, met Mrs. Buxton at a centre table, encircled by the younger members of the family, engaged in a duty, at which I should be happy, in like manner, to surprise every mother in Christendom—that of reading and commenting upon the Scriptures, to those, who look to a mother, more than to any other being, for the first and most enduring impressions of truth and happiness upon the heart.

I begged not to interrupt that which appeared to be a regular duty of the day; and have seldom gazed on a more interesting and delightful group. No unprofitable restraint, or religious gloom, marked the expression, or hung upon the brows, of the individuals forming it. But light, cheerfulness and pleasure, beamed from every eye, and played over every feature, both of the teacher and the taught, as the one with fluency, simplicity, and happy illustration of the

passages read, presented the goodness and the grace of a benevolent God and Redeemer, to the young affections of her charge; and the others seemed to receive, with equal joy, the assurance, that it is indeed a truth, that Wisdom's "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

The salutations and worship of the breakfast parlour, which followed, calling together a large family circle of three or four generations of the same blood, and the servants of the establishment, were scarcely less interesting or characteristic of the blessings which piety throws around all the relations of domestic life. The intercourse of an hour or two, under the circumstances, seemed that of a few moments only; and my departure was attended by the sincerest regret for myself, that engagements, already made, rendered it necessary for me to decline proffers of kindness and hospitality, extending to a large circle of friends, not only in the metropolis and its environs, but also to distant and interesting sections of the kingdom.

Mrs. Fry, so celebrated for her philanthropy, in reference to the females of Newgate, and other prisons of the United Kingdom, is another lady, for an acquaintance with whom, I am indebted to Mr. Backhouse. She, very kindly, made arrangements to receive Captain Bolton and myself, at her country house, some miles from the city, either at luncheon or dinner, or at both, as might suit our convenience. Unhappily, we had it not in our power to avail ourselves of the privilege in either; and our intercourse has been confined to an hour in Newgate, in

the room appropriated for her instructions to the convicts.

Ah! how different was the scene here exhibited, from some of which I have been the spectator, since my arrival in town! How different the place, from the splendid saloons of the rich and princely—how different the crowd occupying it, from the gay and brilliant throngs sweeping through them! And how different—how enviably different—the character and the influence of her, who here presides, and forms the attraction of the whole, from those of others of her sex, whose high ambition and whose only aim it is, to lead in fashion, and

“To shine in courts!”

For years, I have scarce heard or thought of Newgate, without an emotion of horror. When in London, in 1826, I was accidentally passing it, one morning, on my way to breakfast with a friend in the city, when an execution was about to take place. I stopped, for a moment, to gaze at the multitude assembled to witness the scene, just as the door of death was opened in the walls, and four youthful victims were brought forth to the scaffold of ignominy and sorrow, to be launched into the eternal world. The eldest was scarce four and twenty years of age, and the youngest not yet seventeen; and house-breaking the highest crime for which any one of them was about to suffer. A single glance at these pallid and trembling wretches, though otherwise good looking and well dressed men, was sufficient to hurry me from

the sight, with a sickness of horror, which caused me ever afterwards to shun the same street.

I do not recollect to have repassed the prison since, till on the present occasion. And the recurrence, now, of the only imagery associated in my mind with it, rendered altogether unnecessary any other preparation, for the exercise of a sympathy with the scenes I might witness within.

At the name of Mrs. Fry, every ponderous and grated door, as if by talisman, turned kindly upon its hinges to me, till I found myself in an upper room, in a distant section of the structure, amidst some sixty or more female convicts, seated on benches, in front of a table at which this excellent female, attended by two or three friends, was reading to them, and commenting upon the Word of Life. I took a seat at the entrance, without occasioning any interruption, and soon became a deeply interested and affected spectator of the moral picture before me.

Most of the prisoners were young and healthful looking women, neat and cleanly in their persons, but, in general, of a coarse and vulgar exterior—such as might be anticipated, from the circumstances in which they were placed. Beneath the gentle and winning admonitions and exhortations of their benefactress, however, not a cheek was seen unmoistened, nor a heart seemingly unmoved; while, from the eyes of many, “tears like the raindrops,” were poured down, and efforts made in vain, to suppress the sighs of a bursting bosom.

I was correct, in supposing this not the result of an ordinary appeal to their better affections; and

soon gathered the fact, from the remarks made, that this was the last time they were ever again to listen to the voice of her, who had given full proof to them that she "cared for their souls;" and, that they were, on the coming day, to join the transports which were to bear them to New South Wales.

After the most affectionate exhortations to a future life of good morals and piety, drawn from principles of duty to their Maker and Redeemer, and duty to themselves, and an earnest entreaty, that they would not forget all her counsels and her prayers, she encouraged them in a determination of reform and in purposes of good conduct, by stating that the most gratifying letters had recently been received from the Governor and Magistrates of the Colony to which they were going, in reference to those who had preceded them from Newgate, and who had shared in the benefits of her visits. That such was the confidence placed in the correctness of their behaviour, that a decided preference was now given to them in the colony for situations, in which, while they were serving others, their own comfort and interest might be most readily promoted.

An interesting little girl of eleven or twelve, whose mother was of the number to be transported, and who had obtained permission to accompany her, excited a deep feeling of commiseration in us. She had been a Sabbath School scholar, and seemed intelligent and refined in her feelings and character. Exclamations of bitterness and sorrow from the heart of one so young pierced every bosom; and called forth all the kindness of Mrs. Fry and her companions

in soothing her into a degree of comfort. My own heart was touched by the whole scene. I felt a salutary influence operating upon it in reference to the wretchedness, misery and guilt which fills the world; and in this respect experienced the truth of the declaration, that it is "better to go to the house of mourning," even such as this, "than to the house of feasting" and of joy. And took leave of her, whom I felt it a privilege to call my friend, with sentiments of high respect for her personally, and of great admiration of the work of benevolence in which she has been so long, so successfully, and so mercifully engaged.

## LETTER XVII. .

THE TOWER, AND SOMERSET HOUSE.

Captain Duncan—Order for the inspection of the Tower—Mr. Stacey, superintendent of the Armoury—General characteristics of the crowded parts of London—Lady Otway and Daughters—Exhibition at Somerset House—Paintings by Leslie—Private Gallery of the Marquess of Stafford—Pieces by Cupt and Dominichino.

*35 Maddox Street, Regent, London,  
June 23d, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

A VISIT to St. Paul's, to the Bank of England—in which, while procuring the change for a note, we witnessed the various processes, at different desks and in different rooms in the edifice, by which it is accomplished, and the paper presented eventually destroyed, however recently it may have been issued—and the inspection of the Tower made up the occupations of the remainder of the morning, which we had commenced in Newgate.

For the extent of observation to which we were admitted, in the Tower, we are indebted to Captain Duncan, a brother of the Earl of Camperdown, and descendant of the naval hero of the name, whose valour first won the title from the crown. We met him and Mrs. Duncan, with great interest and pleasure, at the residence of Lord Byron, some days ago. It was my good fortune to be seated beside him at table; and I have seldom, in the same length

of time and conversation, been impressed with a higher respect for the general intelligence, pure principles, and moral affections of a stranger. We deeply regret that a want of time, in this as in other cases, denies us a further cultivation of the acquaintance by an acceptance of the proffered hospitalities of his house.

An order procured by him from the authority having control of the Tower, gained for us an access to sections of it, not ordinarily shown; and the additional advantage of the polite attendance of Mr. Stacey, the superintendent of the armoury. Through the taste and ingenuity of this gentleman the implements of war have lost all the terror of their associations; and the weapons of death of every character, by which you are surrounded, under his plastic hand, are transformed to the eye, amidst other beautiful devices, into the graceful outlines of the palm tree, and the olivebranch of peace.

You have often read of the affected horror which the people of the west-end have of the city. To those who have no interest, either of business or curiosity, to draw them to it, there is much to justify the feeling. The masses of building are so dense and so lofty; the streets, in contrast to the height of the houses, so narrow and so muggy; the hum, and buzz, and clang, and cry, in every direction, so incessant; the jostling and brushing, if you walk, in the counter-currents of "the human form divine," setting strongly both ways, and on either of the sidewalks—not unfrequently in the shape of greasy butcher's boys in blue frocks with blood-stained trays,

gigantic and smutty coalheavers, vagrants and beggars in rags and filth—so annoying; and, if you ride or drive, the jamming of stage-wagons and stage-coaches, omnibuses, hacks and cabs, vans, trucks and drays, and every kind of lumbering thing, so constant and so vexatious, often bringing you to a dead stand for five and ten minutes at a time, that when the smoke, and fog, and darkness, and drizzle, and rain, and dirt, of three-fourths of the year are added, “horrible” is scarce too strong an appellative for the *tout ensemble* of the disagreeables characterizing a passage through it.

We in general have chosen the most bright and sunshiny days for our excursions in that direction; but, even then, when we have gone on foot, after having jostled our way through Fleet Street and Cheapside from the Strand, have felt better fitted, on reaching a Coffee-House, for the bath and dressing-room, than for the society of gentlemen.

Thursday we passed in the country. It was our intention to have returned to town before dark, but unexpected delays and a heavy rain detained us till midnight, and we were disappointed in meeting two engagements, which it would have been interesting for us to have kept. Through letters from Dr. Hosack to William Vaughan, Esq. a member of the Royal Society, we were to have been taken by his relative, Mr. Petty Vaughan, in the early part of the evening to the last meeting for the season of that distinguished body of literary and scientific gentlemen. And, afterwards, were to have accompanied Sir Robert Otway, and the ladies of his family, to a musical

party at the Countess of Norbury's, where the *élite* of the Irish society, at present in London, were assembled.

In Lady Otway and her daughters, we have met an affability and charm of manners corresponding with the friendship and kindness of Sir Robert. They are only for a short time in town, and do not keep house. But we have passed two or three delightful mornings with them; with proof of their intelligence and accomplishments, and the views they take of the true sources of happiness in life, and the rational pursuit of its enjoyments, which leads us to anticipate great satisfaction in a promised visit in the autumn to Brighton, where they reside.

In speaking of the exhibition of paintings, the present season, at Somerset House, the last time we saw them, they furnished us with a marked catalogue, with various notes of explanation, which added much to the interest of a visit there this morning. The productions of the pencil of our countryman Leslie, hold a gratifying prominence for merit in the collection filling the rooms. One piece in particular of his painting—a family group of the Marquess and Marchioness of Westminster, their children and grand-children—struck us as being more happy in the design and spirited in the execution, than any other observed by us. He excels in domestic scenes and in delineations of life and manners. And to portray the social affections with such loveliness and truth, must possess a heart familiar with the refinements and enjoyments springing from them. His genius and his works are an honour to the American name.

We this morning gave an hour to one of the most valuable private collections of paintings in the city. That of the Marquess of Stafford—to which access is given at Bridgewater House, his town residence, by private cards of admission once a week for some months in the year. Though an amateur, so far as lively admiration constitutes the character, for everything connected with the art, I have no one quality of a connoisseur, and will not attempt a description of the gallery. It is not at all impossible, that the pieces which arrested my attention and delighted me most, are comparatively of little merit; while I may have overlooked, as uninteresting the choicest gems of the whole.

I judge for myself in paintings, entirely by the effect produced upon the feelings and affections by the subject, whatever its character may be. And, by this test would say, that the landing of Prince Maurice at Dort, by Cupt, and the Saviour bearing the cross, by Dominichino, are among the most masterly in the multitude covering the walls of the suite. The impression made by the last, is still vividly and affectingly present to my mind.

## LETTER XVIII.

## VISIT TO HATCHAM.

Mr. Ewbank and family of Hatcham Grove—the Hardcastles of Hatcham House—Clarkson the Philanthropist—Rev. Mr. Melville of Camberwell—Notices of his oratory and Sermon.

35 Maddox Street, Regent, London.  
June 25th, 1832.

DEAR VIRGINIA,

Letters from my friend, the Rev. Mr. McIlvaine of Brooklyn, made me acquainted with Mr. Ewbank, a merchant of respectability of the city, and an excellent and spiritual Christian. His family reside at Hatcham Grove, a country house some three or four miles out of town, at which I was invited for the Sabbath.

In this quiet and hospitable retreat, Mr. McIlvaine passed much of his time when an invalid in England, a year since, in company with the Rev. J. Milnor; and I was happy to become domiciliated for a day in a family of his friends, who partake in no small degree of the kindness of his heart and spirituality of his mind, and in being the occupants of rooms in their mansion, which had once been appropriated to him.

A small party had been invited to meet me at Hatcham on Saturday; embracing in the number the Hardcastles of Hatcham House—the sons and daughters of Joseph Hardcastle, Esquire, so long

so extensively known as the benevolent and efficient treasurer of the London Missionary Society, and the eminent and liberal patron of missions. I called upon them for a few moments on my return to London. Hatcham House has long had a place in the affections of many of my American friends—in those of a Mason and a Bruen, now no more, and in that of a Silliman, who yet lives to be remembered and beloved. This fact, connected with an acquaintance formed with some of the family when before in England, and an early veneration for the name, and the character of the father of the present occupants, caused me to take particular satisfaction in a hasty view of its grounds, and in the welcome of a few moments I received beneath its roof.

In the former, a tree, planted by the hands of Dr. Mason some fifteen or twenty years ago, now rising into loftiness and vigour, was shown to me with much seeming pleasure; and, under the latter, I had the satisfaction of being introduced to Clarkson, the Christian and the philanthropist, whose name will descend to posterity, connected with that of a Grenville Sharpe and a Wilberforce, as a friend and benefactor of the African race.

He was conversing upon his favourite topic when I entered. It still gives energy to his feelings and manner, though far advanced in age. He is the advocate of a gradual though total emancipation—gradual in its operations, more than in its limits of time; for, in illustrating his views of the practicability of it without delay in the West Indies, he mentioned facts, proving that the experiment had already been

successful on more estates than one, in which task labour had first been introduced, affording an opportunity for the slaves, by extra work, to accumulate money, and then, a copyhold granted on a premium advanced by them, greatly to the increase of the income and wealth of the master, as well as the comfort and satisfaction of those labouring on the plantation.

The subject is one of great and increasing importance here ; involving more deeply the interests of thousands and tens of thousands of the subjects of the kingdom at home, than at first might be imagined ; and constituting no small item in the existing perplexities of the administration. To Britain, not less than to America, much as she reproaches us for the stigma of slavery existing on our escutcheon of freedom, it is a subject which calls loudly for the exercise of the profoundest wisdom of her statesmen, and the meekest spirit of her church. Not the church of her government, but the church of her saints, without distinction of sect or name—that means may be devised in reference to it, by which right may speedily be made to exist where wrong now prevails, without an injustice being done to the innocent in securing relief to the oppressed ; and the enormous evils of the system be obviated, in a manner to which all may joyfully apply the spirit and language of the Word of Life, and of it say, “mercy and truth are met together, and righteousness and peace have kissed each other.”

The family of Mr. Ewbank attend the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Melville, of Camberwell. I have

heard no one in England, with whose spirit and oratory I have been so much pleased. Perhaps his intonations and manner are too vehement on the opening of his subject, but throughout he is most powerful and impressive. The sermon, from the text, "the zeal of thine house has consumed me," was designed to exhibit the general benevolence of Christianity, and to enforce the duty of proving by our actions as well as by our professions, that its genuine spirit leads to an uninterrupted exemplification of the grand principle of "love to God, and good will towards man." It was replete with ingenious and beautiful illustrations, blended with the most touching appeals to the affections of the heart.

A spirit of philanthropy is one of the most distinctive features of Christianity, in contrast with every pagan system of religion. And, in enlarging upon this point, he introduced to the imagination, with most happy effect, the difference which in some remote period of the world, the ruins of a Christian city might be supposed to present, from those now existing, of a heathen Athens or a heathen Rome—where, among the crumbling piles marking her former magnificence and grandeur, the remains of her hospitals, and alms-houses, and asylums for the afflicted and the distressed, would scarce be less numerous or conspicuous, than those of her temples, her halls of legislation, and her courts.

I was the more impressed with this imagery, it is probable, from vivid recollections brought to mind by it, of views and feelings in reference to the same subject, in which, I remember, for weeks, to have

daily found delight on my voyage homeward, after a residence of years in a pagan land. Contrast-  
ed with all I had there known and witnessed, a  
glory seemed to rest upon the Christian world, in  
the contemplation of these very evidences of the ge-  
neral spirit pervading its borders—its Bible Societies,  
Missionary Societies, Tract Societies, and unnum-  
bered institutions of philanthropy and mercy, the  
disinterested spirit of which it never entered into the  
mind of an uninstructed heathen to imagine—which  
filled me with admiration. And while dwelling in  
thought upon the blessedness of Great Britain and  
America, viewed as a Christian whole, I often found  
myself unconsciously applying to them the impas-  
sioned language of the Psalmist in reference to Je-  
rusalem, “Beautiful for situation, the joy of the  
whole earth is Mount Zion ! God is known in her  
palaces for a refuge. Go round about her, and tell  
the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks,  
and consider her palaces ; for this God is our God  
for ever and ever !”

## LETTER XIX.

## REVIEW IN HYDE-PARK, AND EXHIBITION AT MILL-HILL.

East and West India Docks—The Tunnel under the Thames—United Service Club—Dinner to Captain Bolton at the club-house—Duke of Wellington's Regiment—Beauty of the Horse Guards—Arrival of the King and Queen—Expressions of dissatisfaction by the mob—Splendour of the royal cortége at night—Excursion to Mill-Hill—Orations, and distribution of prizes to the scholars—Remarks of the Lord Mayor—Scenes upon the lawn.

*35 Maddox Street, Regent, London,  
June 27th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

ON Monday morning Captain Bolton accompanied me to the East and West India Docks, and to the Tunnel under the Thames.

The former are at the extreme of London, on the east; a distance of not less than five miles, I should judge, from our lodgings. They are magnificent works, and in their cost, finish, durability of material, vast extent of store-house, and whole economy and arrangement, are on a princely scale; altogether worthy the commercial rank in the world, of an empire "on which the sun never sets." The order for our admittance to the West India Docks, was provided by Captain Bouchier; and secured to us the polite attentions, during the inspection of them, of Captain Parish, the principal Dock Master.

The plan includes two basins; one of thirty acres, for vessels unloading, capable of accommodating three

hundred West Indiamen, at the same time ; and the other of twenty-four acres, for ships receiving cargoes for an outward passage. The original cost of this immense structure, was £1,320,000, upon which sum, until within the last few years, the return to the stockholders has been 10 per cent. The state of the West India trade recently, however, has been such, that the dividends have decreased in value, till at present the funds yield six per cent. only.

We took a wherry at the docks, on our return, for the entrance of the tunnel, a mile or two above, on the Borough, or Southwark side of the Thames. These boats are exceedingly light and pretty ; and are skilfully managed by the boatmen, forming a numerous class, amounting to many thousands, licensed to ply on the river at all points, from Windsor to Greenwich, a distance of thirty or more miles.

The tunnel surpassed all expectation, in the novelty of its design, and the imposing impression made upon our minds, by an entrance to it. It is an astonishing work ; filling one with wonder at the inventive powers, and enterprise of genius. There is something majestic and Roman in the workmanship, as well as in the design. One's ideas seem to expand, in the very contemplation of it. The practicability of the plan appears demonstrated ; and, finding yourself in a noble, doubly-vaulted avenue, brilliantly lighted with gas, in place of a dark and dangerous cavern, you wonder why so grand an undertaking should for a moment stand unfinished. Our admiration, notwithstanding, received for a time, a very sudden check ; when, after descending the shaft at


the entrance, by temporary flights of steps, amidst the drippings of water from the river, and having reached the extremity of the tunnel yet completed, immediately beneath the bed of the Thames—a strange and thundering noise, mingled with the sounds of water, came rushing upon us. Our apprehension, however, was quickly stilled, by an attendant near, telling us, that it was only the operation of a steam-engine, used for drawing off the water, just set in motion in the shaft.

In the evening of the same day, Captain Bolton attended a dinner, given to him by the gentlemen of the United Service Club, at their club-house in Pall Mall; while I met the directors of the London Missionary Society, at the mission-house, in Austin Friars. The clubs of London are numerous and various, from the splendid houses of fashion, gambling, and dissipation, bearing the name in St. James' street, to those designed for associations of the most refined and intellectual character.

The Senior United Service Club, composed of officers of the highest and most distinguished rank, in the army and navy, is one of the first respectability. Like most, if not all, other clubs of the city, it is supported by subscription—a member, in this instance, paying thirty guineas when elected, and six guineas annually, afterwards. The house of the association, is a splendid new building, on a corner of Pall Mall and Regent streets, near the former site of Carlton House, the favourite palace of George IV., when Prince Regent. Its various rooms—coffee-room,

reading-room, library, and drawing-rooms—are spacious and lofty, and elegantly furnished. Affording to each member, when in London, whatever may be his private fortune, all the luxury of a princely establishment, for reading, writing, receiving the calls, letters, and cards of his friends; and, at a more moderate price than he could procure it elsewhere, his dinner at the time, and in the variety and style he may choose to direct.

By the rules of the club, no one can be elected a member, either regular or honorary, who does not hold the rank of a post captain. Of course, the membership early conferred on Captain Bolton, could not, whatever might be the wishes of our common friends, be extended to me. Another rule, confines the hospitality of the club exclusively to honorary members; and I have been embarrassed, to an almost painful degree, by the apologies and explanations, verbal and by note, which have been very unnecessarily, but very kindly addressed to me, by gray-headed veterans of the first distinction, in regret, that I should thus by necessity be separated from my friend, in the honour shown him.

On Tuesday morning, there was a military review in Hyde Park, at which the king and queen were present, and the Duke of Wellington appeared at the head of his own regiment. The day was fine, and the spectacle beautiful for one of the kind. Nothing of the character, can be more magnificent than the horse-guards. In the mere show of splendid car-  


their efficiency in battle may be, it is impossible that any troops in the world should surpass them in richness and beauty.

We had neglected to make proper arrangements for passing the lines; and, not meeting with any of our friends who could take us within, had an opportunity of observing something of the character of a London mob—especially, during the entrance of the royal *cortège*. I happened to be very near the gate at which it arrived. It consisted of a detachment of the life-guards, and three or four carriages and four. The king was in the first, and was received with mingled hisses and cheers; but the queen, who followed, with unqualified dissatisfaction. The lowest scurrility was heaped upon her, in full hearing. And, I scarce know when I have felt more indignant, than while it became necessary for her carriage to remain at a stand, in the very thickest of the crowd, till the king should alight.

It is but a few days, since his majesty received a blow upon the head, from a stone thrown at him, at the Ascot races. And there was an anxious and troubled expression on the countenance of the queen, not from an apprehension of danger, but, probably, from a feeling of regret, in which I sympathized, on the principle, that no political sentiment—the alleged, though it is not improbable, unfounded cause of her unpopularity—can never justify personal abuse towards any one, much less towards a female, whatever her rank may be. And, as she drew back in the corner of the carriage, from the low language, and contempt by which she was assailed, I felt a spirit

move within me, which would, were it necessary, have called every power into exercise, against the villanous rabble around.

The same night, accident gave me an opportunity of seeing her majesty again; but under circumstances to leave a more agreeable impression upon my mind. Lord and Lady Byron were to leave town the next morning; and I had met them at the table of Chandos Pole, Esq., a brother of Lady Byron, in Eaton Square, and been passing a last evening with them there. Mrs. Pole is one of the most beautiful and polished of the ladies I have seen in the metropolis. Herself and Mr. Pole, their accomplished young daughters, and the friends I had been invited to join, formed a circle, from which I was far from being in haste to be separated. And I found it to be twelve o'clock, and after, when I reached Hyde Park corner, on my way to Maddox Street.

On coming to this point, I was at once reminded of a grand military ball, given by the Duke of Wellington, on that evening, at which the Royal Family and the court were to be present.

Apsley House, his noble town residence, is situated in Piccadilly, at the entrance of Hyde Park, and nearly opposite the magnificent new gates leading into St. James' Park and to the Palace. In place of the gloomy blinds of sheet iron, by which the windows have been screened, since the glass of the whole front was broken by a mob, some weeks ago, floods of light were now pouring from the mansion, and triumphant and joyous strains of music filling its courts and rooms. Chariot after chariot, in rapid

succession, was rolling through the gates from Piccadilly, to set down the company assembling. And a crowd had gathered about the avenues of the park, to witness the arrival of the King and Queen, to escort whom, a detachment of the horse-guards had some half hour before gone down. I remained to see the pageant; and have seldom beheld a more brilliant and magnificent show.

The Duke had dined at the Palace, and returned only in time to be in readiness to receive his regal guests. The deportment of the throngs filling the gates of the park, the streets, and the whole vicinity, afforded a striking proof of the little dependance to be placed upon the feelings of the populace here, and the ebullitions of their passion. Less than ten days ago, on the very anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the Duke was mobbed and insulted in the streets, and obliged to seek refuge, from the brick-bats and filth hurled at him, by dismounting from his horse, and entering one of the neighbouring houses. Yet now, the moment his carriage was recognized, as it issued from the park, the air was rent on every side with enthusiastic cheers, continuing till long after he had alighted, and entered his mansion.

In a few moments after, long lines of light, in rapid motion, in the park, appearing, at first, at the distance of a mile or more, by the occasional intervention of trees and groves, like the glimmering and twinkling of so many glow-worms and fire-flies, intimated the approach of the royal party—soon confirmed by the distant trampling of troops, in quick

movement, mingled with the long and rapid rumbling of wheels.

The *cortège* was composed of twelve carriages, each preceded by a section of the troop, in full uniform. As the advance guard formed into lines, opening a passage from gate to gate, in an oblique direction across the street, the first equipage was obliged to draw up, for two or three minutes, at the very point at which I was standing, with no one to intercept the view. The same was the case with every successive coach, in giving time for that preceding it, to set down, in its order, the ladies and gentlemen it contained. I have, several times previous to this, seen the royal equipages of every description, but never before witnessed so magnificent a turn out.

Each carriage was drawn by a single pair of horses, only. But they seemed all to be the very noblest of their race; and bore their heads with as great an elevation and stateliness, and moved their limbs with as much dignity and grace, as if fully conscious of the high service they were performing. The caparisons of the animals were rich and splendid; the coachmen and footmen, generally fine looking men, were in full livery of scarlet and gold; and the ladies and gentlemen, of course, in the fullest ball dress of the court. The light from the lamps of the carriages, and from the brilliantly illuminated entrance, disclosed the interior of each equipage, more fully than the broadest noonday; and thus afforded a deliberate observation of the features, bust, and magnificent attire of each individual.

Such a light, dear V——, is unquestionably best suited to the display of the beauty and costume of your sex. And, beneath it, there now appeared a softness, polish and loveliness, amid the sparkling of diamonds and the nodding of plumes, which had not particularly arrested my attention in the same individuals, seen at court and elsewhere, in what I have heard a dandy term “vulgar daylight !” But where have I wandered ?—My only object in alluding to the Duke’s ball, was to free her majesty, in your imagination, from the unpleasant circumstances in which I left her in Hyde Park. She now appeared in fine spirits; and her carriage shared fully with that of the King, in the loud and hearty cheers with which it was greeted. The huzzas, from every quarter, were long continued, and repeated again and again, when the band in the court struck up “God save the King !” as they were received beneath the roof of their host. And, I doubt not, that all-remembrance of the morning scene was, for the time, at least, entirely forgotten.

To-day I accompanied my friend Ellis, his daughters, and Miss Norton, a companion at present with them, some nine or ten miles into the country, to the annual exhibition of the public school at Mill Hill, at which an only, and promising son and brother is pursuing his education. The day, in point of weather, has been one of the loveliest imaginable; and the drive out, through Hampstead, and other villages in the north and north-west, as delightful as a variety of beautiful scenery, at this season of the year, and the conversation of such companions, could make it.

Coleridge, the poet, resides at Hampstead. And the public house, at the entrance from London, called "The Thatched Castle," is distinguished as that to which Johnson and Addison, and other persons of literary eminence in their day, were accustomed to resort, for the benefit of country air, and to enjoy a beautiful view of the valley of the Thames, which Hampstead Hill commands.

Mill Hill is the most respectable school, under the patronage of dissenters, in the vicinity of London; and one of the most so, I believe, in the kingdom. It is in a flourishing state, and appears, in every respect, a valuable and excellent institution. The edifice is large and handsome. Particularly the façade opening upon the lawn and pleasure grounds. This is not seen from the road side, and presents the principal building in the centre—containing accommodations, in sleeping apartments, recitation and dining-rooms, for eighty or a hundred boys—ornamented by a handsome doric portico, and two wings, a chapel on one side and chaplain's house on the other, connected to it by colonnades. The grounds, encircled by groves and plantations, and studded with single trees, descend beautifully towards the west, and command a charming prospect—a principal and beautiful feature in which, at the distance of a mile and a half or two miles, is Harrow-on-the-Hill with its pointed spire, so noted, also, as a preparatory school.

Some two or three hundreds of the parents and friends of the lads, were assembled to attend the exercises of the chapel, and to carry the boys home for

the vacation. The exhibition, consisting of orations and dialogues, was very similar to one of the same kind in the United States ; and did credit to the talents and application of the young gentlemen, and the care and ability of their instructors. It took place in the chapel—the Rt. Hon. Sir John Key, the Lord Mayor, who has two sons at the school, being in the chair.

The speeches were followed by a distribution of prizes. These were appropriate and valuable books, presented to the individuals to whom they had been awarded, by the Rev. Dr. John Pye Smith, of the Dissenting College, at Homerton, so well known, by his character and by his writings, in the United States as well as in this country. The duty was performed by him in a most pleasing, affectionate, and parental manner, accompanied by counsels of wisdom and piety, bringing tears to the eyes, and prayer to the bosoms of all present, who feel that “the redemption of the soul is precious,” above all worldly honour, and every temporal good.

The Lord Mayor, in a short but impressive address, expressed the interest he felt in the institution, his high approbation of its principles, and the gratification he had experienced in the proofs given of the attainment of the pupils. He dwelt with particular warmth and energy on the importance and blessing of the moral and religious spirit characterizing it ; rightly declaring that on this, in all classes, united with a proper culture of the mind, the best hopes of Britain were founded. It would be well if every politician and statesman in the empire were of the

same sentiment ; and would adopt as a political principle, the grand historical, not less than scriptural truth, that "righteousness exalteth a nation ; but sin is a reproach to any people."

A public dinner in the refectory, at which both ladies and gentlemen were seated, was followed by a series of speeches at the table—a general custom here at meetings of the kind. After which, till tea was served, the company dispersed over the lawn and grounds in the most social and rural manner. Clustering in groups for conversation, upon the green banks of turf, and under the shade of the trees, or promenading in the walks ; while the lads, their sons and brothers, and "boys of older growth," who had here been educated in years now long past, amused themselves with cricket, and ball, and other manly sports, in various parts of the enclosure.

The bouyancy of spirit in the boys, just freed from the restraints of study and strict discipline, from the terrors of an examination, and the intimidation of a public exhibition, was contagious and delightful. And I lived my boyhood over again, while contemplating and partaking, by sympathy, in the cheerfulness and joy of parents, children, and friends, presented in the scene.

## LETTER XX.

## MILITARY ACADEMY AT WOOLWICH.

Mr. and Mrs. Rotchfort Clarke—Breakfast in Spring Garden Terrace—Exeter Hall—Inner Temple—Visit to Chelsea Hospital—Captain Dalling—Drive to Woolwich—Military Display for Prince Adalbert—Mortar and Rocket Firing—Evolutions of the Horse Artillery—Dinner at Mr. Vaughan's.

*35 Maddox Street, Regent, London,  
June 29th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

I RECOLLECT your father, on one occasion, when at the head of the naval department at Washington, to have inquired of me, with particular interest, whether I had met a young gentleman from England, then travelling in the United States, by the name of Rotchfort Clarke. He had accidentally made his acquaintance at Niagara, I think, and expressed himself more pleased with the talent and intelligence manifested by him, and his whole character, than with those of most young foreigners he had seen in America.

The pleasure of knowing this gentleman was in reserve for me here ; and a circumstance, immediately leading to our first intercourse, reminded me so strongly of the conversation alluded to above, that I must repeat it to you. It was at a dinner at Lord Byron's. After most of the company had assembled and were clustered in different parts of the drawing-room, before the announcement of the entertainment,

his lordship, standing a little apart, was making me acquainted with the character of some of the most interesting of the guests. And in directing my attention to this individual, without a mention of his name, remarked, "As for that young man, if my spirit of prophecy is correct, you see one, in him, who will yet be a distinguished ornament of the English Bar." You may be assured my surprise was not little when to the question of his name, I received in answer, "It is Mr. Rotchfort Clarke,"—the same of whom your father had formed so high an opinion. And I was at once introduced to him, in a more particular manner than is customary, here, in general company.

He is a son of George Clarke, Esq. of Hyde Hall, Cheshire, and of Hyde Hall, on the Lake of Otsego, in New York—an extensive and costly mansion, which you may remember to have seen, across the waters of that romantic and beautiful spot, when with our friends of the Lakelands, at the opposite extremity. As may be inferred from the remark of Lord Byron, his profession is the Law, which he is pursuing with flattering success in the Inner Temple. I have been highly gratified in my intercourse with him in every respect, but particularly in a point which I had not anticipated—that of decided personal piety. His wife is a Byron, a near relative of the present and of the late Lord, and an interesting and lovely woman. In their friendship, they have thrown their house open to me; and some of my happiest recollections of London will be associated in a remembrance of them.

I breakfasted at their residence yesterday. It is in Spring Garden Terrace, fronting St. James' Park, and immediately adjoining its most beautiful sections. In it they have, within a few steps' walk, all the advantage of the most highly ornamented and well-kept pleasure garden; and by choosing the hours for enjoying it, when least frequented by the public, may almost forget, so far as regards the quiet and privacy of their promenades, that they have left the enclosures of their own mansion.

Mr. Clarke and myself passed a half hour in this manner in the Park before breakfast. The morning was fresh and lovely, with a bright and smiling sun, the shrubbery in full bloom, the groves on every side filled with the music of unnumbered birds, while graceful swans and other aquatic fowl were gently sailing upon the water, and flocks of sheep at various points quietly grazing on the lawns. Amidst such imagery, who would not forget that he was within a few rods of the crowded, noisy, smoking London? Everything within sight, at the hour, looked almost as pastoral and quiet as if we were in the very depths of the country.

Mr. Clarke's conversation, during the walk, was highly interesting and instructive; relating principally to the present state of England in politics and religion. Great apprehensions were entertained, some time since, among the serious classes of society, of a fearful outbreaking in the metropolis, and other populous cities of the kingdom, of a spirit of infidelity and atheism. But happily the evidences of a disposition of the kind are less manifest than they were;

and the blasphemy of those who publicly appeared as the bold advocates and daring leaders of such a system, seems to have received a check. The Rotunda, a place opened for the delivery of lectures in support of infidelity, to which thousands were once accustomed habitually to resort, has been closed; and other indications exist of a decrease of popular interest and favour towards such fountains of bitterness and evil.

The proclamation by government of the late national fast, and the manner in which it was in general observed, is thought to have been a decided triumph of the principles and feelings of Christianity. And there is some, if not great reason to hope, that the agitations which have recently shaken the empire, and still, though with subdued action, threaten it with calamity, have had a decided tendency to an increase of seriousness among the reflective and influential portions of society. The voice which they have heard, and to which they have seemed disposed to listen, amidst the gathering and darkening tempest in church and state, has been—"Turn ye, turn ye, unto your strong-hold!" and their answer, in a degree at least, "Turn thou us, O Lord, and we shall be turned!"

The morning worship of this interesting and happy family, performed in the breakfast parlour by its youthful head, and the simple and affectionate instructions to the servants and household, connected with the reading of the Scriptures and springing from their truth, presented to my eye a most pleasing

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sight, and left on my heart impressions not soon to be forgotten.

After breakfast we visited Exeter Hall, in the Strand, an edifice erected within the last few years, principally for the celebration of the anniversaries of the religious societies of London—built by subscription, and exhibiting a noble monument of the liberality and philanthropic spirit of the Christian community. Several institutions of piety and benevolence have their offices on the ground floor. While the principal area of the second constitutes an immense public hall, with permanent seats for the accommodation of four thousand persons, and space to receive an additional thousand, when so great a number, as has on many occasions been the case, are brought together. Such a multitude of many of the most respectable and most intelligent subjects of the kingdom, wrapt in interest in the detail of facts, or in the effusions of genius and eloquence, touching the highest happiness and eternal destiny of our race, must present a spectacle upon which angels, as well as men, gaze with delight.

We also looked in upon the lecture-rooms and theatre of the King's College, a recent foundation,—established, it is said, by the high church party, to counteract any unfavourable influence of the London University—forming in its buildings a new wing to Somerset House. And then proceeded to the Temple.

This nursery of the law, as you will recollect, derives its name from having been once occupied by the Knights Templars. It originally consisted of three sections, termed the inner, middle, and outer

temples, from the relative position of each to Temple Bar. The designation is still applied to the first two. They form an extensive pile of buildings, arranged in successive courts along the Thames, with ornamental gardens, walks, and shrubberies opening upon the river. Mr. Clarke's rooms are among the most pleasantly situated of those in the Inner Temple. After viewing them, we visited the library, a beautiful modern specimen of the florid Gothic in oak, with a floor handsomely inlaid of the same material. The Librarian is also the Curate of the Chapel of the Temple, and politely accompanied us to it. This is a curious old structure of the twelfth century, circular in its form, and of Gothic architecture, remarkable for its simplicity, and the beauty of a Norman arch at the entrance. There are two other chapels only of a similar construction in the kingdom.

Ten tombs of the Templars, surmounted by rude effigies, occupy a section of the pavement. They are evidently very antique. But the inscriptions are effaced, and all that is known of them is, that they cover the remains of those who served in the crusades, from being represented with their legs crossed—an attitude in death distinctive of this honour.

The tomb of the Patriarch Heraclius received a momentary glance; as did those of the great lawyers, Plowden, Selden, and Thurlow, whose remains are here interred. But before I had half-satisfied my curiosity, I was obliged to hurry away to meet Captain Bolton, and to return a visit of Col. Wilson at the Chelsea Hospital;—known to you as an asylum of Royal

foundation, for disabled soldiers—of which this officer has the superintendence. We unexpectedly found it to be a gala-day from a visit of the King and Queen. They were leaving just as we arrived. And soon after, passed by a private walk, into the grounds of Sir Willoughby Gordon, at whose residence, immediately adjoining the hospital, they were to take *breakfast*, though it was then *after two o'clock*.

A numerous and fashionable company had assembled to meet them, and to witness a boat race, from the gardens overlooking the Thames. The prize was a silver cup, which the queen was to present in person to the successful crew. Col. Wilson was in attendance upon her majesty as chamberlain *pro tem*. And after viewing the hospital and grounds, we took a boat, the day being fine, in our return to the city. From the river, as we passed down, we had a full view of the breakfast scene, and the crowd of boats on the water assembled to witness the race. The mansion of Sir Willoughby is chiefly celebrated as having been a favourite residence of the noted Nell Gwynn. A tent, over which waved the royal standard; had been erected near the river for their majesties; bands of music were stationed at different points; and the company, in handsome morning dress, were unceremoniously promenading the grounds.

These breakfasts, in the *middle of the afternoon*, are very favourite entertainments with those who are, or affect to be, the most *recherche* in their ideas of taste and fashion. Any other name would be quite as appropriate, however, in reference either to the hour of invitation, or to the time at which the

company disperse, which, not unfrequently, is at three or four o'clock on the following morning.

Westminster bridge formed the termination of our voyage down the river. And, after a luncheon in St. James' Street, we directed our course to the House of Lords. The order of a Peer, of the date of your attendance, is necessary to an admission to the sittings of this branch of Parliament. With these we were furnished; but the House "was up," as the phrase is; and they had adjourned, without transacting business, before our arrival. We have two or three times before, been in their chamber, while they have been convened, but never at a time when any subject of interest was in discussion—and thus have had no opportunity of hearing the eloquence of the leaders of this body. We have been equally unfortunate, at different times, in the House of Commons; and again last night found nothing of interest in discussion there.

The period immediately preceding our arrival was one of such intense political interest throughout the nation, and, of course, in Parliament; and all the talent of both Houses brought by it into such powerful and long-exerted action, that all energy of body and mind was for a time exhausted by it. And the moment the crisis was passed, both Houses fell into a state of apathy and *ennui*, from which they have not yet recovered. So, that all we can say from observation of the moving spirits of the empire, in reference to the arena of their conflicts, is, that we have seen them at their official stations, and in their opposing seats. And, occasionally heard from one and

another a common-place remark, on subjects of minor importance in their deliberations.

The preceding pages, dear V——, were hastily scribbled before breakfast this morning. Captain Dalling, of the navy, another kind and attentive friend, partook of this refreshment with us, and immediately after, we were on our way, under the escort of this gentleman, to the military academy and dépôt at Woolwich, some ten miles below London, on the Thames. We took the top of a coach as far as Greenwich; and then a small one horse carriage called "Coburg" for the remaining mile and a half or two miles.

The visit had been some time in contemplation, and every arrangement for securing a full inspection of the establishment, by orders and letters from the Admiralty and Ordnance Department, had been made for us through the politeness of Captains Duncan and Dalling. The day has been full of show, being that of the visit of Prince Adalbert of Prussia, and his suite. And the weather in its brightness and heat, more like that of the same season in the northern and middle states at home, than any we have before experienced. The situation of the artillery barracks, the officers' quarters and mess room, the military college, professor's houses and parade, is beautiful—not dissimilar, in its immediate features, to that of the United States Military Academy at West Point. The buildings, however, are on a more splendid scale, and of a more massive and costly architecture. The façade of the artillery barracks, comprising the officers' quarters, mess room, and chapel fronting the

hundred feet. The college, situated at the opposite extremity of the parade, is also a fine building in Gothic architecture, with towers and pinnacled turrets. The ceremony received by Major Scott of the regiment, after a few moments in his rooms, was concluded by a band—everything now being in motion—bands playing, and troops marching in different points, amidst a hurly of officers and soldiers. The arsenal, to join the prince and his suite, the inspection of this section of the establishment was too late, however, he having already departed. And deferring the sight of this to another day, we proceeded by a different route to the exhibition along the river, where the exhibition of the guns was to take place. We reached the ground at five o'clock, accompanied by Sir James Kemp, Chief Secretary of Ordnance, Sir Alexander Dicks, Major-General of Wellington in the Peninsula, and Major-General of Northumberland, &c. entered the exhibition commenced by firing *ricochet*, and then followed by that of mortars and cannon, in single and in volleys. The skill exhibited was admirable, and the sight beautiful. The exhibition was exhibited on the occasion of the exhibition, at the battle of Leipzig, and the same officer—STRANGE. The twelve pounders were fired at a distance of twelve thousand yards and more, in the presence of the engines. Though the exhibition is only the alarm and disor

der to which the cavalry are exposed by them. I never witnessed the firing of them before—and the sight was both new and magnificent. When set off in volleys, their lightning swiftness, terrific hiss and glare, seem literally like the unloosing of all the fiery dragons of war.

On our return to the barracks, we went through the arsenal, its various work-shops and foundry—one of the most impressive sights, connected with which, is an enclosure of four acres, almost entirely covered with heavy ordnance. The number of pieces at present in it, amounts to some twenty thousand; and there have been periods at which, not less than thirty-six thousand heavy cannon, could be counted on the same ground.

While at luncheon with Major Scott, we witnessed, from his windows, a specimen, on the parade, of bomb and mortar firing, by the cadets of the academy. I improved a moment, afterwards, to call on Dr. Olinthus Gregory, not less extensively and advantageously known, as a distinguished Christian writer and philanthropist, than as the learned and scientific professor of mathematics, in this academy. I had once the pleasure of meeting him, when before in England; but now, unfortunately, did not find him at home.

In the after part of the day, the car and horse artillery, went through a series of evolutions, on the common. I never gazed on anything which gave me so lively an impression of the excitement and terrific features of a field of battle. The exhibitions of the horse artillery, were in a perfection of dis-

cipline and skill. They came down, from a distant part of the parade, with the fleetness of the wild Arab, or Cossack of the Don—notwithstanding the draught of the carriages and guns—and with a thunder which must carry terror with it, in a field of war. The dust created by the rapid movement of the horses and wheels, completely screened the whole body from sight, before they had reached the limits of the charge. And the first you saw after, was the clouds of smoke, from the fiery mouths of the hidden cannon—beneath the shelter of which, on the next look, you perceived them to be retreating, with the same speed in which they had come down. The operation of taking the horses from the gun-carriages, and putting them to, again—technically styled, “*to unlimber*,” and “*to limber*,”—the turning of the guns, to fire, and wheeling of them around a second time, including the dismounting and mounting of the men, all being accomplished in a quickness of time, almost incredible, and before the dust and smoke of their approach and fire, could sufficiently subside to expose their precise position to view.

The inspection of numerous ingenious and curious models, arms, &c. in the Repository—its self formed of the tent in which George IV., as prince regent, received and entertained the allied sovereigns, in Carlton Gardens, in 1814—closed the observations of the day.

We were to have visited the Dock Yard, and the Vernon, a frigate just fitting for sea, with some novel experiments in her model and rigging—to which we had been invited by Sir Francis Collyer, her com-

mander. But Captain Bolton became quite ill, from the heat and the fatigue of the day; and we reluctantly returned to town, without accomplishing this part of our arrangements. My companion proceeded directly to our lodgings, while I went to fulfil an engagement to dinner, with Mr. Vaughan, of Fenchurch street; and to make Captain Bolton's apology for not joining him and his friends—including Col. Aspinwall, the American Consul at London—as it was his intention in the morning to have done.

## LETTER XXI.

## WINDSOR CASTLE.

Sir Graham Moore—Departure from London—Salt Hill—Wind-Mill Inn—Eton College—Terrace at Windsor Castle—Old state-rooms—Paintings—New suite of state-rooms—Private apartments—St. George's chapel—Monument of the Princess Charlotte—Call at Upton Lea.

*Wind-Mill Inn, Salt Hill,  
July 4th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

YESTERDAY afternoon we left the mighty metropolis, with all its crowds and endless din, and enjoyed a quiet and refreshing night at this, one of the sweetest spots in the country.

We were fully determined, from the time of our arrival, not to remain in London after the first of the present month. And, on Saturday, left our cards, *pour prendre congé*; dined for a last time with Admiral Ogle, in company with his friend, Sir Graham Moore; and took the coach at four o'clock, on the afternoon of Monday for this place, within two or three miles of Windsor, on the principal route to Oxford.

Sir Graham, is a brother of Sir John Moore, around whose fall at Corunna, so touching an interest has been thrown, by the genius of Wolfe, in his "Burial," on that gallant soldier. There are few effusions of poetic power in the English language, which have been more frequently on my lips, or been dwelt upon in mind, with a more pleasing melancholy, in many

a musing mood. And, I felt a special interest in meeting a person so nearly related to one, in whose fate a sympathy has been created, by those simple lines, as extensive as the knowledge of our language, and universal, I doubt not, in its experience, from the cottage to the throne.

When we arrived in London, I recollect one of our friends, in welcoming us, said, "You have come exactly in the right time—*every body* is in town." And we appear, in our departure too, to be "exactly in the right time"—for "*every body*" seems, like ourselves, to be on the wing in flying to the country. On Saturday, Regent Street and Piccadilly presented almost a continued succession of travelling carriages and four, with every appearance, in boot and imperial, of a departure for the season; and with a valet and dressing-maid in the rumble for a journey, in place of the liveried footman, at his station behind, for an airing in the parks or a morning call. The same was the case on Sunday and Monday, and in a short period, it is probable, that—notwithstanding the twelve or thirteen hundred thousand of permanent residents—with the exception of a few ambassadors and their *attachés*, there will, in fashionable phraseology, "*be nobody in town.*"

There is little of interest in the scenery between London and this place, a distance of twenty-two miles. The first sections of the route are very low; and present a continued succession of villages and hamlets, surrounded by gardens and grounds covered with vegetables and fruit, for the market of the city. Five miles before reaching Salt Hill, we caught a

first view of the Castle at Windsor. Its long line of stately walls, surmounted by battlements, turrets, and towers, rising above the wooded terrace upon which it stands, in bold relief against the sky, with the royal standard floating widely from its loftiest height, give to it an air truly imposing and majestic—and you gaze upon it as upon the crown and glory, in its kind, of this proud isle. It is not again lost to the sight before reaching this spot, and, in the brightness of the evening sun, formed a chief object of contemplation till we were set down at the inn where we now are.

I had supposed Salt Hill to be a village, or at least a hill. But this and another public house, at a short distance, constitute its principal edifices. And a little mound, on one side the road, a dozen or more feet high; the only thing like a hill immediately near. It is at this mound that a triennial show of the Eton scholars, called Montem from it, takes place. At it they are entitled by custom to collect money, called "*Salt*," from every one passing by, to constitute a purse for the best scholar leaving the school at the time, for the university—hence the name Salt Hill. From one to two thousand pounds are not unfrequently collected in this manner. The two inns were originally designed, it is probable, for the accommodation of the company on these occasions and have gradually, on other accounts, become quite a fashionable resort. The "*Wind-mill*" is rather in a hollow than on a hill; and so pretty a spot, and in so interesting a neighbourhood, as to be quite noted

as a chosen retreat for wedding parties during the honey-moon.

It stands directly on one of the most public roads in the kingdom, but is so festooned and embowered with eglantine and roses, honey-suckle and creepers, and an endless variety of "the sweet and beautiful," that we forget we are in a tavern. From our parlour windows we have a beautiful view of the Castle through an opening cut in the grove of trees for the purpose; and, across the road, which seems only a gravel walk, lies a lawn and shrubbery, filled with cool and shady paths, alcoves, flowering mounds, and rustic seats, and all the luxury of a private garden.

But to the Castle, where we have spent most of the morning. The day has been one of the finest imaginable for a visit to it, and a view of the lovely scenery by which it is encircled, for twenty miles, in every direction. Though the weather is bright, and the air fresh and balmy, there is nothing of the glow and transparency of atmosphere so common on a clear summer's day in America; but a haze much like that characterizing the "Indian Summer" of our autumn, throwing a Claude Lorraine veil over the whole landscape.

The residence of Herschel, a plain and small building of brick, stands by the road side, on the way from Salt Hill to Eton; the frame of his celebrated telescope forming a conspicuous object in the rear of it as you pass by. The premises are still occupied by his nephew—also well known in the scientific world. Scarce a mile beyond is Eton College, so

greatly distinguished as a preparatory school; and so honoured by the eminence in literature and politics attained by many of its scholars. There is nothing in the College edifice itself to distinguish it from any mass of old brick buildings; but the Chapel is a lofty and beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, and a fine object in every view of Windsor and the Castle from the north.

The play grounds lie beautifully along the banks of the Thames, amidst groves of old and majestic trees; presenting just such haunts of academic beauty, as seize upon the affections of the heart, in boyhood, with a power of association never to be effaced. Many of the boys, though it is not term time, were seen in red coats, strolling among the groves along the water; while others, in shirt sleeves and open collars, were actively engaged at cricket and other manly sports. Eton is a small town, separated from Windsor only by a stone bridge crossing the Thames. And, passing through it without stopping, we drove at once to the Castle gate, and entered what is called the lower ward—a large paved area encircled by the residences and offices of persons officially connected with the pile, and with the Chapel of St. George, situated on one side of it.

A detailed description here would be tedious; and I will spare you the perusal of one from my pen. The Round Tower, or Keep—the oldest part of the structure, and one of its most imposing features at every point of view, rises from the centre, and the state rooms and private apartments form three sides of the quadrangle, constituting the upper

ward. This latter section occupies the extreme brow of the hill on which the Castle is built; at an elevation of about three hundred feet above the level of the Thames, and almost perpendicularly above its waters. A broad terrace passes round the outer walls on the north, and the private gardens and shrubbery are a continuation of it on the east. These last are free to the public only on two evenings of the week, and we had but a peep at them through an iron railing, by which they are separated from the parts at all times open as a promenade.

The view from the terrace is wide and beautiful, and before seeking admittance to the interior, we feasted our eyes upon it, covered now in its hay and harvest fields, with the rich and golden blessings of a merciful Providence.

The old state apartments of the upper ward are alone shown when the royal family are at Windsor; and the private rooms at any time only by an order of the Lord Chamberlain. The former remain much as they were in the best days of George III.—are out of date in their style and furniture, look dark and gloomy, and but for the pictures covering the walls, and the paintings of some of the ceilings, would scarce repay the trouble of a walk through them, by any other objects of interest or curiosity. They at present consist of the Queen's ball-room, drawing-room, state bed-chamber, and dressing-room; and of the king's dressing-room, closet, drawing-room, and council-chamber.

The paintings of the ceilings are allegorical, principally by Verrio and Wyat—some of them very

beautiful and in fine preservation. The pictures, consisting of portraits, landscape and historical pieces, form a noble collection by the best masters, and are worthy apartments better suited to exhibit them to advantage. One room contains exclusively those from the pencil of West; many of which are among the most beautiful and masterly in the pile.

There is little satisfaction, however, in viewing a collection of paintings, under the circumstances of a visit of the kind. The conductor generally appears impatient to accomplish the round, and hurries you from room to room with a vexatious and parrot-like rehearsal of subjects and names, in which, if you interrupt him, he is sure to lose the "thread of his discourse," and is obliged to go back to some well fixed point in his task, before he can proceed farther. Before you can cast your eye over a picture, as a whole, much less examine it minutely, with a test of light and distance in the point of observation, some new object or name is obtruded on you, or you are hastened away by perceiving yourself to be a room behind the cicerone. I sometimes find myself more vexed than pleased at the end of one of these races. I wish time to catch the general spirit of a subject, if not to enter into its beauties in detail, and then a moment, at least, to enjoy it—but, even in this proud boast of the kingdom, the persons appointed to exhibit the paintings and to receive your fee, appear to think that one glance at the colours of a picture and another at the gilding of the frame, is all that any person of reasonable taste can desire.

George IV. entirely rebuilt the eastern and southern sides of the upper ward ; and his present majesty is carrying on a similar work, on the north of the quadrangle. It will not be many years, it is probable, before the whole of the present state apartments will be entirely remodelled. A fine suite, communicating with the private rooms, is commenced, and parts of it already finished. Of these, we were shown the guard-room, and St. George's Hall, a new and magnificent banqueting-room of the Knights of the Garter ; the Wellington Gallery, a noble apartment, erecting for the portraits of the heroes of Waterloo ; and a ball-room of great splendor and richness. A throne room, to communicate with this last and with the Wellington Gallery, will complete the set.

The ball-room is the most magnificent in the Castle, and a truly imperial apartment. The walls are decorated with four large and exquisite pieces of Gobelin tapestry ; the ceiling is in compartments richly gilt ; the mirrors and chandeliers in good keeping, and the whole becoming a principal palace of the empire. The private apartments are said to be arranged and furnished with much taste and luxury. I passed through them in 1826 ; but am told that they have been much improved since.

It was with regret, that I found the round tower to be inaccessible at present, from some repairs making at its entrance. In historic association, it surpasses any other part of the pile, and excites deep interest at many points, as the unchanged prison of several illustrious captives, in by-gone days. It is from its summit that the royal banner floats, when

their majesties are at Windsor ; and its leads command one of the richest and most extensive prospects in the kingdom—comprising, in a clear day, such as this has been, sections, if I recollect aright, of not less than twelve counties.

On leaving the upper ward, we entered St. George's Chapel, the present burial-place of the Sovereigns of England, and a rich specimen of modern Gothic architecture. Its choir contains the stalls and banners of the Knights of the Garter, and is the place in which their installation takes place. It is also adorned by many fine monuments, among which, that of the Princess Charlotte is the most striking. As a whole, this has been objected to by connoisseurs, as complex and incongruous—representing her, at the same time, in two distinct personifications. In one, as on the couch of death, just as the spirit has taken its everlasting flight ; and in the other, as a glorified being, crowned with immortality, and rising in triumph to the regions of the blessed. Separated, either would have been appropriate and beautiful—particularly that which, by the breathless, yet scarce lifeless, form beneath the sheet of death, tells the tale of grief which has prostrated, in sorrow, the exquisitely chiselled forms grouped around. This, by itself, is a masterpiece ; proving, at a moment's glance, the power of art to make even marble speak, with an overwhelming eloquence. It is by Wyatt ; and no one, having the soul of a man, can stand and gaze upon it, without a touching and profitable recurrence in thought, to the brief life and affecting death of the amiable and interesting subject of the sculptor's skill.

On our return to the Windmill, we took Upton Lea, the residence of Mr. Trumper, an extensive farmer in the neighborhood, on our way. In company with my friend, Mr. Ellis, I had been hospitably entertained by this gentleman and his family, when before in England; and felt happy in an opportunity of paying my respects to them on the present occasion. They would have prevailed with us to pass the remainder of the day with them, but the arrangements already made, for pursuing our journey, forbade. It is our intention to proceed some miles on our way to Oxford, yet, this evening; and I have sketched to you the observations of the morning, that we may be in readiness to leave immediately after dinner.

## LETTER XXII.

VISIT AT TAPLOW, AND ARRIVAL AT OXFORD.

Mr. and Mrs. Bird, of Taplow Hill—Character and influence of the family—Impressions received from the people in the vicinity—Moral influence of the gentry—Reform jubilee at Maidenhead—Breakfast and dinner for the poor—Respectability of the populace—View of Oxford from the London road—Interview with Dr. Daubeny, of Magdalen College—Mr. Smith, the Geologist—The commemoration.

*Angel Inn, Oxford,  
July 5th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

A special object in leaving Salt Hill, in the evening of the day we passed there, was to deliver a letter, of which I was the bearer, at Taplow, some four or five miles on our route, and to have the pleasure of an interview, before proceeding to this place the next day, with the family to whom it was addressed.

The letter was from one of the most valued of my friends in New York, to Mrs. Bird, the lady of — Bird, Esquire, of Taplow Hill. This gentleman and his family, had resided for a length of time, some years since, in the United States; and were on terms of intimacy with a circle of my special friends. Impressions received from these, and from other sources, of the character of this family, made me unwilling not to avail myself of an opportunity of forming their acquaintance, even for

an hour; and we determined to proceed to Maidenhead, the nearest town to them, for the night, and to take the coach from that place for Oxford.

The drive of a half hour, brought us to the hamlet of Taplow, and to the residence of Mr. Bird. The family, with the exception of this gentleman, were out taking an evening airing; and I remained to meet them. While Captain Bolton proceeded to the neighbouring town, a mile and a half or two miles farther, to secure quarters for the night, and to make other arrangements for the continuation of our journey in the morning.

While taking a view of the grounds, the ladies returned. And, on being summoned to the drawing-room to tea, in place of a vacant house, I found a "goodly number," indeed, as Mr. Bird remarked, amounting to some twenty or twenty-five—daughters, grand-children, and other near relatives, presenting an obvious reason, as was frankly stated, for not insisting upon a visit, at the time, for as long a period as I could make it convenient to remain.

The family are near relatives of the Bishops of Chester and Winchester, two of the most distinguished and influential prelates of the church; and possess much of their character, in intelligence, piety, and a spirit of usefulness. The eldest daughter is a resident of Calcutta, well known and highly respected, as a patron and active agent, in the education of the females of India; and the sisters, whom I now met, are not less benevolently and usefully engaged at home. In such society, the time passed rapidly, and I found it to be ten o'clock, ere I was

aware of it. I was too much interested in the circle, to refuse an invitation to breakfast this morning, as we were not to set off for Oxford till twelve o'clock; and in the early freshness of a beautiful day, walked over to join them in that repast.

It was my wish to have been in time for the worship of the family. But receiving no answer to the first ringing of the porter's bell, rightly supposed that the household were already assembled; and not wishing to occasion any interruption, took a stroll for a few minutes through the adjoining hamlet, composed exclusively of the humble dwellings of the poor. On my way to the hill, I had perceived, as I thought, a very marked expression of kindness and civility, in the salutations of the labouring people I had met, in the immediate vicinity; and now was still more forcibly struck, with the same characteristic in every one I saw, from children scarce capable of running alone, to the most venerable and aged around the cottage doors. I thought the impression could not arise from the mere contrast of these, with the vulgar crowds of the same grades in life, seen in the streets of London, but must be connected with some moral and intellectual influence, brought to bear in its happy tendencies upon them.

So strongly was I convinced of this, that I could not avoid making the observation a subject of remark to Mr. Bird. He told me he was happy to believe the impression I had received, to be well founded; and that the surmise, as to the causes of any difference that might exist, was probably cor

rect. The parish, he tells me, is highly favoured in the character and influence, of many of its most affluent and distinguished residents; and his neighbours, of the first respectability and rank, equally, with himself and family, are engaged in every effort, to improve and elevate the minds and hearts of all around them. And thus far, with the most pleasing effect, upon the general character and affections of those over whom their influence extends.

Mrs. Bird and her daughters are not only the patronesses, but also the teachers, in schools for the poor—not only on the Sabbath, but on days of the week, at different places in their vicinity. A family of the Vansittarts—a brother of Lord Bexley—occupy an estate immediately adjoining them, the members of which, are their active coadjutors in every work of philanthropy and piety. While learning these facts, in the course of conversations, marked by the most meek and unostentatious spirit, I rejoiced in such uses of an aristocracy. And can readily believe, that if the gentry of every parish in England, would thus bring their rank and wealth to bear upon the moral and intellectual character of the humble and dependant, among whom they dwell, the latter-day prosperity of the nation would be more glorious, and more happy, than any it has yet known.

Last night, Mr. Bird would not allow me to take a servant for a guide to the town, but himself conducted me across the fields, a mile and more, to the great road; and, this morning, again accompanied to the same spot. Before descending from

the hill, he pointed out the principal features of beauty, in an extensive view, commanded from it—including Windsor Castle, and other objects along the valley of the Thames. It was not altogether new to me, however; for when previously in England, I had been in this neighbourhood for a day. Had visited Taplow Court, a residence of the late Countess of Orkney; Dropmore, the beautiful estate of Lord Grenville; and Clifden, a seat of Sir George Warrenden, once the luxurious abode of the notorious Villiers Duke of Buckingham.

On reaching Maidenhead, I found the whole town in a bustle of cheerfulness and gaiety, from a jubilee in celebration of the passage of the Reform Bill. A public breakfast had been given by the corporation, aided by the subscriptions of the gentry, to the children of the poor; and preparations were now making for a dinner to their parents. Tables for twelve hundred were spread, in an adjoining meadow, beneath triumphal arches of green, hung with garlands of flowers. The houses along the streets, were decorated with laurel and flowering shrubs; and bands of music were performing at different points, amidst display, on every hand, of varied flags and banners.

We had time, before the arrival of the coach which we were to take to Oxford, to visit the principal scene of this rural festivity; and were better pleased with the general aspect of the crowd, than any we had before seen in the country. So much so indeed, as to be half-tempted to remain to the *fête* which was to conclude with a dance upon the tu-

The spirit of cheerfulness prevailing, appeared so free from any tendency or disposition to dissipation ; and everything so perfectly correct, and orderly.

We arrived at the Angel Inn, in this place, in time for dinner ; after a pleasant travel of more than thirty miles. The approach to Oxford, from London, is very imposing, from the number, variety, and loftiness of the towers and spires which adorn it, and the fine effect of the dome of the Radcliffe Library, rising majestically, in the centre of the whole. The tower and pinnacles of Magdalen College, are also very much admired, and form a conspicuous beauty of the entrance, in crossing a fine bridge over the Charwell.

Through the friendship of Professor Silliman, of Yale College, I was furnished with letters to Drs. Daubeny, Kidd, and Buckland, of the University. And early in the evening, I set out in search of the first mentioned of these gentlemen, a fellow of Magdalen College, not far distant from the Inn. The colleges are all old, monkish-looking edifices in their exterior, consisting of one or more quadrangles, within lofty enclosures, accessible only by a massive gate, opening from the street. This is furnished with a porter's lodge, or room, in which a janitor is found, to answer any inquiries relating to the masters, fellows, and under-graduates of the respective foundations.

From this individual, at the entrance of Magdalen, I learned that Professor Daubeny's rooms were in the Museum, in a different section of the city. He, however, was dining at the college, with one of the

Fellows; and, desirous of having any preparatory arrangement, that might be necessary, for the best occupation of the morrow—the only day we can give to the University—in train this evening, I sent him my card, with the request of an interview for a moment. He immediately met me in an ante-room; and on the delivery of my letter, insisted upon my joining the party at the table of his friend, the cloth having been removed.

I was politely received by the gentleman, and some six or eight of his companions. The only one whose name I got, however, in the kind of introduction given here, was that of Mr. Smith, the geologist, whose writings you may have seen, and who first projected on paper a geological map of England. He took a prominent part in the conversation, and appears a plain, practical, and self-instructed man; much devoted to the science which is so great a favourite with him, and in which he has made so many important researches.

It was with great regret that I now learned, that we had missed by one day only, the Commemoration, as it is here termed,—or Commencement, as with us,—of the University. It occurred only yesterday morning. Had we been aware of its taking place this week, we could most readily have made our arrangements so as to have been here. It would have been an interesting scene. For in addition to the conferring of degrees and the distribution of prizes, it is distinguished by the recitation of the prize poems by their authors, in the theatre of the university, before the chancellor, vice chancellor,

masters, fellows, and undergraduates of the different colleges—convened in their distinctive and antiquated dresses for the purpose. The holidays too have just commenced ; the colleges are becoming deserted ; and the whole aspect of the place much less interesting than it would have been in term time, or even yesterday.

After a half hour or more, I took my leave with an engagement to Professor Daubeny to take breakfast with him to-morrow morning, in company with Captain Bolton. And now by bringing up the record of the day, am prepared for the scenes and impressions of the morrow, which can scarce fail of being interesting and peculiar.

## LETTER XXIII.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

General sketch of the city—Professor Daubeny—Breakfast—Visits to the Theatre—Bodleian Library—Radcliffe Library—Picture Gallery and Museum—Magdalen College—Its Chapel and walks—Chapel and grounds of new College—Habits and recreations of the Students—Christ Church College and walks along the Isis.

*Angel Inn, Oxford,  
July 6th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

WE have given to Oxford as thorough an examination as could possibly be accomplished in a single day. And I feel at the close of it, both in body and in mind, much as one might be supposed to do, who literally, and not in mere imagination, had been living

“The lives of all antiquity.”

It is truly unique and magnificent in its whole style and character. And calculated in all its features, gazed upon either from within or from without, to leave an impression upon the mind and affections of the scholar, at least, varying from those produced by any other place, however similar in its leading objects of interest, in the kingdom and throughout the world. I have, I believe, already given an outline of its general aspect when seen in

the distance. And recollect no description of it, when thus viewed, so vivid and so true, as one which I have somewhere read, in which it is compared, in the magnificence of its towers, and fanes, and crowning dome, springing from the bosom of the green meadows and embowering groves by which it is encircled, to the QUEEN of the ADRIATIC, resting in splendour and dignity on the blue waters of her dominion. In its whole exterior it proclaims itself a City of the Muses; and within, at every turn, exhibits some palace of their abode.

The appointed hour of the morning found us at the rooms of Dr. Daubeny at the museum. As he is a *Fellow*, we of course had no Mrs. D—— to do the honours of the table, the privileges of that fraternity being limited exclusively, as you are aware, to those in a state of single blessedness. We were served with a very nice breakfast, however, and entertained with much interesting conversation. After the inspection of the laboratory of our host, whose professorship is that of chemistry, we sallied forth under his guidance, for the sight-seeing of the day.

Our first visit was to the theatre, as the edifice for the great exhibitions of the university is styled. This is a fine structure, from a design of Sir Christopher Wren, formed of the light, chalky, and, unfortunately, too perishable stone, constituting the general material of the colleges and other buildings. It is circular, the ground plan being that of the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, with a vaulted and painted roof, and is capable of accommodating three thousand persons. It is the scene of the most imposing spec-

stately and majestic architecture, stained and fretted, and, time-worn from their pinnacles to their bases, as if they had been familiar with the rougher moods of the winds and tempests of unnumbered years. We lingered at it, and gazed around again and again, with impressions and associations, differing from any before experienced in the kingdom. No living creature was to be seen; everything was deserted and still. The pavements returned only the echoings of our own footsteps, and the tenantless walls sent back, at each word, the tones of our voices. We forgot that we were in the heart of England, and could dream, at least, of being in Athens or in Rome.

The Colleges, twenty-two in number, scattered about in various parts of the city, are each distinctively marked with a greater or less degree of interest. In three or four, however, this is peculiarly the case; and we satisfied our further curiosity with a visit to them. Dr. Daubeney being a Fellow of Magdalen—pronounced “Maudlin”—we were conducted, by him, first to it.

It is situated at the entrance of Oxford, from London, on the borders of the small and quiet river Charwell, which, after its junction with the Isis, which washes another side of the city—forms a principal branch of the Thames. The buildings of Magdalen consist of a double quadrangle, each surrounded in the inner side with the cloisters of a monkish age, from which the rooms of the students—under graduates or “men,” as their style in common parlance is—open on the ground floor; while the apartments of the Fellows are over them, in the upper story. This

ecture and contents, forms a magnificent and leading ornament of the University. It is in Grecian style: a rotundo, the crowning dome of which adds so peculiar a beauty to every distant view of the city. Besides a large and valuable collection of books, it contains many admirable pieces of art, in sculpture, casts, and painting; and was the scene of a magnificent banquet given by the University, to the imperial and kingly visitors, of 1814.

The museum, picture gallery, repository of Arundel marbles and Pomfret statuary, and the new Clarendon printing house, are the additional objects of special interest attached to the University, as a whole, and not belonging to any particular College. The picture gallery is an extensive range of long halls, filled with portraits of persons of distinction, for many generations past, interspersed with landscape and historical paintings. It also contains some fine statues, particularly one in brass of the Earl of Pembroke, chancellor of the university in 1616–1630, and several busts of merit. Models, in plaster, of many of the finest specimens of architecture in the world, modern and antique, principally by a French artist, are also among its objects of interest: the temple of Neptune at Pæstum, the lantern of Demosthenes, theatre of Herculaneum, the Parthenon, &c. &c.

There is a point in the vicinity of the Radcliffe Library, at which any one might readily imagine himself in the midst of ancient Rome, or in a venerable square of some famed city of Greece, in her olden times, without a single object before the eye to interrupt the fancy. On every hand are masses of

grounds, attached to each. These throw an attraction over the whole, which must leave a lasting charm on the minds and hearts of those educated amidst them. The passing stranger gazes upon the stately groves, broad avenues, secluded walks, streams and lawns, by which they are characterized and adorned, with emotions of unmingled admiration. And I can readily imagine how great the fascination connected with them may be, when stamped in the associations of a warm heart, by what, to the scholar, may justly be termed "home scenes."

The gravelled walk within the enclosures of Magdalen, bordering in some of its sections on the waters of the Charwell, and overhung in its whole extent, by the majestic growth of centuries, is near a mile in circuit; and varied, at different points, by objects of interest and beauty. To this College there is also a deer park attached, in which, by the conditions of its foundation, a certain number of deer are to be kept.

Previously to the reformation, a mass was performed on the top of the tower of Magdalen Chapel, on the morning of every May-day, for the repose of the soul of Henry VII. And at the present time, the choir in their robes, still, at an early hour of that day, chant from the same height select pieces of sacred music. There are many other singular observances, still regarded in these different institutions.

The hall and library of All Souls, and the chapel and gardens of New College, completed the routine of the morning. The chapel of New College is one of the most beautiful structures of the kind in the

world ; and holds the first place among the sacred structures of the University. No description can convey to you the exquisite beauty of the finish within ; or the effect of its tracery and sculpture, and the varied subjects of its admirably painted windows. The whole has been recently restored in a perfect keeping of the original architecture, with a degree of taste and skill which is beyond praise.

The gardens, too, of this college, though small in extent, compared with those of Magdalen and others, are in unrivalled taste and loveliness—eliciting admiration at every turn, and causing us, almost to envy the possession of them even by the muses themselves. A company of undergraduates were practising at archery on one of the lawns, and we remained some time spectators of their skill. This is a favourite exercise and amusement among schoolboys and students ; and much practised in fashionable circles, by the fair daughters of the kingdom, as well as by their brothers and friends of the hardier sex. Archery and boating—in the beautiful yachts on the Isis—are favourite sports of the students without doors. And from what we have observed and heard, I would judge that music, on the piano, guitar, violin, and various wind instruments, is not less an elegant relaxation within.

The charge of a general prodigality of habit and manner, which I have heard made against the students here, is said to be untrue. Where so great a number of young men of rank and fortune are associated, who do not design to pursue any profession, there doubtless are many who pass much of their

time in idleness, and in many cases it may be in dissipation. But, we are told on good authority, that a majority, at all the colleges, spend their mornings, invariably, in close attention to their studies in their rooms. And that the recreations of such are chiefly furnished by the walks of beauty, in which the city and environs abound, in rowing upon the streams around, and in the elegant resource of music, and other accomplishments of a similar kind.

Each student is obliged, under a penalty not agreeable to incur, to be in his own college after nine o'clock at night ; and, if out to a later hour, cannot escape the notice of the janitor, or avoid the report made by him of an infringement of the rules of the institution.

Our evening stroll was through the gardens of St. John's, and over the various sections of Christ's Church College, which is considered and called the head of the University. It possesses a fine gallery of paintings, and a noble library. Its hall is very large, and covered with portraits of persons of the first distinction, who claim in this college their *alma mater*. Its chapel is venerable and antique, and filled with monuments of interest ; its kitchen a curiosity ; and the grounds unequalled by those of any other college, in their extent and position, upon the banks of the Isis.

But you, dear V——, must be as weary of decyphering this hasty outline of the day, as I am with the excitement of passing, so rapidly, over such an extent of ground, crowded with objects of admiration, in art, science, and nature. And, I will drop

my pen, for the night, by saying—that Oxford is just the place in which I could have wished to have received an education. And at which I should, even now, were it possible, delight to seclude myself a year or two, for reading and study, in better preparation for usefulness, in my office and sphere.

## LETTER XXIV.

CHESTERTON LODGE, MIDDLETON PARK, AND STOWE.

Country between Oxford and Bicester—Farm-house at Chesterton—Chesterton Lodge—Taste of a Farmer's Son—The Vicarage and Lady of the Clergyman—Cottage of Lord Jersey's Steward—Grounds and Apartments at Middleton House—Stowe Park—The Saloon and State Rooms—Private Apartments—Beauty and varied ornaments of the Grounds—Arrival at Newport.

*Saracen's Head, Newport Pagnell,  
July 7th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

TO-DAY has been a more busy day with us, if possible, than yesterday was at the university.

Oxford was made our first point, in leaving London, from the determination, in passing through it on our way from Liverpool, that we would pay it a second and special visit. Another spot, which I felt unwilling to leave England without seeing, was Weston Underwood, long the residence of my favourite poet, Cowper. In tracing the route on the map from Oxford to this, while still in London, it was perceived that we should pass within two or three miles of the village of Chesterton, in the vicinity of which my friend Mr. Rotchfort Clarke has a Lodge. He was desirous that I should take a peep at it, *en passant*, though himself and Mrs. Clarke were in town; and in leaving Oxford we made ar-

rangements to stop at Bicester, twelve miles distant, the nearest post-town to Chesterton.

The intervening country is more uninteresting than any we have yet passed over, being one unvaried level, with a poor and cold soil, principally of clay. With the exception of the hedges intersecting it, it has scarce a redeeming feature. It was not yet ten o'clock when we reached Bicester. We took a post-chaise for Chesterton Lodge, three miles west of it, without a moment's delay, having learned that the cholera was raging in the town with great malignity. There had been seven deaths, in a small population, within the few hours preceding our entrance to the place; and we felt little disposition to linger within its precincts.

Mr. Clarke was desirous that the observations of the day might be as general and diversified as possible; and gave us letters by which we could have access, on the direct route to Weston and Olney, to a series of establishments, commencing with the dwelling of the common farmer having charge of his seat, and terminating in Stowe, the magnificent palace of the Duke of Buckingham. The Lodge is just at the entrance of Chesterton from Bicester; but we drove past it a short distance to deliver to Mr. Phillips, the farmer, a note from Mr. Clarke for our admission to it, and to the grounds and gardens by which it is surrounded.

On driving through a lane to the farm-house, we came upon a substantial, well-built, and well-kept dwelling; but closely surrounded, even to the very entrance door, by cow and stable yards, well per-

fumed by odours peculiar to them, and which extended to the choicest apartments. I have been struck with this arrangement in the farm-houses in general here, even in those of individuals of the class of independence and respectability. And am as much at a loss to understand the advantage, as the desirableness, of such a juxtaposition in these appendages to a farm, and the family residence.

The master was not at home. But his son, a healthy, well-looking young man of twenty, received the note of Mr. C. and very kindly invited us to alight. Seconded very soon by the wife and mother—a stout, ruddy and striking specimen, in her class of life, of a Mrs. John Bull. She regretted that her husband was not at home; but that her son “*should do all as in his power*” to show us the Lodge and grounds. While he was making some little preparation for this, we walked into the parlour, a neat and comfortable apartment, in which she kindly offered to prepare for us a luncheon. Not needing any refreshment, however, we declined the civility, and soon followed her son to the Lodge, across an adjoining field.

Oxfordshire is celebrated as a sporting country, and the lodge was originally a hunting-box of the family. Mr. Clarke’s desire, and my own wish to see it, in passing by, arose from considerations distinct from any particular attraction in the house itself, or in the beauty of its situation. It is what, in America, would be called a genteel and pretty residence, consisting of a conservatory, forming the entrance to the passage—a breakfast parlour, a dining and draw-

ing-room, on the first floor—and bed, and dressing-rooms, with a boudoir, on the second. There is an extensive lawn in front; and shrubbery, flower, and kitchen gardens—grapery, fish-ponds, &c. in the rear, surrounded by groves, and clumps of trees.

We viewed all these with an interest for which our cicerone seemed at a loss to account; and, of which, as he had learned we were in haste to proceed, he appeared a little impatient—from a fear, as we soon discovered, that the object, most worth seeing in his view, attached to the premises, should be passed over in our call. The first moment there was an opportunity, he gave us a hint of his particular taste—where there was any enthusiasm to be expended—by saying, with a very beseeching look, “And now, please your honours, as you have seen the house and gardens, you will surely like to see the *colt*?” “What colt?” “Oh! my colt, in the stables just out here a bit,” was the reply, as he hurried us on with a look of great satisfaction, that we put no veto upon the proposition.

To the stables, therefore, we went; and, in a beautiful young horse, found that it was not without reason, that his master was unwilling not to have him seen. And not only beautiful, but of no small value too, where the fox-hunt and the race-course are among the prominent sports of the country. In making some inquiries of the post-boy on this point, in crossing from Bicester, he told us that his master had recently sold a hunter for four hundred and fifty guineas.

Our next call was at the vicarage, a comfortable,

double house of brick, in the town, standing a short distance from the street, with a shrubbery in front. Mr. Clarke had given us a line to the Rev. Aubrey Price, the curate, with a request that he would accompany us to the lodge; but having learned that this gentleman was also from home, we deferred calling till in our chaise again. Mrs. Price received us politely. She seems intelligent and benevolent; and, in her whole appearance, very like the wife of a village clergyman at home. Mr. Price, till recently, was a Fellow of one of the colleges at Oxford, and received the curacy of which he is the incumbent, from the University. It is the first residence of the kind, we have been in, and I should not judge from it, that this class of the clergy, at least, are living in any greater degree of elegance or comfort, than those similarly situated in the United States.

The proximity of the Cholera, and its ravages at Bicester, had created great uneasiness; and Mr. and Mrs. Price seem both to have been exerting themselves, with great activity, to meliorate its fatality, should it make its appearance in their parish, by a thorough inspection of the cottages of the inhabitants, and seeing that they are newly white-washed, and other precautionary measures attended to.

We were urged, with much hospitality, to remain the day. But our arrangements of time would not admit of it; and we early drove three miles further, to the pretty, tasteful, and rural village of Middleton. Middleton Park, a seat of the Earl of Jersey, is the great house near it. And Mr. Clarke had advised

us to give a half hour to the view of it, not only as an elegant specimen of the style of country residence, next in gradation above Chesterton Lodge, but more particularly that we might observe, what taste and wealth could accomplish by landscape gardening, in creating a varied and beautiful scenery, upon a surface which is literally a dead level.

We had repeatedly seen Lady Jersey in general company—had heard much said of her taste and elegance, as a leader of the *haut ton*—and felt, ourselves, a strong disposition to inspect a principal country residence, arranged and adorned by one so conspicuous in elegant life.

The family are not at Middleton, at this season of the year; and Mr. Clarke gave us a note to Mr. Bignell, the Earl's steward, requesting of him an order for our admission to the house and grounds, in case we should determine to stop on our way. Mr. Bignell occupies a neat cottage in the town, fronting immediately on the street, but opening by French windows in the rear, upon a beautiful lawn and shrubbery. He was not at home, but Mrs. Bignell received us politely, in a handsome parlour, while she wrote the requisite order. The stewards of noblemen and gentlemen of wealth, are generally persons of respectability and independence; often possessing fortunes which, in America, would amount to affluence—from £50,000, to £100,000—and the whole aspect of the establishment in which we were, the style and arrangement of the furniture, the dress, manner, and seeming occupation of the mother and daughters, with books, drawings, music, &c. in ele-

gant *négligé* around were those of a genteel and well educated family in the country with us.

We found the park, as we had been told was the case, a perfect level—still distinguished by much of loveliness and beauty. The plantations are so tastefully arranged, and the disposition of them varied with such art, that from the house in every direction, and from all its windows, the eye, in place of falling on a wearying sameness, reposes with delight on something new and even picturesque, in the lengthened vista, and embowered glade, the darkening grove, and the smiling mead and lawn.

We were first shown her ladyship's sitting-room; an apartment of much elegance and taste, opening from the windows into a flower-garden, and communicating on one side, through an alcove, with a delightful and spacious conservatory. The folding doors by which you enter this, are each a single plate of glass, of such perfect translucency, that on more than one occasion, as the housekeeper informed us, they have been *walked through*, at an expense to his Lordship, of sixty or eighty guineas, before it was perceived that there was any barrier to a free ingress and egress, from one apartment to the other.

The Marquess of Lansdown had the mishap, recently, of paying this compliment to the beauty of the glass. A principal object, in choosing such a material for the service, it is probable, is the exhibition, in the perspective, of an exquisitely chiseled Venus, of the purest white, bathing in a marble fount, occupying the centre of the conservatory.

Lord Jersey's sitting-room, a ball-room, drawing-

room, noble library, and dining-room, complete the suite—unless there be included, a luxurious bathing and dressing-room, at the foot of a private stair, lighted from a dome above. Among the ornaments of the house, are many fine paintings and family portraits. With one, we were particularly pleased—that of Lady Ponsonby, a sister of the Earl, taken as Rachel at the Well. Our cicerone thought it by Lawrence, but it is not in his style.

In the shrubbery we for a first time saw a rose tree, and "*in full bearing*" too. It is produced by the budding of a rose upon a particular brier, trained for the purpose; and when, as now, in full bloom is a beautiful object.

Seventeen miles, quickly accomplished by post, brought us to Stowe. The last two were within the enclosures of the Park. The front of the edifice which we approached, presents a long and noble range of Grecian architecture of a light coloured stone, not dissimilar in its general style, though of a more simple order, from Blenheim House, and overlooking a wide stretch of level and open park scenery.

An old groom of the chambers received us at the door, where we dismissed our carriage to an inn on the opposite side of the ground, till we should rejoin it by a walk of a mile or more through them. The vestibule which we entered is ornamented with some fine casts in bronze—a Laocoon, an Apollo, &c.—and opens into a magnificent saloon, which occupies the centre of the structure, and is lighted from the roof.

This is an oval hall of noble dimensions and height,

beautifully paved, and adorned by a rich and massive colonnade, in imitation of an Italian marble, of a pink shade and vein. The frieze surmounting it, is an exact copy of the sculpture on the column of Trajan at Rome; and the vaulted ceiling of stucco, in compartments, is in fine keeping with the general architecture. Between the columns are niches in the wall, filled with statues. Several are antiques of great value; and most of them, indeed, if not all, of a character which might lead an inexperienced amateur to suppose that they belonged to the primitive age, in which, not even a fig-leaf was deemed necessary, in drapery.

This saloon opens by a door opposite to that in the vestibule, upon the grand portico of the garden front, and communicates by folding doors at either end with a princely suite of apartments—those on the right being the state-rooms, and those on the left the apartments in ordinary use by the family when at this residence. The entire vista from the state bed-chamber, the last of the show apartments, to the common drawing-room, at the extreme of the opposite range, must be near, if it is not quite five hundred feet. The state-rooms are rich in their display of exquisitely wrought tapestry, magnificent cabinets and paintings, and articles of costliness and *vertu* without number. But the family apartments are altogether the most pleasing in their general style of simple elegance. They exhibit striking proofs of a chaste and pure taste in their whole colouring and embellishments; and bear greater evidence of being the scene of the refined and domestic enjoyments of life, than those of any other palace we have visited.

Besides these suites on the garden front there are, across a passage opposite to them, a billiard-room, picture-gallery, library, and chapel, all in the same magnificent keeping.

The park and ornamental gardens immediately around the house, differ as widely as well can be, without the wildness of the ravine and the mountain, from the grounds at Middleton. Their natural features, improved and embellished by art, present an Eden to the eye, and afford within their limits twenty miles of diversified walks, tastefully laid out and admirably kept.

Fault has been found, with the great number of architectural ornaments clustered closely around the house, and perhaps some of them might be removed to advantage. But I should scarce know which to sacrifice, for each, at some particular point, presents its peculiar beauty. In one grove stands the parish Church, deeply embowered with foliage from which its pinnacles are just seen to peep. Above another rises a tower, more than a hundred feet high, surmounted by a statue of Lord Cobham, to whom it was erected. On one height is an obelisk—on another the Queen's Summer-house breaks upon the view. Here you have a temple containing the statues of the cardinal Virtues; there an alcove filled with the busts of English worthies. Here a Gothic tower, and there the fanes of Friendship and Concord—a beautiful bridge, a triumphal arch, a lake and its islets, a tumbling cascade, with cattle, sheep, and deer, peacocks, swans, gold and silver pheasants, and every indication of a boundless resource of wealth and taste.

## LETTER XXV.

## WESTON UNDERWOOD, AND JOURNEY TO NOTTINGHAM.

Cowper, the poet—Residence of Mrs Unwin—Present aspect of Weston—The Throckmorton family—The Wilderness—Bust of Homer—Monuments of the dogs Neptune and Fop—Leicester Abbey—Field of Bosworth—Charnwood forest—Ashby-de-la-Zouch—Rev. Mr. Tait and Mrs. Tait—Arrival at Nottingham.

*George the Fourth's Inn, Nottingham,  
July 10th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

OUR object in making choice of Newport Pagnell for the repose of the Sabbath, was, that we might be in the vicinity of Weston Underwood, so long the residence of Cowper.

We were under the impression, when we arrived there from Buckingham, in the edge of the evening on Saturday, that Olney and Weston, places immortalized by his genius, were within a short walk of it. But, after having alighted and dismissed our chaise, ascertained that we were still five miles distant. It was, however, too late, and we too much fatigued, to proceed further; and the Saracen's Head continued to be our quarters.

On the morning of the Sabbath, we attended worship in the Parish church; but were disappointed in our expectation of hearing a sermon. The day was that of the communion, when the service only is read. It was announced, too, that there would be

no further worship during it; and in the afternoon we drove to Olney and Weston. These are situated two miles from each other, upon the waters of the Ouse. We made no stop in the former, which is distinguished, in the landscape, by the loftiness and fine proportions of its spire, but proceeded at once to Weston.

It was not yet church time, when we arrived; and learning that the former dwelling of Mrs. UNWIN was unoccupied, we paid it a visit in the interim.

Cowper has been a character of deep interest to me from childhood—his works, more than most others, the subjects of favourite and frequent perusal; and no spot I have yet visited in England, has taken such deep hold on my feelings, as that consecrated by his memory. In itself, it now presents few attractions. The village is decayed, mean, and obscure; and the surrounding scenery less strikingly beautiful than I had anticipated finding it. Still it possesses a charm, to me, from early associations of fancy, of peculiar interest. And to have gazed upon it, to have walked through it, and to have mused over its changes and its state, has been a most pleasing, though a truly melancholy gratification.

Everything he loved, now exhibits the desolation and the gloom, which clouded much of his life, and darkened the hour of his death. The house in which he long possessed so happy a retreat, is an almost untenable ruin; the garden he tilled is without culture or form; the hall of the Throckmortons razed to the ground; its parks cut down, and the "Wilderness"—a wilderness indeed! Everything, in truth, in

the least associated with him, as a resident of Weston, is literally a desolation ! This, it is probable, is principally to be attributed to the removal, long since, from the place, of the Throckmortons, by the inheritance of a baronetcy, and more valuable and more attractive domains in another county, than those possessed and previously occupied by them here.

The church partakes of the general features of the place ; and the audience assembled in it, was the most rustic and rude I recollect ever to have seen, in any section of the civilized world.

While the horses were putting to the carriage, at the close of the sermon and worship, we walked in advance of it, under the guidance of a lad at the post-house, to the " Wilderness," almost the only vestige remaining, of the favourite and immortalized haunts of the poet. It might readily be believed, from its appearance, that it had not been trodden by a footstep since the last century. It is now a mass of neglected and entangled wood, its walks all covered with mould and moss, its seats and alcoves tumbled into ruin, and its embellishments deformed with decay.

Shortly after entering it, and turning into a broad avenue, matted with grass, we came to a mouldering pedestal, surmounted by a bust of Homer, erected, no doubt, at an early period of his friendship with the Throckmortons, in honour of the translations made by him, from the Grecian bard. While standing by it, Captain Bolton and myself were insensibly led into a conversation, marked with more than ordinary feeling, upon the character, piety, and mental afflict-

tion of the poet, and were expressing, in strong terms, the melancholy satisfaction of this visit, to the scenes of his happiest hours, when the sentiment and pathos of the moment, received a rude shock, from the little urchin attending us. Perceiving the deep interest we were taking in the objects around, and seemingly desirous of adding to the sources of our sympathy, he suddenly broke the current of our feelings, and scattered the sadness on our brow, by the earnest exclamation, "And please your honours, but they'se more old stones out here a bit!"

And what think you, dear V——, those old stones were? The monuments, with the inscriptions, by our favourite bard, over the graves of "Neptune, the Pointer," and "Fop," Mrs. Throckmorton's lap-dog.

The journey of a hundred miles and more, from Newport Pagnell to Nottingham, by Northampton, Leicester, and Ashby-de-la-Zouch, has been rapidly accomplished by us. The route, in general, is through a rich and beautiful country. The characteristic features of the whole, however, are much the same. An object in view, at almost all times, in one direction or another, is ever-pleasing to my eye, and happy in the association of thought connected with it—the lofty, symmetrical, and pointed spire of a parish church, springing from some sunny hill or tufted grove, as if to direct the thoughts and affections of the traveller to heaven and to God. In the approach to Leicester, from Northampton, not less than six or eight of these are seen at the same time, piercing the sky in as many different directions.

At Leicester we visited the ruins of the Abbey, so

famed as the retreat of Cardinal Woolsey ; and gave a passing look at the house in which Richard III. is said to have slept, the night preceding the battle of Bosworth.

The ride from Leicester to Ashby is more undulating, and more varied, by hill and dale, than any section of the country, through which we have passed since leaving London. From an observatory, erected on Barton Hill, seen from the road, the coachman informed us, that twenty counties, and one hundred and fifty parish churches, could be numbered on a clear day. Not far from this, we had a distant sight of the field of Bosworth ; and afterwards passed over a part of Charnwood forest, famed as a hunting-ground of Robin Hood.

Ashby-de la-Zouch, is a picturesque and pretty town, having a fine ruin, a venerable old church, in which the good Countess of Huntingdon is buried ; and a range of bath-houses, at its mineral springs, among the most splendid in Europe. A principal object in taking Ashby in our route, was to call upon the lady of the Rev. Mr. Tait, the dissenting clergyman of the place, whom I had known as Miss Adam, a daughter of my friends of Marshgate, and whom I now had the pleasure of meeting for an hour. It was necessary for us, however, to proceed almost immediately to this place, which we reached, much fatigued, early this evening.

## LETTER XXVI.

## ARRIVAL AT NEWSTEAD, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE ABBEY.

The fulfilment of a promise—Letters from Lord Byron to Col. Wildman—Reception at Newstead—Former and present condition of the mansion and estate—Grand entrance—Stair-case—Banqueting-hall—Breakfast parlour—Library—Drawing-room—Principal bed-rooms—Haunted chamber—and Byron's Tower.

*Newstead Abbey, Nottinghamshire,  
July 14th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

ERE this, you must be so weary of attempting to make intelligible the crude sketches I transmit to you, that I fear a date even from NEWSTEAD, and from the "haunted room" of the Abbey itself, will scarce excite interest sufficient to call in exercise your inventive powers in discovering what may be scribbled beneath it.

Seven years ago, at the Sandwich Islands, Lord Byron promised me, on one occasion, when BYRON his cousin, and the Abbey were the topics of conversation, that if I ever visited England, he would take pleasure in accompanying me to Nottinghamshire and showing me the estate. When first in the kingdom, the year following, it was under circumstances to interdict my leaving London for a sufficient time to make the journey; and, now, his Lordship's connection with the household of the Queen, and other duties forbade a visit by him to this section of the

country. He was unwilling, however, that I should travel through England without seeing a mansion so interesting in many respects, and so universally famed; and kindly furnished Captain Bolton and myself with letters to his friend, Col. Wildman, the present proprietor of the Abbey, and of the estates attached to it.

The morning we were leaving London, Captain Bolton very unexpectedly received a second letter to Col. Wildman, from an American gentleman of Baltimore, who had made the acquaintance and friendship of himself and Mrs. Wildman, beneath their own roof. And we were thus doubly provided with an introduction to them.

But though assured of the generous hospitality of those who are now our hosts, we thought only, in leaving Nottingham on Wednesday for the drive of ten miles to the Abbey, of a morning call and a survey of the mansion; and left our luggage at the hotel till we should return in the afternoon to pursue our travel to the north. But this arrangement, Col. Wildman said, on being informed of it in answer to an inquiry for our trunks, after having handsomely welcomed us, was entirely out of the question. And permitted us to take leave again, after a delightful morning in viewing the mansion and grounds, only on condition that we should return to dinner the following day, prepared for as long a sojourn as should be agreeable to ourselves.

It is but candid to confess that the cordiality of the invitation, and the handsome manner in which it was proffered, was exceedingly grateful to us, and the

temptation in every point of view, especially after meeting the accomplished inmates of the Abbey, too great to be resisted. At an early hour, therefore, the next day, we, for a second time, alighted, "bag and baggage," at its portals.

Col. Wildman is an officer in the Hussars; and though apparently not more than thirty-five years of age, served with Wellington in the Peninsular war, and shared in the conflict and honours of Waterloo. He was an aid-de-camp of the Marquess of Anglesea, in the battle, and received a slight wound himself where his general lost a leg. An heir to great wealth, he, shortly after that period, upon his marriage, fixed upon Newstead, then offered for disposal, for the investiture of a portion of his monied inheritance.

Byron had been a school-fellow, on an older form, for several years, at Harrow. And his friend, an admirer of his genius and his works, himself a person of taste and accomplishments, chose Newstead in preference to any other estate open to his purchase, though then in a most neglected and wretched condition. So much so that many of his friends thought him mad. That which had been one of the noblest and most venerable parks in England, had been dispoiled of its timber till not a tree remained; its enclosures were all prostrate; scarce an apartment in the Abbey was inhabitable; the farms returned no rent; and the whole property appeared as if just swept by the besom of destruction.

Col. Wildman, however, believed it to be recoverable; and with his resources it was so. And now,

at the end of fourteen years of unremitted expenditure, like the Phoenix, it is rising into a more than primeval magnificence and splendour. The estate is covered with young and thriving plantations, around which, more than six miles of high and substantial brick wall has been built. The farms with new dwellings and out-houses, are productive and valuable in their rents. And the Abbey, which the architect, who inspected it after the purchase, declared would have been one wide ruin, with every roof fallen in, at the end of another heavy winter, is restored in every part to more than primitive strength and durability, and equals in its attractions and magnificence, the most splendid residences of the kingdom.

No alteration has been suffered in the walls or original apartments; but the whole has been newly roofed, many parts refaced, and decayed and mouldering material substituted by that which is solid and sound. And all in such perfect keeping with the primitive architecture, that not only the Byron's of the last three or four hundred years, but the old monks of the twelfth century themselves, could they rise from their graves, would find Newstead still their old and well known home.

Byron's own description of the Abbey—

“ An old, old monastery once, and now  
Still older mansion of a rich and rare  
Mixed Gothic—”

is throughout, beautifully true and graphic. The situation is low; chosen as, in the same lines the poet sarcastically says, by the monks,

———“a hill behind,  
To shield their devotion from the wind.”

In America it would, perhaps, be called tame; but rising ground, tufted with wood, swelling in the distance on every hand, and the beauty of three small lakes, amidst brightly gleaming lawns, by which it is adorned, compensate, in a degree at least, for the want of a greater wildness of outline.

The principal front is towards the west, with the largest of the sheets of water, covering thirty-six acres of ground, washing the edges of the lawn descending from it. It is that most usually seen in engravings, having the ruins of the old chapel at one end—

“A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile,  
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.”

The only addition which has been made by Col. Wildman to the building, is a lofty, square, and embattled tower, at the opposite end of the same front, called the Sussex tower, after the 'Duke of Sussex, to whom the Colonel is equerry. His Royal Highness is a personal and intimate friend of our hosts, and is, for some weeks of every season, their guest at Newstead. The principal rooms in this tower, are now fitting for his accommodation; and this appropriation of them gives origin to the name for the whole.

The south front is quite as beautiful, save the effect of the ruin—and presents a more lengthened *façade* than the west. It opens, by a paved terrace, upon a lovely lawn, sloping gently to the second lake—supplied by a stream and cascade from the first—

and communicating along its borders, with the shrubbery and modern flower-garden. The northern and eastern sides of the building overlook the old gardens of the monastery.

From this enumeration of fronts, you will be reminded, dear V——, that the Abbey is a quadrangle, enclosing a grass covered area some eighty or a hundred feet square, encircled by cloisters below, and overlooked by a range of windows on the second floor, which gives light to the wide and lofty corridor extending round three sides of the pile, and forming the communication between its different sides and sections. These windows, and the corresponding openings in the cloisters beneath them, are all thickly draped with ivy, admitting only

“A dim, religious light,”

and allowing but an occasional peep at the old monastic fountain, standing in the centre—

“deck’d with carvings quaint;  
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,  
And here perhaps a monaster, there a saint”—

from the granite mouths of which is constantly heard, as it gushes into the still basin below,

“the sound of water,  
Ever friend to thought.”

The principal entrance is by a beautifully groined arch in the west front. It opens into a spacious but low vestibule, supported by Gothic arches, once the room in which the poor and the stranger was received by the monks, in dispensing alms. It com-

municates, on one side, with the grand staircase—a noble piece of architecture in stone, with an exquisitely painted wall, presenting the meeting of Jacob and Rachel at the well, in the midst of the loveliest imagery of a Judean landscape—leading to the banqueting-hall above, and on the other, with one more common, opening from the landing into the western section of the corridor within.

The grand staircase communicates directly on the upper landing with the banqueting-hall. This was originally the refectory of the monks; and is a noble apartment, more than sixty feet in length, thirty feet wide, and as many in height. The old Gothic roof of oak is still retained; three magnificent windows open from it to the west; and a massive orchestra occupies the end at the entrance. Stately foldings lead from it into the corridor, which communicates with the breakfast parlour and library on one hand, and the drawing-room on the other. The breakfast parlour is a beautiful room, in wainscoting of oak, in simple squares, the panels being formed of the old dark wood of the original wainscot, while the panelling is new and light in its colour—the contrast presenting a cheerful and pretty effect.

The library is near this, but on the north side. It is a long, quiet, delightful apartment. The corridor does not extend along this side of the pile; and three windows of stained glass, on one hand, look from it upon the ivy-mantled quadrangle, its dark cloisters and old fountain, within; while two others, with projecting casements, open upon the ruined arch hung with creepers, and upon the smooth green sward marking

the former nave of the chapel—the whole shut in by a heavy grove of old trees, in place of its former walls, from whose tops the cawing of rooks and ravens is constantly falling on the ear, mingled with the soothing murmurs of an adjoining *jet d'eau*.

The collection of books is not so extensive as in many libraries we have visited, but is select and valuable, comprising many of the choicest works of genius and art, more than sufficient for all the uses of the mind. It is ornamented with portraits and busts, and many articles of interest and curiosity. Over the mantel, hangs the portrait of an ancient Byron, in the costume of the age, known in the old writings of the family and estate, by the designation of "Sir John the Little, with the great beard"—an appendage to his physiognomy fully displayed by the artist. One article, comprised in the furniture of this apartment, will not soon lose its interest—the table on which the poet wrote *CHILDE HAROLD*.

The corridor leading from the eastern end of this room, to the entrance of the drawing-room, on the south front, opposite, cannot be less than a hundred and fifty feet in length. It opens by a door of painted glass, on the north, to the area of the old chapel, and through it to the old gardens; and on the south, by a large window, near the entrance to the drawing-room, overlooks a lovely landscape, in lawn, grove, and water.

The drawing-room is one of the most magnificent, in its dimensions and *coup d'œil*, we have yet seen in the kingdom. It is eighty feet in length, thirty-five or forty in width, and of a proportionate height. In

the days of the monastery, it was the dormitory of the fathers. It is lighted by five immense windows—that in the centre, opposite the fire-place, forming in itself a comfortable boudoir. The floor is of polished oak; and the ceiling—a flattened Gothic arch, supported by brackets and corbels—is a beautiful specimen of Italian art two hundred years ago, in compartments of stucco, exhibiting a great variety of figures and devices, flowers, birds, &c. &c. The walls are hung with full length portraits of several of the kings and queens of England, and of the ancestors of the family; and at the head of the room, is a splendid full-length picture of the Duke of Sussex, in coronation dress, with one of Col. Wildman, on one side, and another of Mrs. Wildman opposite.

The entire furniture is in admirable keeping with the pile, comprising a large collection of articles of great beauty and antique value. Richly wrought chairs, and sofas of old oak, with cushions of tapestry, cabinets, centre and sofa tables, mirrors, &c. to correspond, relieved here and there, by an article of modern elegance and luxury, a grand piano, harp, &c.

And now, having given you this outline of the Abbey, and the principal apartments on the west, northern, and south fronts, I must give you a peep at those opening from the corridor, on the east. These constitute a range of principal bed and dressing-rooms—not less than six of each, all spacious and lofty, and noted by some distinguishing honour or circumstance. Those occupied by Captain Bolton, are styled by the name of “Charles II.” They were built by the Byron of the day, for the reception of that

CHAMBER, and appropriated to him during a visit with the Duke of Burgundy the Baron and the Abbey, after the death of the king. It is hung with tapestry; the furniture of the bed, the covering of the chairs and sofas, and of the same material; and the walls are adorned with a portrait of the king and another of his queen.

The bed-room in which I am placed, is of still more distinction, being "Henry VII.'s lodgings,"—and from the fact of that sovereign's having slept in it, during the occupation of the monks, is supposed to have been the apartment appropriated, as customary, in such foundations, for the reception of guests of rank, seeking the hospitality and protection of the friars in their travels and "progresses." It too, is an antequely furnished and tapestried room, and has the very attractive additional interest, of being the "*haunted chamber*" of the pile. Even very recently, a gallant hero of Waterloo occupying it, on being suddenly awakened, at the time when the lights "burn blue," was obliged to spring from his bed, and with the poker, snatched from the fire-place, to give fight, in "valiant combat," to the shadowy disturber of his slumbers.

In selecting it, however, from two offered to my choice, I embraced what appeared to me, the smallest of evils. In the survey of the building, taken the first morning of our arrival, we were shown every part of it, from the rooms fitted up and occupied by the poet, at the top of a tower adjoining the old ivy-covered arch—when the rest of the pile was untenable—to the dark cloister, in which lies the stone coffin, once the depository of the old prior, exhumed to

make room for "Boatswain," the Newfoundland dog, and whose skull was formed into a drinking-cup. The cup itself we had also seen, as now preserved, with its mountings of silver, and inscriptions by the bard, in a magnificent cabinet of the Abbey. The impressions derived, from these mementos, of the reckless spirit of the poet, was such, that notwithstanding the ghostly tales of the "haunted chamber," when Col. Wildman pleasantly asked me, on my return, which apartments I would choose, those of Byron or of the "Black Friar,"—I at once replied, "any, but the rooms of the Poet." If there be a restless spirit within these walls, I feel persuaded it must be that of him, who could, in wild sport, disinter from a high altar, one who had long reposed quietly in his grave; and could convert the skull, which once might have contained a mind scarce less brilliant, and more pure than his own, into a goblet for midnight revelry and debauch.

Still I must confess, that the recurrence of all the superstition of nursery tales, as—after listening in the drawing-room, till the dead of night, to the ghostly chronicles of the Abbey—I closed my bed-room door upon walls which excluded all knowledge of a fellow inhabitant, except the distant booming on the ear of a door shut in some remote part of the pile, was such that I felt half tempted, before extinguishing the light, to test, by a touch, the nature of the grim figures by which I was surrounded, and thus to satisfy myself that no secret spring could give access, in a dreaming hour, to a disturber of the quietude of my repose.

## LETTER XXVII.

## A WEEK AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Byron's Room—Col. and Mrs. Wildman—Their guests—Manner of life—Servants—Sketch of a day—Drawing-room in the evening—Drive to Mansfield—Club of Odd Fellows—Hucknall Church and tomb of the Byrons—The Abbey Chapel—Worship of the Sabbath—Farewell to Newstead, by Captain Bolton.

*Byron's Room, Newstead Abbey,  
July 16th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

A RESIDENCE of five days in this ghost-like pile, has made me so much at home with its winding corridors and dark cloisters, that I have ceased to cast suspicious glances even at the dead of night, towards Byron's tower. And, am in the peaceful possession and enjoyment of an apartment and of furniture, which have witnessed his inmost thoughts, and which, had they tongues, could disclose more of the true character and heart of their former master, than was ever known to his nearest friend.

As I have before mentioned, the rooms prepared for his private use, in the abbey, are at the top of a tower, in the angle of the mansion next the gothic arch. They are accessible, only, by a winding staircase of stone: and, for this reason, are not so convenient as the sleeping-rooms, on the principal floor. And knowing that a large accession of company, with ladies in the number, was to arrive to-day, I insisted

upon resigning my apartment of state, with its spacious accommodations and dressing-rooms, as the only condition upon which I could listen to the solicitations to prolong our stay. To this, Col. Wildman said, with a smile, he had no objection, provided I would run the risk of anything that might befall me in Byron's room and bed. And I now address you, literally from "the poet's corner."

Pleasantries aside, these apartments, consisting of a bed-room, dressing-room, and room for a page or a valet, though less spacious and lofty than those below, are scarce less agreeable and cheerful. There is one window in each; that of the bed-room overlooks the front lawn and lake on the west, while the page's overhangs the former nave of the chapel, and the rookery, and the third opens upon the leads of the corridor into the cloistered quadrangle within. The bed, surmounted by a baron's coronet, in gilding, and hung in drapery of blue chintz; a sofa, covered with the same material; the chairs, writing table, pictures on the walls, principally engravings of sections of Cambridge, &c. &c. are all as left by the noble bard. And thus, are invested with an interest surpassing that of any other section of the building.

But, after so much of the abbey, it is time I should make you more particularly acquainted with its inmates. Of the general character of these, you may judge from the fact, that, on our second arrival from Nottingham, we came only for a day, and, after spending five, are now well nigh constrained to make out the week. They are truly a delightful people—full of hospitality, and every kind quality of the heart; and

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Col. Thack-  
Roche, and friend of  
himself and lost  
again to be en-  
Rev. Mr. Vernon  
his wife and two daughters,  
officer of the dragoons,  
that you may perceive in  
time, our host and hostess re-  
their friends, in elegance

by its servants, valet,  
—yet such is the ex-  
the establishment, that  
produced in any sec-  
by a gentleman now a  
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days in succession.

The excellence and training of the servants in this country, renders such a manner of life, where there is wealth to maintain it, not only practicable, but customary—and that too, without imposing any care or fatigue upon the master and mistress; and without interfering, in the least, with their leisure and freedom to dispose of their time, in any way most agreeable to themselves, and conducive to the enjoyment of their friends. The butler and principal waiter, skilled in their duties—and none others are employed—have charge of all those matters which in America, in most cases, require the attention of the master; and the house-keeper and her adjuncts, in their sphere, leave nothing for the thought or anxiety of the mistress. Everything moves in perfect order and system; and each domestic service in the routine of the day is performed at the time and in the manner it should be. A delightful mode of life; but only to be secured as it is here, by the excellence of the servants—and that excellence, as a general thing, only to be found where the means of livelihood, from a crowded population are few, and highly appreciated.

The order of every day is the same. At seven o'clock a bell is heard summoning the dependants in the household to the servant's hall for breakfast. At nine, a valet or footman visits the room of each gentleman not having a servant of his own—and a dressing-maid that of each lady—to render any service that may be desired. And bringing with him neatly brushed the clothes and boots changed in dressing for dinner the evening before, and taking with him those worn at dinner.

At ten o'clock, or soon after, the company are expected in the library, to exchange the salutations of the morning with Mrs. Wildman, who usually enters about that time, and shortly after leads the way to the breakfast parlour. This is a very informal repast, and generally prolonged till between eleven and twelve. The servants are not in attendance during it ; but are engaged in the morning work of various departments. An egg, fruit, dry toast and tea served at one end of the table by Mrs. Wildman, and coffee at the other by the Colonel or Miss Preisig, constitute the general refreshments—though a side-table always displays a cold ham or chicken, pheasant or piece of beef, from which the gentlemen help themselves at pleasure, and offer their services in the same respect to the ladies.

After breakfast, each one follows his own inclination in the disposal of his time, and repairs to the library or drawing-room, to his own apartments or to the gardens and grounds, and reads, writes, talks or walks as pleases him. At half past two, the butler apprizes each one within doors that "lunch" is on the table, and all generally meet again in the common dining-room to partake of anything or not—a mutton-chop and potatoe, a slice of cold beef with mustard, a biscuit and wine, or a glass of "home brewed." It is then that the arrangements for the amusements of the morning are made—carriages and horses are at the door, the boats in readiness on the lake, and parties are formed according to inclination for riding or driving, sailing or walking, &c.

At half past six the first dinner bell rings, as a signal that it is time for the services of the toilet. This for a half hour is the general occupation. Shortly after seven the gentlemen begin to collect in the drawing-room, followed soon by the ladies in full costume, and by half past seven the butler announces to Mrs. Wildman the readiness of the dinner.

The ladies remain at table usually, till about nine. The gentlemen sit half an hour longer, till coffee is announced.

The arrangements in the banqueting-hall, are not entirely completed; and that which is properly Mrs. Wildman's private drawing-room, is now used for dinner. It forms a part of the house of the prior of the Abbey, when it was a monastery, and in which are the suite of rooms occupied by Col. and Mrs. Wildman. The view from a large, projecting window, is one of the softest and most quiet pictures in water, wood, and lawn, that can well be imagined. And, to add to its loveliness in associations to us, for several successive evenings, just as "the twilight dews were falling," and the ladies about to withdraw from the table, one of the sweetest songsters of the grove, has perched himself upon an oak of Byron's planting, upon the lawn beneath the windows, and charmed us with the most melodious serenade—producing quite an animated discussion, whether it were a genuine nightingale, who had ventured, contrary to the habit of his tribe, to the north of the Trent, or whether it were only some gifted thrush, touching upon some of his rival's notes.

Music in the drawing-room, is early introduced;

and every night we are delighted with a succession of solos, duetts, trios, &c. from Mrs. Wildman, Miss Preisig, and Miss Roche, sang with admirable sweetness and taste, to the accompaniment of the harp, piano, and guitar—at all of which they alternate, with the ease and skill of the Graces. Mrs. Wildman possesses the sweetest and most powerful voice of any amateur performer I ever heard, filling, without any apparent effort, the lofty roof of the immense apartment with notes, rivalling, at times, the floating sweetness of the *Æolian* harp, which

“ The listener holds his breath to hear ;”

and at others, the deep-toned power of the pealing organ, whose vibration trembles on every nerve.

About twelve, servants enter with a tray of refreshments, jellies, biscuit, wine, &c. which, with another containing the bed-room lamps, is placed upon a table. Some tale of witchcraft and hobgoblins is not unfrequently introduced, at the same time, to prepare the imaginations of the superstitious for the distance and death-like stillness of their sleeping apartments ; and in the full flow of social converse and pleasantry, the salutations of the night are interchanged.

On Friday, the whole party went, for the morning, to Mansfield, the nearest town, five miles north of Newstead. Miss Preisig, Miss Roche, Captain Bolton, and myself in an open landau, and the rest of the company, including Mrs. Wildman and the Col. going on horseback. Riding is an accomplishment in which Mrs. Wildman excels. She has two

or three beautiful horses, one to be admired for its name, if on no other account, "Alice Grey"—but, on this occasion, she was mounted upon a charger who had breasted the fight at Waterloo. She has a fine, graceful figure, and is the first to reconcile me to the riding-dress of the English ladies. I never before saw the softness and loveliness of the female in the guise of a round beaver, with collar and cravat. But in her, every look and movement, notwithstanding the dress, seemed graceful and feminine.

The particular object, in going to Mansfield, was to witness a Fair, which it was thought, was holding in the town. But we were literally, "a day after the fair," it having taken place the preceding day. Evidences of it, however, still existed in crowds of people here and there amidst booths and stalls, still standing in the street. A club of "Odd Fellows" were also in meeting at the principal inn, of which Col. Wildman is a member. He is in great popularity, in every respect, in the county. The carriage was some distance in advance of the riding party, as we entered the town; and the equipage and livery being known, it was supposed that he had arrived, and the moment the first postilion and leaders swept round the corner of the principal street, "Col. Wildman—Col. Wildman!" echoed from hundreds of voices in the crowd.

The "Odd Fellows" above caught the name, and returned it with an overwhelming cheer of three-times-three. The equipage was at the same time blocked up in the crowd, and we obliged to sit quietly and meekly beneath the honours designed for our

friend. A discovery of the mistake, and the slight embarrassment of our position only added to the enthusiasm, and cheer after cheer was continued till the Colonel arrived. It was then repeated in a manner which led to a handsome acknowledgment, from his horse, in which he adverted to the kindness of his friends, as very particularly gratifying to him, from being thus expressed in the presence of the gentlemen in the carriage, who were "from the United States of America, and whom he was happy to call his friends and guests." This again led to cheer upon cheer, and as we drove off, the following toast, we were afterwards told, was immediately drank: "The United States of America—Prosperity to her as a nation; and civil and religious liberty throughout the world!"

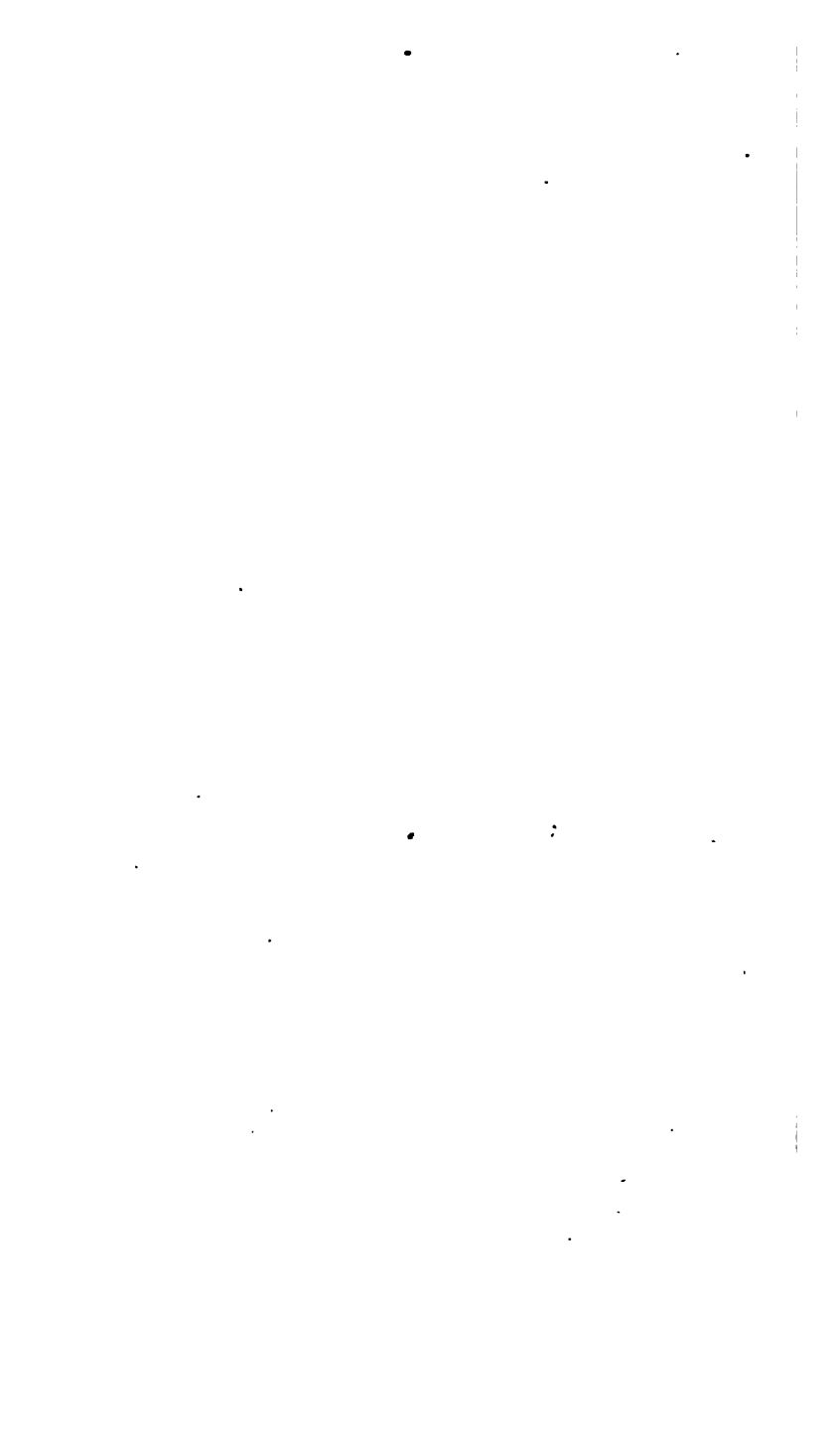
On Saturday, we visited the tomb of Byron at Hucknall—pilgrimages to which you have often read. On the Sabbath, I took upon myself, at the request of the family and guests, the services of the Chapel of the Abbey, the Chaplain being at present absent. It is one of the most interesting sections of the pile—the original oratory of the Monastery opening from the cloisters on the ground floor, with antique windows of painted glass, hung in clustering ivy, and shedding round a solemnizing light. The family and their guests occupy a gallery at the elevation of a few feet above the floor, and the tenantry and servants, constituting a congregation of eighty or a hundred individuals, are seated in the general space. After the worship of the Sabbath, the gardens and shrubbery are thrown open to the tenantry for the promenade

of an hour, in which the Colonel with his guests join—appearing among them as a kind patron and friend. The evenings of the Sabbath are spent in the library in place of the drawing-room.

To-morrow we leave, and it will be with feelings of sincere attachment and deep regret. Not even Byron's room can inspire my muse, and I will close these hasty notices of Newstead, by the copy of a few lines, just scribbled in the Album of Mrs. Wildman, by my friend Bolton :

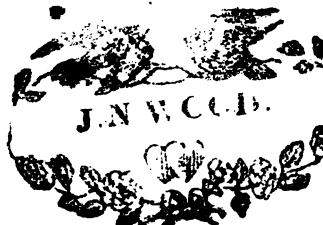
“A glorious sight does Newstead's pile display,  
Stamp'd with the fame of Byron's witching lay;  
Our rapid chaise whirls gaily to the door,  
That leads through cloisters to its upper floor.  
Here wit and beauty gracefully await  
And smile a welcome to the choice retreat  
Of wealth and taste; where mental fields are till'd  
'Mid rarest works with art and genius fill'd.  
Five days are fled!—how happy to prolong  
The ghostly tale, or list to lady's song,  
Which feather'd myriads strive in vain to drown  
By varied notes, pour'd from their leafy throne.  
But other friends bid “Onward”—Stern Time reproves  
delay,  
'The more you know, the more you'll wish to stay.'  
We go—but wander wheresoe'er we can,  
We'll ne'er forget the ABBEY NOR WILDMAN.”

END OF VOL. I.



# SKETCHES OF SOCIETY

IN



## GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

*checked*  
BY C. S. STEWART, M. A.

OF THE U. S. NAVY,

AUTHOR OF "A VISIT TO THE SOUTH SEAS," &c. &c.

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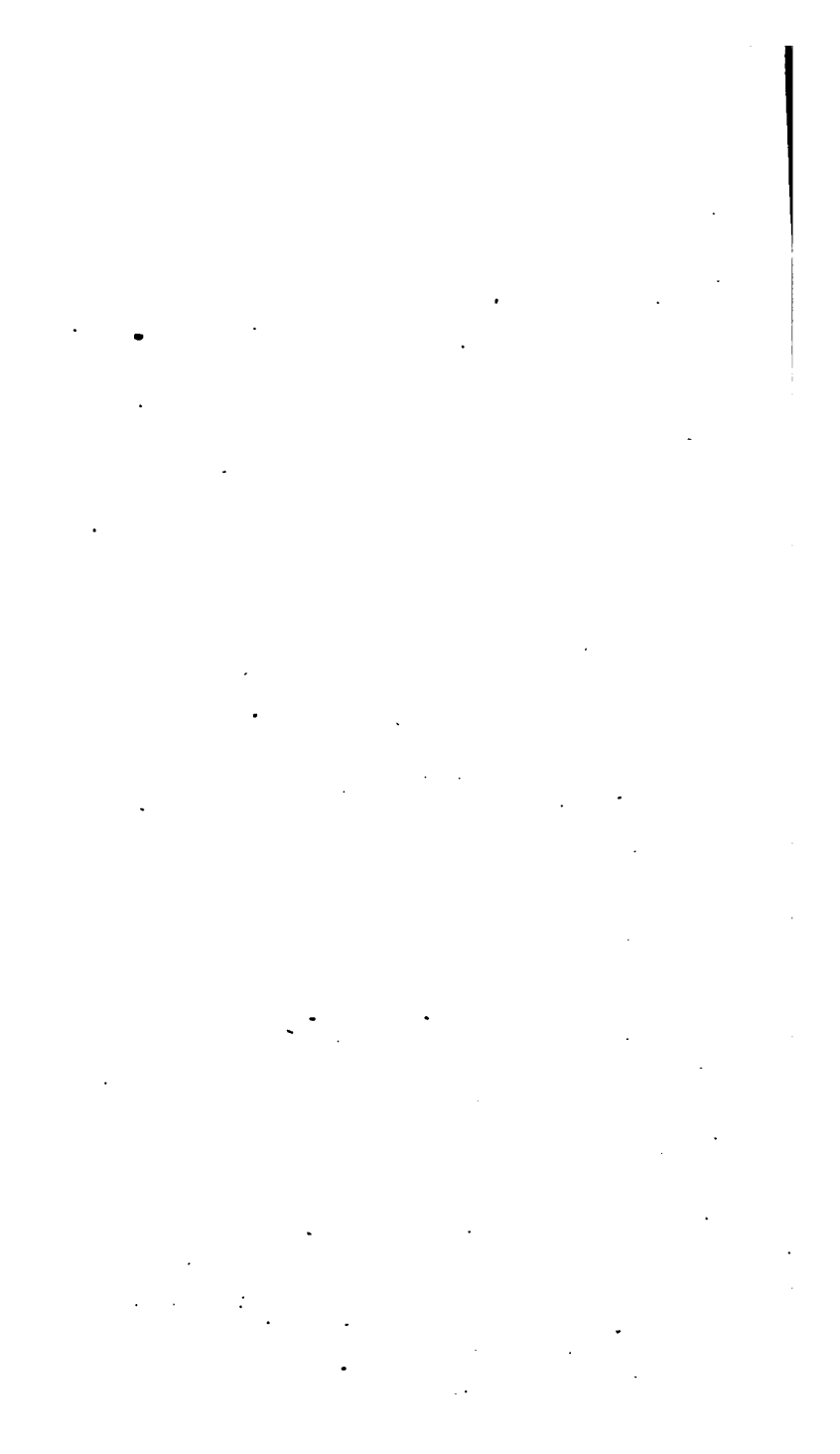
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*Barlborough Hall, Derbyshire,  
July 19th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

THE early and unavailing love of Byron for Mary Chaworth, the beautiful heiress of Annesley, has thrown an interest around her name and memory which extends to the Hall of her father, and draws many of the visitors of the Abbey to the inspection of its deserted and now desolate apartments.

The estate immediately adjoins Newstead; and the house stands just beyond the swell of an elevated and uncovered height of ground, two or three miles

south-west of the Abbey. We determined to visit it for a half hour the morning we bade our kind friends adieu. A farewell to Colonel and Mrs. Wildman proved a suitable preparative for such a pilgrimage. It was accompanied with a sincerity of regret, on our part, that amounted to painfulness; and it was anything but ungrateful to us to perceive that our host and hostess too, were reluctant to believe our departure from their mansion to be final, and were anxious to banish the impression by soliciting a pledge that we would again give them at least a day before we should quit the kingdom.

The Colonel took leave of us only at the extremity of the lawn, and with a warmth of salutation which added doubly to the feelings of kindness and of blessing with which, for a mile and more, so long as it remained in view, we cast many a lingering look upon the magnificent pile, presenting two of its noblest fronts to the eye amidst the lovely lawns and gleaming waters by which it is surrounded.

The road we followed, under the guidance of a stable-boy, was one used only in the work of the home farm, rough and grass-grown, and forming an appropriate approach to Annesley,—itself neglected, moss-covered, and solitary. Associated as it is with the youth, beauty, and loveliness of its late mistress, as described by the poet, when, in his boyhood, he first became a lover in its groves and bowers, it exhibits, in its whole aspect, a melancholy and saddening illustration of the mutations, the disappointments, and the sorrows of life. It was then the well kept abode of taste and elegance, and the scene of youthful en-

joyments and gaiety. But the hand of the destroyer has been heavily upon it ; and desolation, silence, and decay are now its chief and almost exclusive characteristics.

A few clumps and groves of majestic old trees alone remain of an extensive and noble park ; and the gardens, shrubberies, and ornamental grounds, laid out in the formal and precise style once so general, are now all matted and tangled, and covered with briars and weeds.

The mansion itself is an irregular, low, and antique structure of brick—an interesting specimen of the residence of a country squire a century ago. The gate-way leading to the principal entrance appears, in its rusted hinges and knocker, as if it had been unopened for an age : and it was in vain that our position attempted to make himself heard from it. Alighting from our carriage we at last made our way into an out-house, used as a barn and stables, but without perceiving any evidence of a living creature being near, till, after repeated calls and knocking, a little urchin, of ten or twelve, bare-foot and bare-headed, flew past us with wild looks and streaming hair, and, by suddenly disappearing in a hedge between us and the house, made known one way at least of access to the interior. Though unbidden, we lost no time in following him, and soon found ourselves at a kitchen door just as an old house-keeper of three-score years and ten had made a hurried appearance to ascertain who the visitors might be that the lad seemed so eager to escape.

The originality of character in the old woman her-

self, as we soon discovered, other considerations apart, is almost worthy a visit to Annesley. She has grown gray in the Hall, and, from her childhood, has been in the service of the Chaworths—one of those faithful, affectionate, and devoted creatures, who for life give all their strongest feeling and interest to a family they love. The honour of the house and name seemed still foremost in her thoughts, and she appeared greatly chagrined that we had come in by the kitchen and found her there—especially as she was superintending the operations of a chimney sweep, who was up in the chimney at work, the fire-place being curtained with old blankets and coverlets.

It was evident that we were far from being unwelcome, but “oh la !” and “oh me !” were for a time her only exclamations, as she fluttered about adjusting her cap, smoothing her handkerchief, and unpinning an apron which had been fastened up to keep it from being soiled by the soot, with many a sorrow that she had not known we were coming, that she might have been better dressed, and have let us know how to enter the house by the hall door.

She is deaf and infirm, but alone occupies the house, I believe ; and is ignorant and amusingly superstitious. The building is cut up into many apartments and passages, a large old hall on a level with the ground in the centre, and a wainscoted parlour or dining-room, to which you ascend from it by three or four steps in one corner, being the chief on the first floor, and a drawing-room and large bedroom adjoining it on the second. The hall, with a neatly and freshly scrubbed oaken floor, and

ceiling of beam and board, and a few articles of old, heavy, and rude furniture, blazing fire, and large chair on either side, at once carries you back to an age more simple and more rude than the present, in the accommodations and style of life among the gentry of the land, and reminded me forcibly of some dwellings in America, erected a century and more ago, by colonists of leading influence and wealth.

In the dining-room there are several family portraits; among others, that of the Chaworth who had the fatal quarrel in London with the fifth Lord Byron. Our old Cicerone gave us the whole history of the rencontre, interspersed with many a "you see," with as much interest to herself as if she were rehearsing it, as she no doubt thought was the case, with those who had never read of it or heard of it before. Among the pictures is one of an uncommonly handsome female, concerning whom she had some wonderful tales to tell. Among others, that the poor lady "could not rest in her grave," but had haunted the Hall after her death, till the inmates were obliged to have her **CONJURED DOWN**." One exorcism, however, proved insufficient, it appears, to secure the desired effect: and it became necessary to "conjure her down a second time;" after which, according to the old woman's belief, they "never comes no more," and she has no fear of sleeping alone in the old pile.

The drawing-room and the adjoining apartment on the second floor have a more modern air. They were fitted up and furnished by Miss Chaworth in her youth, and in the remains of their stained and

faded hangings of blue silk, a piano in the fashion of the day, unstrung and untuned, and other remnants of ornament and decoration, intimate a delicate and refined taste in the mistress. "Here my young mistress, poor dear lady, loved to be," said our old conductor, with a sigh, as she entered upon many details of the beauty, amiability, and kindness of heart of the individual referred to, and intimated more by her expressive and deep-drawn sighs, than by her words, that her fate in life and her death had been sadly different from those promised by the beauty and brightness of her youth. She rejected Byron to marry a man unworthy of her, one who wasted her fortune, neglected her affections, and broke her heart!

The singularity of the old structure, the superstitious garrulity of its keeper, the beauty, ill-fortune, and touching end of its late mistress, as associated with everything around it, amply repaid us for the circuit of five miles through an uninteresting country, added to the distance from Mansfield at which we were at Newstead; and left impressions and feelings which kept us in a silent and musing mood till we found ourselves passing through that town.

Among the company at the Abbey the day previous had been J. Strutt, Esquire, and family, of Belper, a beautifully situated manufacturing town of Derbyshire, principally owned by this gentleman, his father, and brothers, and we had engaged to dine with him, and pass the night at his residence on our way through that county. A short deviation from the direct course brought us to Hardwick Hall, an old mansion of the Duke of Devonshire, worthy a

visit, from its peculiar architecture, and the relics of a ruder time, contained within it.

It is a lofty square structure of stone, rising into conspicuous view, at a great distance, in many directions, and stands unaltered, as built towards the close of the sixteenth century, in the reign of Elizabeth, by the famed Countess of Shrewsbury, exhibiting a full specimen of the predominating architecture of the time and of a mansion becoming one of the most princely peeresses of the realm. It is broadly shaped, with perpendicular lines of immense windows, giving to it the appearance of a gigantic lantern, and which, when lighted within at night, must have presented a flaming beacon to the whole surrounding country. Another striking feature in it is a widely cut parapet of open stone-work, in which a principal figure is the recurrence of the initials of the proud founder of the pile.

The general character of this noted female is familiar to you. Lodge in his *Illustrations of British History* gives the following summary of it: "She was a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling. She was a builder, a buyer and seller of estates, a money-lender, a farmer, and a merchant of lead, coals, and timber. When disengaged from these employments, she intrigued alternately with Elizabeth and Mary, always to the terror and prejudice of her husband. She lived to a great old age, continually flattered but seldom deceived, and died immensely rich and without a friend. The Earl was withdrawn by death from these *complicated plagues*, on the 18th of November, 1590."

She had three husbands before her marriage with the Earl of Shrewsbury, and by her second, a Cavendish, is an ancestor of the Dukes of Devonshire. It is thus that Hardwick Hall and its estates came into their possession.

The interior is lofty and spacious, and in its day must have been magnificent. A state room, hung with old tapestry, having a throne of state at one end and a state bed at the other, a picture gallery a hundred and seventy feet in length, containing some portraits of interest, that of the Countess herself, Queen Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of the Scots, Lady Jane Grey, Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Pole, &c. and a room furnished with a bed, a set of chairs and hangings in needle-work, said to be that of the unfortunate and beautiful Mary while a captive, attract the chief attention within.

It is supposed by many, that Hardwick Hall was for a time the prison of the Scotch Queen; but if such was the fact, it must have been an old ruin standing near the present edifice, and not itself, it having been erected after her execution.

From Hardwick Hall to Belper, by Alfreton, a town deriving its name and said to have been founded by Alfred, the country is more interesting and much more picturesque than in Nottinghamshire. Owing to an accident to our carriage, we were late in our arrival at Mr. Strutt's, and had time only after dinner for a short walk about the town before dark. A fine mansion of Mr. Strutt, senior, with embellished and beautifully kept grounds, the residences of his sons, and a handsome new Church, are the most

conspicuous objects in the place. These stand on the higher grounds around, while the principal part of the town, and the manufactories of cotton for which it is distinguished, occupy the lower part, along the waters of the Derwent, which ornaments the little dale in which it stands, and keeps in motion its varied machinery.

In the morning, we were politely conducted through the manufactories by the father and sons. From their celebrity in this section of the country, I had anticipated something more extensive and more impressive in their arrangements and operation than what we found. The whole establishment does not differ in its extent, the ingenuity of its machinery, or facility and skilfulness of its operations, from many of a similar character which I have visited in the United States, and thus afforded little novelty to us in its inspection. The proprietors seem deeply interested in the comfort, health, and welfare of the work-people. Some entire streets of the town are lined by the cottages of these, around which appeared an uncommon degree of neatness and respectability.

I was forcibly struck, by one incident, with the trifling remuneration here expected, and usually received, for the time and services of the labouring-classes. In the expectation of passing through the town of Derby, when we should be in this part of the country, I left orders for any letters that might arrive for me in London, within a certain date, to be forwarded to the post-office in that town. It is eight miles from Belper; and the cholera existing there at present, we determined not to go ourselves, but to

despatch a messenger for any parcels which might be waiting our arrival. A boy of twelve was engaged for this service, and on his return from the walk of sixteen miles, which he had performed in a few hours, a shilling was thought an ample remuneration, and more than could have been secured by him in any other way in the same time and with the same degree of labour.

After luncheon, we took leave of our host, his amiable lady and daughters, and with much kind feeling for the hospitality and attentions we had received, pursued our way to Matlock. The drive of some nine or ten miles through the valley of the Derwent, is beautiful and romantic. It leads by Crompton, where Sir Richard Arkwright laid the foundation of his fortune, in the erection of his cotton mill. Willersley Castle, the beautiful and stately mansion erected by him, is in the same neighbourhood, and forms one of the most ornamental objects in the wild and picturesque scenery of this section of the Peak of Derby. An immense rock, which cost him many thousand pounds to remove, once occupied the site of the structure, and pointed out to him the peculiar beauty and advantages of the situation. Associated with the history of the gifted artizan, as it unavoidably is, it presents a noble proof of what genius cultivated and rightly applied, may accomplish for its possessor, though labouring under every disadvantage of poverty and obscurity.

It stands on an elevated terrace bank above the Derwent, backed by hills and rich woodland, and while it commands from its lawn and grounds all

the finest scenery in the neighbourhood of Matlock, it, in itself, forms a picture of taste, wealth, and elegance not readily to be effaced from the imagination.

Strangers to the company which might be at Matlock, and in no need of the restorative qualities of its baths and waters, we made no stop in it, further than to take a general survey of its scenery, the accommodations it affords for visitors, and a view of its museum and public rooms. The scenery at this season of the year is picturesque and lovely; but much less striking in its features of wildness and romantic beauty to an American than to an English eye. Every-day's travel in the more beautiful parts of the Northern and Middle States with us, would furnish to those seeking them, sections along our streams and in the uplands, rivalling and surpassing it. The Tors or bare cliffs constituting such prominent points in it, are very similar to the least lofty of the basaltic rocks on the Hudson, a few miles above New York; their bases like these last being thickly covered with wood and entangled shrubbery, and their summits and brows mantled with similar drapery, hanging gracefully over the naked and perpendicular surface of the middle and upper sections.

Beautifully ornamented cottages sticking in the sides of the abrupt and wooded hills, handsome hotels and lodging-houses, retired and rural walks, and various artificial embellishments, with the changing courses of the Derwent, its springs and caverns, make it a very delightful resort, no doubt, to the visitor for pleasure, as well as to the invalid.

We reached Chatsworth, the celebrated seat of the Duke of Devonshire, some ten miles farther, in time to order dinner at an inn in the vicinity, while we should pass over the mansion and view its grounds. We had previously diverged a mile or more from the direct road to Haddon Hall, an old baronial residence of the Vernons and Manners' families, and at present a possession of the Duke of Rutland. It is one of the most singular old mansions in the kingdom, now long unoccupied, and in its whole construction and the remains of its furniture, such as it appeared, in the height of its honours, centuries ago. I have seen nothing yet in the kingdom which has given me so strong an impression, and one so correct, I doubt not, of the comparative rudeness and half barbarism in manner of life of our forefathers, even a hundred and fifty, or two hundred years ago.

The rudely constructed oaken hall for banqueting, with an elevated end for the table of the baron and his equals and friends, while the vassals and dependants ate on the level below ; the heavy gallery for the minstrels, and from which the females of the household witnessed the revelry beneath ; the fixtures and furniture of the kitchen and larder, still remaining, with cutting benches of massive oak deeply excavated by the repeated chippings of the axe, and seemingly better fitted for the purpose of a slaughter-house than those of a culinary department, all afford a demonstration of the hardy habits and coarse mode of life then prevailing in the most knightly houses. All the joiners' work, the doors and windows, latches and fastenings, and floors exhibit evidences of belonging to a

far removed from the birthday of the art, while old and faded arras filled with grotesque figures and covering the entire surface of the walls brings to mind the fearful stories of romance-reading with the preternatural movements of the hangings, the concealed doors, and secret springs associated with it. It is said indeed that Mrs. Radcliffe borrowed much of her imagery in the Castles of her "Mysteries of Udolpho" from this old mansion.

Chatsworth is beautifully situated in the midst of its Park on the borders of the Derwent. The principal structure now some hundred or more years old, is of stone, in Ionic architecture, square and enclosing a quadrangular area. An extensive and magnificent addition consisting of a conservatory, museum, and grand entrance and gateway, is now just being completed by the present Duke, and greatly increases the beauty and stateliness of the pile. The house stands upon an open terrace along the bank of the river, and, not far distant behind, a finely wooded mountain, with a hunting tower on its summit, from which the banner of the Duke floats during his visits at this seat, rises to a height of some seven or eight hundred feet.

The court within the quadrangle contains a fountain with a statue of Orion upon a Dolphin in the centre, and is furnished with a colonnade on the north and south sides. The interior is less replete with articles of interest and value than we had anticipated. The paintings of merit are few; but some of the statuary is uncommonly fine. One of the most impressive pieces is that of Madame Mère, the mother of Buonaparte executed by Canova. It presents

in feature and form, the very *beau ideal* of the Empress matron; and bears an air of dignity and elevation of mind and character which speaks to the feelings of the observer, even in the silence and coldness of the marble in which they are traced. The walls and ceilings are principally painted by Thornhill, Vezzio and Laguerre. Some of the carvings in wood are exquisitely wrought, so much so as to have led to a supposition that they are the workmanship of Gibbons so celebrated in that art; but we are told, that they are principally, if not all, from the hands of a less famed, but scarce less meritorious artist, who lived and died in the neighbouring town of Bakewell.

The surrounding scenery is beautifully diversified by hill and dale, and in the north presents some of the naked and uncultivated eminences of the Peak. I had been led to suppose that the Waterworks for which this seat was once so noted were childish and ridiculous in their exhibitions; but I did not find such to be the fact. Some of the *jets d'eau* are singularly lofty and beautiful, and the play of the fountain and artificial cascade down the declivity of the hill in the rear of the house, in which columns of water are made to spout from all parts of a temple through the gaping mouths of dolphins, sea nymphs, and other appropriate figures, is rather impressive than otherwise in its effect.

The mansion of Chatsworth, occupying the ground upon which the present edifice stands, was for thirteen years the prison of Mary of Scots. Some of the rooms of the building still bear her name, probably

from being in the same section of the pile distinguished by them in the former.

Another name and character associated with the place are those of Hobbes, the celebrated political and philosophical writer of the seventeenth century. Though all his writings on these subjects have a tendency to infidelity and atheism, he was himself filled with superstition and childish fears, and while endeavouring to shake the foundations of the manly and heavenly confidence which religion, and the word of God inspire in the human bosom, he could find no substitute by which to shield even his own mind from the apprehension of ghosts and sprites, and the terrors arising from the thoughts of death. Though he could challenge the wisdom of Heaven in his investigations of truth, an animadversion in parliament on the tendency of his "Leviathan," and a bill introduced for the punishment of infidelity and atheism at once brought him to tremble and deny any purpose of advocating the cause of either. And he could find no greater consolation in the hour of approaching dissolution, than that intimated by the expression, on being informed that he might obtain some ease but no remedy, "then I shall be glad to find a hole to creep out of the world at." He was early a tutor in the Devonshire family, passed much of his life at Chatsworth and Hardwick Hall and died at the latter place in 1679.

The evening drive of twelve or thirteen miles from the Inn of Edensor to Castleton, the heart of the Peak, was one of the most peculiar in its scenery we have yet taken. The first sections of it through

Middleton Dale, a wild and narrow defile of naked rocks presenting in their outline a succession of seemingly ruinous and embattled pinnacles and towers, two and three hundred feet in abrupt and many places perpendicular height, were particularly impressive in their loftiness and solitude. From this Dale another branches off leading to the village of Eyam, the birth place of Miss Seward, of literary reputation, whose father was a rector of the place, and still more noted for having shared with London in the horrors and devastations of the plague of 1666. The disease was transmitted without communicating the affection elsewhere, in a box forwarded from the metropolis to a tailor of the town, whose family first fell victims to the virulence which in the course of a few months swept three-fourths of the inhabitants of the place into the grave.

A noble instance of christian fortitude and fidelity was exhibited by the Rev. William Mompesson the rector at the time. He resisted all inducements to desert his post, and with his family remained in the indefatigable discharge of the duties of his office, in visiting and comforting the sick and dying, and in preaching and praying with his people in the clefts of the rocks, when it was no longer thought prudent to assemble in their church. Ward's Guide to the Peak, contains the following pious and affecting letter to his friend Sir George Saville: after an amiable and lovely wife, the mother of two infant children, had fallen a victim to the destroyer, and he was himself in hourly expectation of following her to the grave.

*Eyam, Sept. 1st, 1666.*

HONoured AND DEAR SIR,

“This is the saddest news that ever my pen could write. The destroying angel having taken up his quarters within my habitation. My dearest wife is gone to her eternal rest, and is invested with a crown of righteousness, having made a happy end. Indeed had she loved herself as well as me, she had fled from the pit of destruction with the sweet babes, and might have prolonged her days. But she was resolved to die a martyr to my interests. My drooping spirits are much refreshed with her joys which I think are unutterable.

“Sir, this paper is to bid you a hearty farewell for ever; and to bring you my hearty thanks for all your noble favours. And I hope you will believe a dying man, I have as much love as honour for you, and I will bend my feeble knees to the God of Heaven that you, my dear lady, your children and their children, may be blessed with external and eternal happiness.

“Dear Sir, let your dying chaplain recommend this truth to you and to your family, that no happiness or solid comfort can be found in this vale of tears, like living a pious life; and pray ever remember this rule, *Never do anything upon which you dare not first ask the blessing of God.*

“Sir, I thank God I am contented to shake hands with all the world; and I have many comfortable assurances that God will accept me on account of his Son. I find the goodness of God greater than

ever I thought or imagined; and I wish from my soul that it were not so much abused and contemned.

"I desire, Sir, that you will be pleased to make choice of a humble, pious man, to succeed me in my parsonage; and could I see your face before my departure hence, I would inform you in what manner I think he may live comfortable among his people, which would be some satisfaction to me before I die.

"Dear Sir, I beg the prayers of all of you that I may not be daunted by the powers of hell, and that I may have dying graces. With tears I beg, that when you are praying for the fatherless orphans, you would remember my two pretty babes."

This good man lived, however, to see the pestilence overcome, and to behold himself so much honoured for his merit in this case, as to receive several handsome benefices from the church, in the enjoyment of which he closed a long and useful life.

For some miles before reaching our destination for the night, our way led across the bleak and dreary summits of the mountains forming the high Peak.

These are now unwooded, though once covered with a heavy forest, and are unadorned by hedge or any other agreeable relief to the eye. The character of this scenery, prepares one to be the more forcibly impressed with the beauty and striking features of the deep valley and high hills amidst which Castleton is situated. The grey of the evening was already spreading over the landscape, but still enough re-

mained distinct to gratify our admiration as we walked down the abrupt declivities over which the road descends, in preference to trusting our safety to the postillion and his horses.

By sunrise the next morning, I was at the ruins of the old castle of "Peverel of the Peak," overhanging the tower, and which gives to it its name. One tower still remains in tolerable preservation. It is situated on an angle of the hill, one side of which is formed by a tremendous chasm of several hundred feet in depth, near the bottom of which is the famed "Devil's Cave." Two others are almost equally inaccessible, and, in the days of its power, it must have been unassailable except through starvation by a protracted seige. It is the site of much traditional romance; and is said once to have been the scene of a tournament at which the prize was the beautiful daughter of Peverel, Lord of Whittington. Partaking of the martial spirit of her race, she determined to have no one for a husband not possessed of great military prowess. Her father encouraged her in the resolution, and invited a great number of young men to enter the lists at his place in the Peak, with the proclamation that the victor in the combats should have the hand of the fair one, and with it his castle of Whittington. Many gallant knights repaired to the contest; among others a Scotch Prince and a Baron of Burgoyne, both of whom a young noble of the house of Lorraine vanquished in the trial of strength and skill, and thus won the person and the fortune of the lady.

My next excursion was to the Cavern of the Peak

or the Devil's Cave. This is classed among the principal wonders of this section of the kingdom. It is approached from the town by a path along a babbling rivulet which flows from the cavern; and near which are scattered several cottages, occupied by persons who manufacture and have for sale various articles of ornament and use, formed of the spars and marbles for which Derbyshire is so noted. The path leads into a deep and wild recess of rocks, mantled at their bases by trees and shrubbery, and rising boldly above on one side to the bastions and crumbling walls of Peverel's Castle. The entrance to the cavern is opposite. It consists of a lofty and widely spread arch in the rock, receding and gradually diminishing in height to the distance of near a hundred feet—the space forming a large sheltered area in which a company of twine spinners, men, women, and children have taken up their quarters in the labours of their business. The unnatural sounds of their voices in the echoings of the rocks, the shaded and ghastly light reflected around, their dress and whole appearance produce a singular effect, and bring to mind a company of witches and wizards engaged in some unearthly work.

The descent into the cavern is behind a projecting rock, at the farther extremity of this opening, where the light of the day which has been gradually fading in your approach to it, is entirely lost, and your farther advance is by torches. The whole length of the cavern is seven hundred and fifty yards, at two points of which you are obliged to enter a boat and lie down while it is propelled through apertures some

yards in length, with a few inches space only above your head. In other parts it is very spacious and lofty, and its various sections of this kind marked by particular names, such as the Bell House, Roger Rain's House—from a constant dripping of water—the Half-Way House and Chancel. In this last, which is among the most wild and lofty of these apartments, there is a gallery or natural offset at an elevation of some fifty or sixty feet, accessible in one corner by rugged stairs of broken and fallen stones, in which as in an organ loft a choir of singers are stationed with lights, whose chauntings as they burst suddenly upon the ear, swelled and reverberated through the vaulted canopy above, have an impressive and delightful effect. Blue lights are also burned at different points to disclose the extent and wild formation of the phenomenon, and pistols and muskets discharged with a concussion of sounds seeming for the moment as if the whole mountain above were tumbling in ruin upon your head.

I also passed into the Speedwell mine, a shaft driven to the distance of six or seven hundred yards into a range of the hill called Long Cliff, in search of lead ore. The work was commenced by a company and carried on, for seven years, with unavailing labour at a cost of some 15 or 20,000 pounds. The descent to the level is by a hundred and more steps, at the bottom of which you enter a boat and penetrate the mountain in a kind of canal beneath a low arch blasted in the rock. The boat is propelled by wooden pegs fastened in the side-walls till at the distance mentioned above, you come suddenly upon a hideous

gulf whose top and bottom are totally invisible—a natural cavern called “the bottomless pit,” into which the workmen, to their great terror, suddenly opened in blasting their way, in prosecuting the undertaking. A bridge was afterwards thrown across the chasm, in the continuation of their operations. It is furnished with an iron railing; and from it, you can now glance into the fearful depth below, with comparative security, while blue lights are burned, to exhibit the appalling features of the pit, and a cascade of water, by the lifting of a gate, is thrown into its depths, to show by the feeble returns of the distant concussion, how far it plunges, before it meets with an impediment. Forty thousand tons of rubbish were thrown down this gulf by the labourers, in the continuance of their excavations, without the slightest perceptible effect on the capacity and unfathomable depth of the stygian pool, forming its bottom. The height of the cavern above, is in some degree, at least, proportionate—rockets of sufficient strength to be projected more than four hundred feet, have been fired within it, without disclosing its roof.

## LETTER XXIX.

## ARRIVAL AT BARLBOROUGH AND VISIT TO SHEFFIELD.

**Extent of the Peak of Derbyshire and its ruined objects of interest**  
 —Drive to Chesterfield—Its twisted and flaming spire—Distant view of Barlborough Hall and manner of arrival at it—Reception by the Rev. C. H. Reaston Rodes its proprietor—Description of the Hall—The Rodes family—Dinner and entertainment of the evening—Drive to Sheffield—Renishaw, the Seat of Sir George Sitwell—Show-shop and manufactory of Rodgers and Son the celebrated cutlers—Luncheon at the Inn and electioneering scene—Montgomery the poet—Return to Barlborough.

*Barlborough Hall, Derbyshire,  
 July, 21, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

Till our travel through Derbyshire I had supposed "the Peak" to consist of a simple elevated mountain or of an unbroken range of limited extent, in reference to its particular appellative. But the term applies to much of the northern and western portions of the shire, and is divided into the low and high Peak, each of which embraces a wide circuit of mountainous and bleak country.

In the variety of its attractions it is scarce surpassed by any single section of the kingdom. In their seasons, Buxton and Matlock, both within the limits of the name, are favourite resorts of the gay and the fashionable, as well as of the invalid. Its

hills and dales present much to delight the traveller for pleasure, and its phenomena afford abundant room for the observations of the naturalist, in mineralogy and geology.

We should have been happy to give several days, in place of a single one, to it, but an engagement to meet the family, whose hospitality we are now enjoying, on the 19th inst., obliged us to hasten from Castleton, without viewing, except at a distance, some of its principal curiosities, in addition to those mentioned in my last letter. Particularly Mam Tor, or the Shivering Mountain, so called from the constant sliding down of the shale and micaceous grit, of which its acclivities are chiefly formed, and the remains of a Roman camp to be traced upon its summit; the Odin mine at its foot; the Eldin Hole, and other points of similar interest. In the Odin mine, is found in the greatest quantities, the beautiful fluor, usually called "Blue John," so highly valued as an article for the formation of ornamental urns, vases, &c.

In the Peak too, are many Druidical and Roman relics, with Rocking Stones, and an ebbing and flowing well. The action of this last, is explained by some, on the principle of the syphon, by supposing the existence of a reservoir in the hill above, and that a channel or duct, proceeding from the lower part of it, rises in its course to some length, but not to a level with the reservoir itself, and afterwards, descends to the pool at the foot of the hill. When the reservoir begins to fill, the water flowing into this duct expels the air, when the pressure of the air in

the subterranean basin, forces the water through, till the supply is exhausted, when the water ceases to flow, till the reservoir again begins to fill.

We returned from Castleton, through Middleton Dale, till we came again in sight of Chatsworth, and then passed round the northern walls of its Park, up a mountainous road, to a wide moor, lying between it and the town of Chesterfield, at a distance of some ten miles. The most singular feature of this place is, the pointed and lofty spire of its church. It deviates very considerably from a perpendicular, and its covering of slate or lead exhibits the appearance of having been almost completely twisted around. Some suppose that, like the tower of Pisa, it was originally constructed in this manner, but others believe it to arise from some warping or contraction of the timbers.

Some time before reaching this town, at which we changed horses, our attention was arrested by three lofty and conspicuous objects, on the distant and elevated horizon, some nine or ten miles beyond it; which, on inquiry, we ascertained to be Hardwick Hall, which you will recollect, was visited by us on the way from Newstead to Belper, Bolsover Castle, an old seat of the Duke of Portland, and Barlborough Hall, from which I now address you, the noble mansion of the Rev. C. H. Reaston Rodes, proprietor of Barlborough and of the estate surrounding it.

Lord Byron is on terms of intimacy with this gentleman, and it is to his kindness that we are indebted for an introduction to himself and family. In the expectation that Colonel and Mrs. Wildman

and party from Newstead, would meet us for a day or two here, we forwarded our letters from the Abbey, appointing the day before yesterday for our arrival. Before we came away, our friends there were obliged to give up a visit to the Hall, for the present. My note, however, to Mr. Rodes, apprizing him of the intended call of Captain Bolton, had reached him, and we were received by him, with a true English welcome.

I had risen so early at Castleton, to accomplish the observations above and below ground, of which I have given you a hasty description, before it would be necessary to set off for Barlborough, in order to meet the appointment for dinner, that I felt drowsy during the drive after leaving Chesterfield, and dosed in a corner of the carriage, till roused by its stopping at the lodge, till the gate of the Park should be opened. Captain Bolton was in a sound sleep, and neither of us had noticed our passage through the neat village of Barlborough, at the end of a cross street, in which is the principal entrance leading to the Hall. The approach is by a lofty and beautiful avenue of old lime-trees, a half mile and more in length, over a gravel drive, gently descending to the house. It was not till this came into full view, that I roused my companion from his slumbers, that we might not be found napping by our host.

Mr. Rodes received us with much cordiality at the carriage front of his mansion, and ushered us into that which, in every respect, may be taken, as it is by some believed to be, the prototype of the BRACEBRIDGE HALL of Washington Irving. In

its architecture, it is one of the most beautiful and perfect specimens remaining in the kingdom, of the favourite style in the reign of Elizabeth, and though not so extensive, is in better proportion, and in better taste, than the structure at Hardwick already described, built about the same period by the Countess of Shrewsbury, and now a possession of the Duke of Devonshire. It is square, massive, and lofty, of a light-coloured stone, and in its principal fronts is furnished with projecting bows, filled with large transom windows, and terminating above, in four octagonal embattled turrets, filled with glass, rising some ten or twelve feet above the balustrade of the roof, with a skylight of similar shape and altitude, to correspond with them in the centre.

The family of Rodes is of great antiquity in the county, the estate here having been in its possession near eight hundred years. The present edifice was erected by Sir Francis Rodes, a justice of the kingdom, by Queen Elizabeth's appointment, and had the honour of receiving and entertaining that stately dame shortly after its completion, in one of the progresses she was accustomed to make in various sections of her dominions.

The entrance, at which we were received, is by a vestibule opening into a billiard-room on the basement floor, surrounded by cabinets of glass, containing specimens in various branches of natural history, and decorated with trophies of the chase, and the various equipments of the huntsman and sportsman. The billiard-room leads into a hall lighted from above. This communicates in various directions

with the servants' hall, butler's pantry, housekeeper's room, kitchen, &c., and with Mr. Rodes' private apartments on the same level, and by a fine old staircase of stone, conducts to the second floor. The landing, here, is lighted and ornamented by an immense projecting window of stained glass, in which are the portraits of Sir Francis, the founder of the edifice, and of his lady, and the crests, arms, and quarterings of his various successors, and their wives, down to those of the present occupants. From this the drawing-room opens on one hand, and the dining-room on the other, an ante-room and library communicating with the former, and leading to the garden front of the house, constituting the suite of principal rooms.

We were presented in the drawing-room, cap in hand, as we had alighted, to Mrs. Rodes, her sisters and brother—Gossips, of Hatfield House, in Yorkshire—and to the other company at present at the Hall: Mr. Hemlocke, of Wingerworth, and a young baronet, his nephew; Lieutenant Russell, of the 93d regiment of Scotch Grenadiers, and four or five others. There was time for a half-hour in the grounds and garden, and for a visit to the stables, to view the coach and riding horses, and the hunters, (always a favourite part of the show of an establishment,) before dressing for dinner; and before this customary round, on a first arrival, was accomplished, we found ourselves quite at home with the kind-hearted and hospitable lord of the manor.

A party of ladies and gentlemen from the neighbourhood, had been invited to meet us at dinner.

The equipages by which these arrived, soon began to roll down the avenue, and on descending to the drawing-room, we met, in addition to those to whom we had already been introduced, the Rev. Mr. Yates, the rector of Barlborough, his lady, and daughters, near relatives of Sir Robert Peel, so distinguished in the modern politics of the nation; Mr. and Mrs. Bolton Peel, and Mr. Robert Peel, of the same family; Mrs. Sachverell Chandos Pole, of Park Hall, the mother of Lady Byron; the Misses Fancourt, Alderson, and others, with Sir George Sitwell, of Renishaw, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, at present canvassing for parliament.

The drawing-room is a fine lofty old apartment, furnished with much taste and elegance, and in good keeping with the venerable character of the mansion. It is remarkable for a massive and beautifully carved mantel of oak, a part of a state bedstead given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Rodes, after her visit to him,—or more probably, brought by her majesty, and occupied by her during the time she was at the Hall, and left as a memento of the honour conferred upon her host, and his residence, by her presence.

The dining-room, also, is a noble and spacious apartment, hung with old tapestry, and ornamented by a beautifully carved mantel of stone, of the date of the house. It is covered with devices, and contains a full length figure of Sir Francis, and has his arms and motto in the centre. The entertainment was profuse and elegant. When the cloth was drawn, Mr. Rodes gave the "United States of Ame-

rica," in compliment to his guests, with an apology to us, that his private band, stationed beneath the windows, on the terrace below, had not the notes, and could not play "Hail Columbia;" in acknowledgment of which, Captain Bolton gave "His Majesty, King William the Fourth," when the band struck up the national anthem, "God save the king," in very good style, and continued to play a succession of fine airs till the ladies retired. The performers were then introduced to the dining-hall, ranged along one side of the room, and after being served with a glass of wine, commenced a series of catches, glees, and ballads, which were continued till coffee was announced. They were then dismissed to the servants' hall till ten o'clock, when they again took a station near the entrance to the drawing-room, and dancing was commenced, and continued in quadrilles and waltzes till twelve.

Early yesterday morning Mr. Rodes proposed for us a drive to Sheffield, ten or eleven miles distant; and soon after breakfast, a party of gentlemen, filling a landau and four and a phaeton, was on the way to that town. We took Renishaw, the seat of Sir George Sitwell, at which we were expected to dine, in the route, entering at one park gate, and, after stopping for a few moments at the house, driving out by another. The mansion is a fine modern structure of stone, but so entirely embowered by groves, and thick plantations, as to have an air rather dark and gloomy.

The country between Barlborough and Sheffield is undulating and hilly. The general character of

the place, as a manufacturing town, is fully intimated long before reaching or coming in view of it, by the many coal-pits in the route, and the lines of coal carts filling the road, and dusting its whole surface with blackness. It is prettily situated upon an eminence, at the confluence of the Don and Sheaf; but the view of it was almost entirely obscured, in our approach, by the clouds of smoke sent forth by its furnaces, and numerous manufactories.

We drove immediately to the show-shop and manufactory in cutlery of the Messrs. Rodgers. Mr. Rodes, after introducing us to the gentlemen of this firm, and inviting them to join us in a luncheon at the Angel inn, after we should have viewed the various departments of their establishment, excused himself to us on the ground of business, which he wished to attend to, till we should join him at the hour appointed at the hotel. The gentlemen to whose guidance we had been committed were most kind and polite in their attentions. Their show-shop presents some astonishing samples of the art in which they are so celebrated, both in its miniature and mammoth forms. Some of the articles brought under their inspection, as mere matters of curiosity, require the power of a microscope to be fully scrutinized in the minuteness and exquisite finish of their details. The examination of the varied processes through which every article of plated ware and cutlery passes, from the raw material of copper, steel, and silver, to the most elegant and finished article of usefulness and ornament, was highly interesting; and the manner of polishing each, by instruments pointed

with bloodstone, after being completely formed, was particularly interesting and beautiful.

One fact communicated to us, in connection with the preparation of the ivory handles of knives and forks, from elephants' teeth, was entirely new—that of the extensive use made by confectioners of the dust collected from the sawings of the ivory, as a substitute for calves' feet, in making jelly. These gentlemen informed us that the demand was far beyond anything which they could meet, though bushels of this material were constantly accumulating in the processes of their manufactory.

Every article manufactured by them, passes through a variety of hands in its formation and finish, —those in plate, tea and coffee-pots, urns, candlesticks, dishes, and their covers,—all being cut according to their different patterns from flat pieces, and then struck into their particular shapes by dies formed for each respectively.

I improved a half-hour, while the workmen were at their dinner, in calling upon Montgomery, the poet, a resident of this place, of whose writings and character I have long been an admirer. He was not at his lodgings at the hour, and I left my card, with a letter of introduction to him, stating, in my desire to meet him, that I should be at the hotel till after three o'clock.

On completing our view of the manufactories, we, in company with the Messrs. Rodgers, repaired to the inn, at which we were to take luncheon, and to join our carriages to return to Barlborough. We here discovered the reason why Mr. Rodes had ab-

sented himself. He is deeply interested in the success of a gentleman who is at present canvassing in Sheffield as a candidate for parliament, and had been occupied in writing a handbill, and having it struck off at a printing press advocating the claims of his friend, and inviting those of the townspeople disposed to support him to the hotel, to hear an address from him, and to partake in a distribution of beer, which he had ordered to be served in the street. While we were at table, the handbills were brought in,—their import soon communicated in the street, and a crowd as rapidly collected. Mr. Rodes addressed them from a window of the room in which we were, on the second floor—streams of beer were at the same time gushing from barrels which had been tapped below, and men, women, and children were rushing from every direction, with all manner of utensils, in which to catch a portion of the beverage,—while mingled cheers and hootings, and an uproar of rudeness and vulgarity, such as I have never before witnessed, were exhibited on every side to the ear and eye.

The specimen of electioneering thus furnished to us, and the picture of a scene at the hustings, of which it might be supposed the imagery, produced no very happy impression on our minds, of the purity of the political influence here exercised, in regard either to its principles, or the modes in which it is put in operation. The spectacle exhibited at the most crowded polls, during the most warmly contested elections I have beheld in the sections and cities of the United States, with which I am familiar,

would astonish both candidates and electors, accustomed to scenes similar to this now occurring.

In the very height of the tumult, Mr. Montgomery was announced. He seems one of the most meek, quiet, and retiring of men,—is full of the gentler qualities and humble spirit of christianity ;—and an interview under such circumstances could scarce be of much interest to either of us. The carriages had been ordered to a door, in the court of the inn, the spirited animals attached to them had already become restive from the excitement around ; and after a few moments' conversation he took his leave—not without a hope, on my part, of another and more propitious opportunity, before proceeding to the north, of further cultivating his acquaintance.

The crowd was so great, and the cheering and hurraing so loud, that grooms were necessary at the horses' heads for the whole length of the street, to keep them from plunging on the people ; and few of the party, I believe, thought their necks entirely safe, till we had nearly accomplished the distance of our return,

## LETTER XXX.

## PARK HALL, AND BOLSOVER CASTLE.

Hospitality of Mr. Rodes—Precision of time, and punctuality of meeting engagements, in an interchange of visits—Drive to Park Hall—Mrs. Pole—Her example and influence—A visit to her Sabbath School—Rev. Mr. Yates, and call at the Rectory—The Park at Barlborough—Bolsover Castle—Entertainments at it by the Duke of Newcastle, to Charles I. and his Queen—Preparations for leaving Barlborough—Impromptu of Captain Bolton—Mrs. Rodes.

*Barlborough Hall, Derbyshire,  
July 23d, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

IT was our intention to leave Barlborough on Saturday, in the prosecution of our journey. Upon this, however, Mr. Rodes laid an absolute *veto*, by declaring, in his warm-hearted and candid manner, that his park gates were peremptorily closed upon us till Monday morning—adding, “but then we will turn you out, for we ourselves are to be off for Alton Abbey, by nine, for a promised week with the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury.” The Abbey, a residence of that nobleman, some forty miles from this place, is among the most tasteful and magnificent seats, in the country.

The manner, in regard to precision of time, and punctuality of arrival, in which the arrangements of a visit by one family, or families, to another, are made

here, differs in some respect, from the custom with us. Instead of the indefinite promise of being with a friend; sometime in the coming week, month, or season, as is not unusual in America, the exact day on which you are invited or are expected, is fixed even for months, in some cases, in advance. If any circumstance should in the mean time occur, to interfere with the engagement of the visitor, on the one hand, or with the convenience of his reception by his friend, on the other, both expect to be apprized at an early period, of the fact. Notwithstanding the great uncertainty in time of promised visits in general, in the United States, I have known individuals and families to leave all their own plans for a season, in a state of contingency from this cause, in a kind of courtesy to the convenience of their friends. The case is altogether different in England; and the utmost frankness is exercised on such occasions. For instance, if a family writes to another to whom a visit is intended, that they will be with them on such a day of the month,—should their arrangements be such that, at that time, their house would be full, or they themselves be going from home,—an answer is at once returned, that they cannot receive them then, or shall be absent till such a date. They never think of receiving guests, as is not unfrequently the case with us, beyond a number, which the accommodations of their establishments make convenient and agreeable, or of allowing any hospitality to those with whom they associate, to interfere with their own movements in reference either to business or to pleasure.

On Saturday morning, Mr. Rodes took me to

Park Hall, the residence of Mrs. Pole, whom I had promised to visit before leaving the neighbourhood. Her estate adjoins that of our host, and the walk across the Parks, is scarce more than a mile. The drive by the public road, however, is nearly three. Park Hall, is a fine old mansion of a yellowish stone, each front presenting a double pointed gable in the roof. It is not so large as this edifice, but is finely situated on a height of land, and the grounds beautifully kept. Mrs. Pole presents a delightful sample of the manners of the "Old School," and is a most courteous and high-bred lady. She retains much of the beauty for which, in youth, she must have been greatly distinguished, and, above all, exhibits brightly in her walk and conversation, the spirit of the sincere and practical Christian.

She is the patroness, and a regular teacher of the female Sabbath School of the village—both before the morning worship, and during the interval of an hour or two between the services. I visited it with great satisfaction yesterday; and could clearly perceive, that the girls of the village, in connection with more important acquisitions in morals and piety, were catching in their intonations and manner, something at least, of the gentleness and courtesy of their polished and excellent friend and instructress. She walks with them in procession, to the village church; and, thinks it nothing derogatory to her rank and position in society, thus openly to demonstrate, that she regards with deep interest, the youthful and immortal spirits within reach of her influence and example.

It did not escape my notice in the church, as you

will readily believe, that the pew of Mrs. Pole, in place of the silk or worsted hangings seen in others, was furnished with curtains of *tapa*, or native cloth of the Sandwich Islands, a present, no doubt, from Lord Byron, on his return from them, after his cruise in the Blonde frigate.

Mr. Yates, the rector of Barlborough, is a man of talent and learning. He is amiable and polished in his character and manners, and gave us two excellent and spiritual sermons on the Sabbath. The rectory to which Mr. Rodes took me, after our visit at Park Hall, is a handsome house standing on the street in the village, without an enclosure or shrubbery, but opening in the rear, upon a fine lawn, encircled with plantations of tastefulness and beauty, and communicating with retired and rural walks, along the borders of a small stream.

We also made a circuit of two or three miles, before returning to the house, around the Park. It is studded with many fine clumps and groves of old oak and other majestic trees, and is ornamented by two sheets of water—one quite extensive, and with many of the features of a small lake, in its long and tufted points and islets. The entrance, from the gate on the side opposite to the town is by a circuitous and pleasant drive, with a fine view, also, in this direction, of the house, in the approach to it.

Before dinner on Saturday, Mr. Gossip, a brother of Mrs. Rodes, took Captain Bolton and myself in a pony phaeton, to Bolsover Castle, a ruinous mansion of great celebrity in former days, some six or eight miles in the direction from this of Hardwick

Hall. In the time of William the Conqueror it was the site of a castle of one of the Peverel's. It was afterwards in the Cavendish family, one of whom, the Duke of Newcastle, gave a magnificent entertainment at it, to Charles I. when on his way to Scotland in 1633. The expense of the dinner was four thousand pounds; and Lord Clarendon in describing it, says, "It was such an excess of feasting as had scarce ever been known in England, and would still be thought very prodigious, if the same noble person had not, within a year or two afterwards, made the king and queen a more stupendous entertainment, which (God be thanked) though possibly it might too much whet the appetite of others to excess, no man ever after in those days imitated."

The Duchess of Newcastle, in her memoirs of her husband, remarks, that "the king liked the former entertainment so well, that a year after his return out of Scotland, he was pleased to send my lord word, that her majesty the queen was resolved to make a progress into the northern parts, desiring him to prepare the like entertainment for her majesty, as he had formerly done for him, which my lord did, and endeavoured for it, with all possible care and industry, sparing nothing that might add splendour to that feast, which both their majesties were pleased to honour with their presence. Ben Johnson he employed in fitting such scenes and speeches, as he could best devise, and sent for all the gentry of the country to come and wait on their majesties; and in short, did all that he ever could, to render it great

and worthy their royal acceptance. It cost him in all between fourteen and fifteen thousand pounds."

Bolsover is now a possession of the Duke of Portland. It stands on the brow of a steep hill commanding a wide extent of country, and embraces a view of Barlborough, while it overlooks the fine estate and mansion of Sutton Park, now the residence of one of the Arkwright family. A large part of the original pile is roofless and in ruins. A lofty embattled and turreted tower is still habitable, and is the residence of a curate whose living is in the gift of the Duke of Portland. The rooms in general are small, dark, and gloomy, and of little interest in their associations. Those sections of the mansion which were the scenes of the regal entertainments mentioned above, are now traceable only in their crumbling and roofless foundations. The precipices on two sides of the habitable tower are fearful, and the deep descent on every side, as beheld from the leads on its top, such as to cause an involuntary shrinking from a glance over its parapets.

I rose at an early hour to complete this last letter from Barlborough. Among the guests of the last day or two at the Hall, we have had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Knight, a physician of eminence and talent at Sheffield. He is among the most agreeable and intelligent of the gentlemen whose acquaintance we have made in Derbyshire. He was off by sunrise this morning. Sir Henry Hunlocke and his uncle, left yesterday. The gig of Lieutenant Russel is at the door, our chaise has been ordered for some time, and Mr. and Mrs. Rodes have already been

gone an hour. They set off in a chariot and four, with a tastefulness of dress in the postillions, and in the equipments of the horses, and an air of gentility in the valet and dressing maid in the rumble behind, which we have scarce seen surpassed in any equipage before noticed by us.

As a slight memento of our visit, I have transferred to a scrap book of our fair hostess, the outline of a sketch of Newstead, taken on the reverse of a visiting card, the last day we were at the Abbey, while Captain Bolton with his accustomed happy gift of the kind, in like intent has scribbled on a page of the same, an impromptu, in verse.

Mrs. Rodes fully merits all the compliment of the lines of my friend. She is a *fine* woman both in the English and American meaning of the term. The former apply it exclusively in speaking of an individual, to the style of the figure and face, while we in general understand by it, the moral and social character of the person in reference to whom it is used. The understanding of it in either sense, in application to this lady, would lead into no error. She appears most amiable and kind in heart, and with much beauty of face, possesses a noble and commanding figure. She is said to be a Plantagenet as a lineal descendant of Edward III., a blood which I am told Mr. Rodes also can boast, through the veins of Edward I.

## LETTER XXXI.

## JOURNEY FROM SHEFFIELD TO YORK.

General aspect of the Country—Beauty of the drive to Wakefield—The Parks of Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Howard of Effingham and Hon. Mr. Wentworth—Arrival at Leeds—Approach to York—The Cathedral—Its walls—Castle and Churches—Prevalence and mortality of the Cholera—Philosophic Gardens, and view from them—Ruin of St. Mary's Abbey—and the Museum.

*Black Swan, York,  
July 25th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

THE recommencement of our travel northward, led us again to Sheffield. The wind, on the present occasion had driven the smoke which before concealed it, from the town. Though actually situated on an eminence, it has the appearance of being in a hollow, in the descent of a long hill, in the direction of Barlborough, and though dingy in its general aspect, it is surrounded by a beautifully uneven, and tastefully improved country.

While waiting a half hour for the arrival of a coach which we intended taking at twelve o'clock, I made an unsuccessful attempt to secure a second interview with Mr. Montgomery. He was not at his lodgings, however, and was not expected at home, till a later hour than we could remain in the place. Our stage for the day, was the city of Leeds; and the travel of forty-eight miles, intervening between it and Sheffield,

was delightful—the day, though cheerful and bright, being of a temperature sufficiently cool, to render our cloaks comfortable around us. The country, for the first thirty miles to Wakefield, is peculiarly lovely in its general features and improvement, and ornamented at the distance of every few miles, by the parks and mansions of the Earl of Fitzwilliam, Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord Wharncliffe, and several of the Wentworth family. We were struck with the bad taste and folly of some very considerable expenditures, exhibited at one of the last, in objects of intended ornament, erected many miles from the house. One on a hill, at the distance we saw it, had precisely the appearance of a colossal hay-stack, though intended, probably, for a pyramid. It reminded me in its effect, of the rocks and tower, and miniature fortresses, erected on the lakes at Newstead, by the eccentric predecessor of the poet, in the Barony of the Byrons.

As we approached Leeds, the face of the country became more tame and uninteresting. The smoke arising from the numerous manufactories of the city, was seen at a great distance, spreading over the whole horizon before us, with all the blackness of a midsummer thunder-storm. We observed nothing in the place to invite our stay beyond the night, and not having at command, in reference to engagements we were desirous of fulfilling, a day for the celebrated ruin of Kirkstall Abbey, and other objects of attraction in the neighbourhood, took the coach at eight o'clock in the morning, for this city.

The Cholera has been prevailing with great mor-

talities for some time here ; and but for the magnificent Minster, for which it is famed, we should not have slept within its walls. We arrived early, the distance from Leeds to it being only twenty-five miles, over a level and not particularly attractive country.

The majestic and lofty towers of the Minster, present an imposing feature in the approach to York ; and almost the only object connected with it, seen at any considerable distance. On the road to it, after leaving Tadcaster, a height of land was pointed out to us on our left, as famed for a memorable battle between the houses of York and Lancaster, in 1461 ; and not many miles distant, on the right, stands Bishopsthorpe, the palace of the archbishops of York.

We lost no time after our arrival, in repairing to the Cathedral ; and remained two or three hours within and around it—gazing upon its different fronts, pacing its nave, next in extent in the world, to that of St. Peter's at Rome, with an admiration momentarily increasing as we contemplated again and again, from varied points of view, its lofty and graceful arches, its clustered and massive pillars, and inimitable proportions, examining the exquisite workmanship and carvings of its choir, and the antique architecture of its chapter house, and ascending its principal tower, the leads and turrets of which, command the entire panorama of the city, with many miles on every hand, of the richly cultivated country around.

The west front is indescribably beautiful, and the effect upon the eye and feelings, of the great eastern

window of richly painted glass, seventy feet in height, and of proportionate breadth, cannot even be imagined by one who has never gazed upon it. The choir is screened from the side aisles, by frames of richly carved stone work, in keeping with the general architecture, filled in with massive plate glass, of the most perfect translucency. The thickness of the glass is such, that a curious and most beautiful optical effect in the reflection of the painted windows at the sides opposite, is produced—such in airiness and transparency of colouring, as no effort of art upon the glass itself could secure.

The walls of the city, are in a much more imperfect and dilapidated state, than those of Chester. They do not form an uninterrupted promenade, and we walked around them, only in part. The castle is said to have been originally built by William the Conqueror. It has lately been surrounded by new walls, and contains within the enclosure, an antique structure, called Clifford's Tower, thought to be of Roman origin. On ringing at the gate of the Castle, with the intention of asking permission to enter it, a porter informed me, that all ingress had been interdicted, from the terrific disease prevailing within. On asking whether it was the Cholera, he replied he did not know what it was, only that it was most fearful and appalling in its ravages among the prisoners and other inmates.

There are many exceedingly antique and venerable old churches, scattered over the town. But all sink into comparative insignificance beside the Cathedral; and we have already seen so many of a

similar character, in different sections of the kingdom, that we have made no application for admittance to any one of these.

Mr. Gossip kindly furnished us with a card of admission to the Museum and Philosophical Gardens of the city, of which institution he is a member. My curiosity was somewhat dampened at the entrance of these, by the good portress at the Lodge, who, after I had placed my name, according to custom, in an album in her keeping, pointed to a street immediately adjoining the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey,—a principal attraction within,—and told me that the cholera had been very fatal there, and that three persons had just been buried from a house in sight. A glimpse at St. Mary's, however, presented a temptation which I could not resist, and I passed forward.

The gardens, as the grounds are called, are small, but embrace objects, in a single view, of as varied beauty and interest as are often found in the same grouping. Immediately adjoining the gate, stands the remains of an old wall, and massive round tower, which is attributed to a Norman age. Directly in front, across a lovely lawn, of an extent just sufficient to give all the effect of a suitable perspective, are the beautiful ruins of the Abbey; while midway, on the right, is seen the Museum,—a handsome modern structure, of Grecian architecture,—and on the left, opposite to it, at the distance of some hundred yards, the river Ouse, backed by a section of the walls of the city, with several spires and towers of beauty in the distance.

The remains of St. Mary's consist principally of a range of beautifully defined arches, mantled with ivy, which now in every part,

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“with rude luxuriance bends  
Its tangled foliage through the cloistered space ;  
O'er the high window's mouldering points ascends,  
And fondly clasps it with a last embrace.”

Nothing of the kind can present a more perfect picture than this. It is not so bold and majestic, so heavy and so stately as Kenilworth, but more symmetrical, and more finished. The stone of which it is formed is almost purely white ; and even at noon-day there is a moonlight softness about it, that irresistibly conveys an impression that it is but an artificial structure, but lately placed in the situation, for the embellishment of the scene. I scarce know when I have been more delighted, than during the hour I spent in examining it from different points, and in contrasting the various objects in view, with one another. In the admiration excited by it I soon forgot the cholera and its ravages, and lost all thoughts of an infected atmosphere.

I afterwards visited the Museum. The edifice—a fine building,—has been recently erected, and the collection contained in it yet small, and not fully arranged in the various apartments. The cholera, indeed, has placed everything at a stand for the last month ; and the city is almost deserted by the more wealthy and respectable of its inhabitants.

## LETTER XXXII.

## CITIES OF DURHAM AND NEWCASTLE.

Journey from York to Durham—Duncombe and Studley Parks—Approach to Durham—Beauty of its situation—Its castle, cathedral, promenades, and bridges—Interview with the Bishop of Chester—Drive to Newcastle—Lumley Castle—Lambton Hall, and Castle Ravensworth—Effect in the scenery of the collieries and forges, near Newcastle—General aspect of this city—General remarks on English society and manners.

*Turk's Head, Newcastle,  
July 27th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

YESTERDAY morning, at eight o'clock, we bade adieu to the venerable city of York. The day was again one delightful for the traveller; and we found ourselves, by five o'clock, at Durham, sixty-six miles farther on our route to the north.

For some miles after leaving York, the country is low and unvaried, but afterward becomes quite bold and romantic, with hills, and even mountains, both on the right and left in the distance, projecting at some points, in abrupt cliffs over the flatness of the adjoining sections. It is on one of these lofty prominences that Duncombe Park—a seat of Lord Feversham,—is situated. It is remarkable for its fine scenery, the beauty of its grounds, and an elegant mansion, erected by Wakefield, from designs of Vanbrugh. Mrs. Vernon, whose acquaintance

we had the pleasure of making at Newstead,—a lady of great intelligence and interest of character, is a near relative of the noble proprietor, and was an inmate of his family previous to her marriage. She urged us much to take the Park in our route, as being almost unequalled in the kingdom. The beautiful ruin of Rievaulx Abbey is within its boundaries; and Studley Park and ruin, not less attractive, in the immediate neighbourhood. But our engagements in Scotland would not allow of the delay; and we passed on by a more direct course, leading through to Easingwold, Thirsk, North Allerton, and Darlington, to Durham.

Mr. Backhouse, already made known to you as my fellow-passenger from New York, has a seat at Darlington. It presents a handsome aspect at the entrance of the town. I had been kindly invited to make him a visit; but not having it in my power to appoint any specific time, regretted now to learn that he was absent, in a distant part of the kingdom.

The Cathedral, and ruinous towers of the castle of Durham, constitute the leading features in a first view of it. A principal portion of the town itself is old, and uninteresting, but so situated, as scarce to be noticed in connection with its smaller though more imposing sections. The river Wear winds through and around it, so as to make a perfect peninsula of the central parts, constituting a rocky promontory on which the Castle or Bishop's Palace, and the Cathedral are situated. The banks, though precipitous, are covered with verdure, and laid out into walks, and hanging gardens, by which every appear-

ance of a town is cut off, except the towers and the pinnacles of the stately edifices by which it is adorned. The opposite side of the river is overhung, in its windings, by delightful groves filled with walks of gravel, cut through their embowering shade, and accessible at different points from the town, by three beautiful bridges thrown across the stream. We have scarce visited a place presenting equal attraction, in the venerable and antiquated aspect of its public structures, and the varied interest and romance of its environs.

The Cathedral presents a magnificent pile. It was founded in the year 1093, and the predominating style of its architecture is Norman, though it was not completely finished till some time in the thirteenth century. The site had been chosen by the monks of Lindisfarne, in the early part of the tenth century, as a safe depository for the remains of their patron St. Cuthbert, during the predatory incursions of the Danes, and these with the bones of the venerable Bede, other sacred relics, the holy vessels, ornaments and jewels of the shrines and altars, were removed here at the time. Malcolm king of Scotland was present and assisted in laying the corner stone of the present edifice. The Castle or Bishop's palace is on one side of the pile, and the College, a range of buildings appropriated to the dean and prebendaries of the cathedral on the other.

The Bishop of Chester is a prebendary of Durham, and with his family passes two or three months of each summer here. Notes had been interchanged between this gentleman and myself before I left

London; and I called upon him last evening. Learning, however, that he was occupied with company, I merely left my card, with a message that I would pay my respects to him again this morning. This I did just before we were about commencing the travel to this place. I was received by him in the most kind and gratifying manner. He expressed his regret that I had not sent my card up to him the evening previous, that he might have introduced me to the friends then with him; and learning that it was necessary for me to proceed without further delay to Scotland, most hospitably extended an invitation already given to Durham, to a visit to the palace of Chester, on my expected return from Ireland in October, where he will be for the remainder of the year.

The drive from Durham to Newcastle of fourteen miles was pleasant, the day fine and cool, and the country as usual beautiful. Near Chester-la-Street, we had a view of the stately mansion of Lumley Castle, a seat of Lord Scarborough, and just after, a sight of the towers of Lambton Hall, a residence of Lord Durham. Two or three miles before reaching Newcastle, we also had a beautiful peep at Ravensworth Castle. Its towers and embattled turrets gleamed brightly on the eye in the morning sun, above the dark bowers and groves by which it is encircled, and almost hidden, as it rises romantically from the side of an abrupt hill. One leading feature in the aspect of the whole region of country in this vicinity, is the smoke of its unnumbered furnaces and collieries. Every hill and rising ground is seen

reeking with it, and more than one million five hundred thousand tons of coal, are annually exported from the country, and seventy thousand of its inhabitants are engaged in the mining of its beds, while forges, foundries and manufactories of sulphate of iron, acetate of lead, bitumen, and other articles of the kind, whose elementary matter is found in the mineral kingdom, are scattered on every side around.

Newcastle, as you are aware, is the grand mart for these articles, and for coal. It possesses many respectable public edifices and institutions, and some of the more modern sections of the town are cheerful, and well-looking; but as a whole it is a smoky, black, uninteresting place. Much to our disappointment, we are obliged to tarry in it the remainder of the day. No coach leaves for the north, till the coming morning; and by posting, we should scarce arrive earlier in Edinburgh than we shall by the first coach of to-morrow.

Admiral Collingwood, Akenside the poet, Lord Chancellor Eldon, and his brother Baron Stowell, were born in this city, and received their early education at its grammar-school. It is not improbable that by seeking for it, we might find much to interest us within its boundaries. But we are weary of the excitement springing from an endless succession of objects of novelty and the associations connected with them, and I will improve an hour of our detention here, in throwing together a few general and desultory remarks and impressions concerning the kingdom proper, whose boundary on the north we are

just about to cross, for a few weeks amid the wildness and romance of "the *land o' cakes*."

Any one after having traversed England by the routes and in the manner we have, would not hesitate for a moment I should think in pronouncing it, in the high perfection of its agriculture, in the extent, beauty, and taste of its ornamental exhibitions of park, pleasure grounds, and domains, and in the cultivated and artificial aspect of its whole surface to be, as a nation, the very garden of the world. While the unnumbered palaces and mansions of its nobility and gentry, scattered thickly around in every part, the perfection of elegant keeping, and varied evidences of splendid life presented by them, the unrivalled excellence of her roads, her canals, her railways and her bridges, her edifices of science, of religion and of philanthropy, and an almost universal neatness and comfort in the cottages of her peasantry and her poor, equally claim for her the epithet and the standing of the most magnificent section of Christendom.

These fruits of the wealth, which for a century and more, has been pouring and concentrating in her bosom, from all parts of the globe, and the refinement and high state of civilization, in the superior grades of society which have accompanied it, are manifest to the most careless observer, and acknowledged by all. In most imposing and distinctive exhibitions, are of course, to be found in the classes constituting the aristocracy of the land. Of these, from the little opportunity I have had of forming an opinion, I am disposed to think, that we Americans, as a people, generally entertain a mistaken sentiment. The En-

glish, are too much inclined to believe that as republicans, we must unavoidably be destitute of all refinement, polish, and elegance of character and habits, and, on the other hand, the Americans are equally ready to imagine, that the necessary results of a hereditary aristocracy must be, and are, a degeneracy of mind and body, and a corruption of character and heart. The impression in either case, I believe to be equally erroneous and unsupported by facts. I could prove, I think, to entire satisfaction, a truth which is now daily being demonstrated in our country, that the direct and necessary tendency of a republic, enjoying the moral and intellectual blessings which we possess, is to a refinement of national character, more general and more entire, than can, or ever will exist, in any nation where the equality of rank, and the descent and distribution of property, are not the same. This fact, our friends here are slow to receive; and those across the Atlantic, I am persuaded, will be equally incredulous of the truth, that we find little evidence of any general and characteristic degeneracy here, mental, moral, or physical, among those possessing the privileges, and hereditary distinctions of the peerage.

There is no question, that there are not only individuals of both sexes, but circles of those of the highest rank in the kingdom, who are corrupt in principle and habits, to a most lamentable, and, what in the United States would be thought, a most disgraceful degree. But the mass of the nobility and gentry, I am persuaded, do not differ in morals or in character, from the classes of worldly and fashionable people in our

own country, who hold a similar standing in wealth and influence; while no inconsiderable portion of them of all grades, exemplify in their whole manner of life, many of the most attractive and delightful qualities of our nature, and blend the purity and spirituality of Christian piety, with the polish and gracefulness, the mental culture and accomplishments incident to the affluence and leisure at their command.

General conclusions cannot be drawn either very correctly or very justly, from such wide extremes. A foreigner passing one or two seasons in London, almost exclusively among the ultra fashionable peers and peeresses of the west end, a witness only of the rounds of dissipation, intrigue and vice, which may exist there, would draw a picture of society, very different in its outlines and colouring, from that which would be sketched by one whose chief intercourse had been with circles of the same grade, but of habits of life and character as widely different, as well can be.

But this is not exactly the point I intended scribbling upon, when I took my pen. The manners and forms of life, rather than morals of the aristocracy, were in my mind's eye. I say, "of the aristocracy," meaning by it, the most polished society—the manners of ladies and gentlemen, not those of any person of either sex, whom I may casually have met, and might choose to make, the original of the Sketches transmitted to you.

On this point, I find no very distinctive traits. The grand difference here existing between this country

and our own, is that in England, they have in large and entirely separate masses, what in America, is found only in more limited and widely scattered numbers. The rules of good breeding and the usages of polished life, are in both nations the same, but where there is one individual or one family, in the United States, trained and habituated to the highest refinement of manners, there are in England a hundred, and while with us, there is unavoidably in general society, a mixed association of the most polished with those who are less so, here the exclusiveness of the higher grades prevents in a great degree, any mingling in social intercourse of those habituated to different modes of life.

The exterior movements and address of individuals of the higher circles, differ as variously here, as on the other side of the Atlantic, from the most polished and graceful, to the most unbecoming and awkward, but if called upon to make any general comparison in the manners of the same classes in the two countries, I would unhesitatingly say, that there is less of the *suaviter in modo*—something more abrupt and blunt—in the address and manner of the English gentlemen, not unfrequently blended with a decided awkwardness of movement, and in the ladies, a manifestly greater precision and formality, than in those of the same standing in America.

The distance and stateliness of a first intercourse—so often made the characteristic of English manners—with those upon whose courtesy you are not particularly thrown, only continues for a short time; and in more cases than one, where these have been

most manifested on a first introduction, we have in a short time, found the greatest affability. A period of formality appears in some to be a settled kind of probation through which all must go, before any intercourse more grateful can be indulged in. So much has this been the case, that Captain Bolton and myself, after finding ourselves just as we have been taking our leave, delighted with the intelligence and agreeableness of character of those, who for a day or more previous, had been our fellow-guests, with the interchange of scarce a word beyond the salutations of civility, have laughingly come to the resolution, that in any after visits we may make, we will at once say to those we meet under the roof of our hosts, "my dear Madam, or my dear Sir, we must be off in a day or two, and have not an hour to give to *unbending*; therefore, let us be friends at once, that we may not have to lament just as we must bid you adieu, that we did not sooner discover you to be the affable, intelligent, and delightful persons, which you really are."

I have said that there is a greater precision of manners in the ladies, than with us—more stiffness of air, and a more mechanical movement of the figure; but with it, there is a propriety of attitude and action which is never in fault, and which more than counterbalances any disadvantage arising from the former. Whatever else may be said of the English ladies, those we have seen have exhibited the clearest proof in their manners, that they believe, with Hannah More, that "propriety is the first, the second, and the third highest quality of the sex."

## LETTER XXXIII.

## ARRIVAL IN EDINBURGH.

Departure from Newcastle—Picts' wall—Coachman of the "Chevy Chase," and anecdote of a Scotch traveller—Harwood Moor—Scene of the hunt and conflict of Chevy Chase—Cheviot hills, and crossing of the border—Impressions in entering Scotland—Picturesque country near Jedburgh, and through Teviotdale—Banks of the Tweed, and Melrose Abbey—Abbotsford, the seat of Sir Walter Scott—The Pentland hills, and mountains of Fife and Perthshires—First view of Arthur's seat, and Salisbury Crags—The Castle Rock, and Frith of Forth—Splendour of the scene, and beauty of the evening—Entrance to the city.

*Crown Hotel, Edinburgh,  
July 28th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

AFTER a most rapid and exciting journey, of a hundred miles, from Newcastle, which we left, after an early breakfast, we reached this noted city just at nightfall yesterday.

A first order was for a servant to be despatched to the post-office; and in a few moments we had the happiness of perusing large packets from America. Among the letters for myself were those from your father, designed by him to have anticipated my departure from New York. They are all in good time, however, except that to the British ambassador.

In leaving Newcastle, we had a glimpse for a

moment, of a small remain of the celebrated wall erected by the Romans to restrain the incursions of the Picts. It was built first of earth, by Adrian, and of stone and bricks afterwards, by Severus and Actius ; and extends across the island from near the mouth of the Tyne, in the east, to Solway Frith, on the Irish sea.

As we came north after leaving York, we began to perceive a gradual change for the worse, in the grooming and nice keeping of the horses, in the neatness and brightness of the harness, and in the character and dress of the coachmen, and would occasionally miss, in a stage, the portly figure and ruddy face of the real John-Bull Jehu, and in place of the well-smoothed beaver, the large calico shawl, or muffler, and the trimly fitted white-topped boots, characteristic of the class in most parts of the kingdom, would meet a slouched hat, an open-collared neck, and shoes and trowsers on the nether limbs of our charioteer. Such was the general costume of the driver of the "Chevy Chase," on whose box I became seated for a first day's journey in Scotland, —a fresh-complexioned, blue-eyed, and yellow-haired laddie of twenty, full of animation, and buoyant spirit, and with health and muscle to accomplish without fatigue, the daily drive, except on the Sabbath, from the beginning to the end of the year, of the distance between Newcastle and Edinburgh.

The first incivility we had met since the commencement of our travel, was from a Scotchman the day previous, when leaving Durham ; and I was

happy in having, on this occasion, one of the same country, so entirely in contrast, for my immediate neighbour. The coach in which we left Durham, did not start, on its first stage, from that city, and we were obliged to take such seats as were vacant when it arrived from the south. Fortunately there were three places unoccupied in front, behind the coachman. One of these Captain Bolton took. A broad, stout, and hard-featured Scot followed, and became seated exactly midway between my friend, and a person on the other extreme of the range, which, though intended for four passengers, was rather contracted in its dimensions—with such a display of frame and muscle, that there was room on neither side for myself. After getting up, and perceiving no disposition to move on his part, I asked him politely which seat he would prefer,—to which he very gruffly answered; the one he was in. But, sir, I continued, you are now occupying a part of two seats, and my question was to know which way you chose to move; and I was almost ready to debate whether it were not time, as the crabbed fellow very composedly replied, “I don’t know that I shall move either way, sir,” for my own Scotch blood to stir a little. I thought best, however, to turn my feelings into a happier channel, and, by remarking pleasantly, with a smile, “if we should find all your countrymen, my dear sir, as accommodating as yourself, our tour in Scotland will be much less extended than we now propose to make it,” at once touched the spring of his locomotive powers, and drew from him an apology for his rudeness, which gradually

fell, on his part, into much intelligent and interesting conversation.

Soon after leaving Newcastle, the country through which we passed began to differ in its aspect from that over which we had previously travelled, and before the end of many miles we entered upon an extensive region of moorland, called Harwood Moor. All the rich crops and luxuriant growth by which we had so long been surrounded, as we were hurried on our way, were gone, and the eye rested only, in every direction, upon a wild and naked expanse, covered with a coarse, dark-coloured turf, dotted here and there by flocks of sheep, and occasionally relieved by another sign of life in the smoke curling up from the lowly and rude cabin of a shepherd. Whether the effect of early impressions, derived from reading of deeds of tragedy and horror perpetrated amidst similar scenery, or not, I cannot say, but this, the first extensive moor over which we have passed, in its dreary extent and desolation, seemed to me just the place for acts of villany.

One fact, however, would rather intimate that robbery and murder occur here, at least, at very long intervals. The gallows of a murderer, hung and gibbeted on the spot where his crime was committed, and which may justly be considered the last incident of the kind which has taken place, still stands in the midst of the wide waste, presenting, *in terrorem*, to the passing traveller a wooden effigy, which in the distance I first supposed to be the real skeleton dangling in chains beneath.

On this moor, for the first time since leaving

America, we found a long straight road, one, the continuation of which we could trace for miles in a line, as in many of the turnpikes in the United States. Whatever the effect may be, in shortening distances, in this mode of laying down roads, there certainly is nothing in it which adds to the interest of the traveller, or tends to any association with the country, of the beautiful or picturesque. In England every road is beautifully winding and serpentine, and you scarce drive a hundred rods anywhere without some graceful curvature, by which every object in view is placed in a new position to the eye, and the attention and admiration arrested anew by the surrounding scenery.

Our coach, you will recollect, was the "Chevy Chase:" named after

"The woful hunt which once there did  
In Chevy Chase befall."

The scene of the famed hunt and battle was in the midst of this moor; and the spot on which the proud Earls of Douglass and Northumberland met and fell is marked, at the road-side, by a cross called "Percy's cross," standing within a small enclosure and surrounded by a young plantation of trees. It was here

"They fought until both did sweat—  
(With swords of tempered steel)  
And till the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feel,"

with such fatality too, that not only the heart's blood of both stained the moor, but while,

"Of twenty hundred Scottish spears  
Scarce fifty-five did fly—  
Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,  
Went home but fifty-three ;  
The rest were slain in Chevy Chase  
Under the greenwood tree :  
And sure 'twas then a grief to see  
And likewise for to hear  
The cries of men dying in their gore  
And scattered here and there !"

The Cheviot hills had, for some time previous, been in distant but beautiful view ; and at the rapid rate at which we were whirled along by our blithesome young coachman, we soon entered a defile through them, at mid distance in which, upon a bleak height, we passed the boundary stone of the two kingdoms and were in Scotland. As my friend of the box pointed to the stone, and with a joyous look proclaimed this fact, and gave fresh rein to his horses, a first impression, as I looked around me, was, that if the country in view were a fair specimen of the land, it was no wonder that so many of the sons of the bonnet and plaid had made their escape to other climes. The hills and mountains, swelling on every side, are as bare and uncovered as can be imagined, and the few dwellings scattered over them, as black and weather-beaten as if they had withstood the blasts and tempests of a thousand years. Still I felt, in every vein, that it was the land of romance, and of song, the land of heroism and of genius, the land of letters, and of religion, the land of my blood and of my name ; and gazed upon it with an enthusiasm

I have never before known, except in that which I consider emphatically to be

“The land of the free and the home of the brave !”

It was not long, however, that we were dependent upon association for thoughts and feelings of interest and admiration. Every mile we advanced, over hill and dale, showed a rapid improvement in the features and aspect of the country ; and as we approached Jedburgh, we were more delighted with the beauty and wildness of its valley, than with the most picturesque sections of Derbyshire.

We dined at Jedburgh ; and then, in the brightness and beauty of the declining day, had a drive of enchantment through Teviotdale and along the banks of the Tweed, for the remainder of the afternoon, till we again struck off upon the moor of Middleton, in the direction of Edinburgh. It was our intention, when leaving Barlborough Hall, to stop for a day at Melrose and Abbotsford, but the detention at Newcastle made it necessary to proceed, without delay, to meet our engagements in this vicinity.

Of the beautiful ruins of Melrose Abbey, we had, without stopping, a fine, though transient view ; one sufficient, however, especially with the vivid recollection of a moonlight scene at Newstead, enjoyed one evening in its highest perfection in a walk with Mr. Oakley, through the cloisters and on the leads overlooking the quadrangle, fully to appreciate the force of the oft quoted passage, by Scott—

“ If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;

For the gay beams of lightsome day  
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted Oriel glimmers white:  
When the cold light's uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower:  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory:  
When silver edges the imagery  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die:  
Then go—but go alone the while—  
Then view Saint David's ruined pile;  
And home returning, soothly swear,  
Was never scene so sad and fair!"

We passed sufficiently near to Abbotsford, to satisfy, in a degree at least, our curiosity in reference to its exterior. It is a turreted and castellated building of light-coloured freestone, situated on the banks of the Tweed, opposite a ford once used by the monks of the adjoining monastery—whence the name of the seat. The edifice, and all the surrounding improvements, are the fruits of Sir Walter's own labours and taste. While we were in London, he arrived from the Continent, in extreme illness, and for weeks was expected daily to yield his hold on life. He afterwards revived so much, however, as to allow of a removal, according to his earnest solicitation, to Scotland, and to his home; and such is again his state, that from all we could learn, even at Melrose, three miles distant, we knew not, but that the very moment we were gazing upon the battlements of his castle, he might be sinking into the arms of the ruthless conqueror, to whose power, all flesh living must yield.

The depth of interest and sympathy, which the genius and character of such men cast on everything connected with them, is truly astonishing. From the first moment the driver said to me, "that dark wood you see far ahead, on the left, are the plantations of Abbotsford," till we had caught a full view of the mansion, passed by, and again lost sight of it behind, by turning an angle of the road, my eyes were riveted upon the domain, and every thought absorbed in musings on the life, and on the now closing scenes in the earthly existence of the illustrious proprietor.

The section of country, for a few miles round, appears to be a favourite residence of many of the nobility and gentry, and we had a passing sight of several belonging to different families of the Scots—to the Marquess of Lothian, the Earl of Beaufort, and others—and nearer Edinburgh, those of Lord Dalhousie, the Earl of Melville, and the Duke of Buccleugh.

The evening was uncommonly fine, with an atmosphere more transparent—more like that characterizing a summer's day in the United States—than we have often observed in our travel. This, no doubt, added to the effect of the first impression made by Edinburgh and its surrounding scenery. The whole is magnificent. The Pentland Hills rise majestically on your left, in an approach from the south. They bear in the general effect of height and distance in this position, a strong resemblance to the Catskill Mountains, as seen from the waters of the Hudson; while at a much greater remove immediately in front beyond the city, and long before coming in view of it,

hill after hill, and range upon range, roll far inland, till they stand only in blue mistiness against the sky.

When still thirteen miles from the town, Salisbury crags, and Arthur's seat, two bold cliff-like hills, immediately east of it, the latter over-topping the former, came fully in sight; and shortly afterwards, the Castle rock, rising from the midst of the city, like an island from the Sea: while the Frith of Forth, with its islands, was at the same time seen stretching far towards the German Ocean, on the right. The whole imagery in view was splendid; and we truly delighted. The sun had just gone down behind the blue hills in the west, and the whole sky in that direction was in one golden blaze. A single mass of graceful clouds, of the richest crimson, alone hung midway between the glowing horizon, and the blueness of the zenith; having the effect of so much drapery of the same gorgeous hue, arranged in tastefulness and beauty over the lovely and imposing picture below.

After passing down a fine long street in the Old Town, we found ourselves rolling across a noble bridge, from beneath which, in place of the noise of water, the sound of many voices, and the murmur of the multitude came upon the ear—it being, as your knowledge of the geography of the famed town will have instructed you, only a viaduct over dry land: a street passing on a level upon arches of stone, from one hill to another, over a deep and inhabited glen between them.

Although I felt less fatigued with the travel of a hundred and more miles over such roads as those by

which we came, accomplished in less than twelve hours, than I have in America, by a drive of one fourth of the distance, I was too much excited by the novel and varied scenes of the day, and the happiness of a safe arrival in the capital of the Northern kingdom, to write last evening. Before venturing, however, on any observations without doors this morning, I have thought best thus to furnish you with an outline of our first day in Scotland.

## LETTER XXXIV.

## A DAY IN EDINBURGH.

General sketch of the city—Sites of the old and new towns—Prince street—Calton Hill, and its Monuments—Holyrood House, and ruins of its Abbey Church—Apartments of Queen Mary—Charles X., ex-king of France—Castle Rock and the Castle—View from the ramparts—Services of the Sabbath in St. George's and St. Giles' churches—Rev. Mr. Martin, Dr. Gordon, and the Rev. Mr. Colton.

*Crown Hotel, Edinburgh,  
July 30th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

THIS is a season of the year at which Edinburgh is almost entirely deserted by the most distinguished of her inhabitants; and "not in town," has been the reply to three in four of the inquiries made at the doors of those here, to whom we were furnished with letters. We, therefore, passed Saturday in strolling without guidance around the city, as chance or fancy directed.

The first impression made by the unique and magnificent scenery by which it is encircled, and by the general style, and material of the architecture, both of the old and new town, has been confirmed and heightened by every after observation; and though I cannot say that the term, "city of palaces," by which I have heard it designated, is applicable to it as a whole, however descriptive it may be of some of its

modern sections, still, in its characteristic features,—in its situation and surrounding landscape,—in the taste and magnificence of its public structures, and the beauty of the stone of which the private dwellings are mostly, if not universally built, it doubtless rivals any other city in the world.

The narrow valley or glen which separates the old town from the new, runs nearly east and west, the principal streets in both being parallel with it. It is only the middle and lower sections of this gorge that are filled with dwellings. The upper or western end is beautifully laid out in a public garden and shrubbery around the base of the Castle Rock.

Prince street, in which is the hotel from which I write, is a splendid terrace, overlooking on the south, from most points in its whole length, the elevated ground on which the old town stands; and commanding uninterrupted views of all its principal buildings, and of the Castle, and the long line of many-storied houses, marking the course of one of its oldest and principal streets, extending from Holyrood House, in a dale in the east, to the Castle, on a high cliff in the west. Calton Hill terminates the view in Prince street towards the Frith of Forth. It is a precipitous and lofty rock, some mile or more in circuit at its base, furnished with broad promenades and flights of steps, which wind round it to its top, and ornamented by a handsome observatory, and monuments of taste and architectural beauty, to Nelson and Playfair.

In following Prince street, in our first walk, as it winds round this hill on the way to Leith, by a con-

tinuation called the Regent's road, we found ourselves immediately overlooking the palace of Holyrood, lying at a few hundred rods' distance, in a deep valley, at the foot of the Salisbury Crags, and made our way to it. The general architecture and style of this residence of the Scottish kings must be familiar to you. It is an extensive quadrangle of stone, enclosing a large court within. The principal front looks to the west, and consists of two square and embattled towers, of four stories each, at either extremity, ornamented with circular turrets at the corners, terminating in points, and connected by a gallery of half the height, surmounted by a balustrade, and having in the centre a gateway, over which the arms of Scotland are sculptured beneath a cupola in the form of a crown.

Adjoining the palace, at its north-east angle, are the ruins of the church of the former abbey of Holyrood. It was founded by David I., in 1128, by charter,—the original of which is still preserved in the archives of the city. The building, now in ruins, however, is of much more modern date, and was reduced to its present condition by the falling in of a new roof, in 1768, which had been placed upon the old walls a year or two previous. The eastern window, the mullions of which had been destroyed by a storm, has been restored, and is now entire. This church was long the royal chapel, and in its vault the remains of many of the Scottish kings and princes were deposited,—among others, those of Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary.

The apartments of this beautiful Queen, and the

scene of the tragic death of Rizzio, were visited by us after passing through the chapel and the old picture gallery—once a state-room of the pile,—containing the imaginary portraits of one hundred and eleven of the monarchs of Scotland. The scenes portrayed in the life of this princess, seem, when read in history, to be at least half romance; but when you enter the apartments once occupied by her, and gaze upon their furniture and decorations, unchanged in almost every respect, except by the slow and silent devastation of time, since the hour she left them,—pass through the doors, and tread the floor accustomed to her daily touch and step,—and are shown the blood-stained spots, said thus to have been dyed by the gore of the ill-fated Italian, you feel for the moment as if the tragedy were acted but yesterday, and not only alive to the reality of the facts, as they originated and exist, but are thrilled with a strange personal-like interest in their truth.

There is little of the splendour of a modern palace in these rooms. They are on the second floor,—are small in their dimensions, and consist of an audience chamber, bed-room, with a dressing-room without a fire-place, and the closet—twelve feet square,—in which the Queen, with the Countess of Argyle, and Rizzio was taking supper, when Darnley and his accomplices burst upon them from a secret door in the tower, communicating from the bed-room with the floor below.

The meditations irresistibly rising in the mind in view of these scenes, were full of instructive though melancholy interest, not unmingled with reprobation

and shame for the weakness, folly, and vice, which in all ages, and in all ranks, have too frequently marred the history of our race.

Charles X. ex-king of France and suite, including Henry V., as the young son of the Duchess de Berri is styled, occupy at present, the south and east ranges of the quadrangle. There is no appearance, however, about the pile, of an existing regal residence, unless it be in a sentry here and there walking his "weary post." The exiled monarch is surrounded, notwithstanding, by many French families, and keeps quite a court near his person.

From Holyrood, we followed the street of the Canongate by the Tolbooth, and in its continuation by High street, the Lawn Market and Castle Hill, to the castle. In this we visited the Regalia of Scotland, in the Jewel room, and the small, dark, and wretched apartment, in which James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, was born. The rock on which the castle stands, is between three and four hundred feet above the sea, and forms a cliff-like termination to the hill on which the old town principally stands. It is accessible only on the east, in the direction of the city, all the other sides being perpendicular. The ramparts of the fortress overlook on every side, the whole surrounding scenery; and from them you can study as upon a map, the geography not only of both the old and new town, but of the entire country far and near, while at the same time you enjoy one of the most beautiful prospects in land and water, rocks, hills, valleys, and mountains adorned at many points

by noble and imposing exhibitions of architectural taste and beauty.

A regiment of soldiers with a fine band, were on parade in a lower court of the castle, and besides witnessing the drill of an hour, we were gratified with many soul-stirring pieces of martial music.

Dr. Chalmers is among those, at present absent from Edinburgh. One reason for making our arrangements so as to pass a Sabbath here, was that we might have an opportunity of listening to his eloquence from the pulpit. Disappointed in this, we yesterday morning directed our course to St. George's Chapel—the presbyterian cathedral, if it may be so styled—or the head church of the establishment in Edinburgh. We heard Mr. Martin, the pastor, but without any very special satisfaction. His sermon was good, but too scholastic and formal for my taste. In the afternoon, I attended at St. Giles' in the old town—the church in which the Solemn League and Covenant was subscribed and sworn to, in 1643. Dr. Gordon, a highly popular preacher of the city, gave us a sermon on the character and piety of Moses, marked with much eloquence and spirituality. The whole illustration of his subject was most happy, and its application pointed and impressive. Just after I had taken my seat in the gallery, my shoulder was touched from behind, as I at first supposed, by some officer of the church, to intimate that I had made some inadmissible appropriation of a place to myself; but on turning suddenly round, I was most happy to meet the grasp of an American friend in the Rev. Mr. Colton, whose recent work on the Revivals of

the United States, has attracted much notice on this side the Atlantic. It being our last day in Edinburgh, for the present, he accompanied me after worship, to our hotel for dinner, and passed the interval till the evening service, with Captain Bolton and myself.

## LETTER XXXV.

## STEPHENSTON AND YESTER.

Drive to Haddington by Porto Bello and Musselburgh—Arrival at Stephenston, and reception by Sir John, and Lady Sinclair—Characteristics of our host and hostess—Their family—Visit to the Marquess of Tweeddale—Yester House and grounds—Lady Tweeddale and children—A walk through the glen, to the ruins of the feudal Castle of the family—Hobgoblin Hall and the superstitious legend giving celebrity to it.

*Stephenston House, East Lothian,  
July 31st, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

I RECOLLECT to have mentioned in a letter from London, that Captain Bolton met Sir John Gordon Sinclair at the palace of St. James. He is a post captain in the royal navy, and commanded the British frigate *Doris* on the Peruvian station, when my friend was there in the U. S. ship *Vincennes*. They were on terms of intimacy and friendship in the Pacific; and Sir John was most cordial at court in his recognition of Captain Bolton, and in the reception given to me as his friend and travelling companion.

We pledged ourselves at the time, for a visit to him in Scotland, should Providence permit, before a late period of the summer. He then apprised us of a necessity on his part of going from home in August, to visit an estate at the extreme north of the kingdom.

We intended to have been in Edinburgh at an earlier date than that at which we arrived ; and were fearful that we might be too late to find him at home. On reaching the city, however, a note in the post-office was waiting for us to hasten us onward, with the intelligence that he should not leave for Caithness till the third of the coming month ; and would expect us at his seat twenty miles from the capital, for the intervening time. We accordingly took a post-chaise after breakfast yesterday for his residence, the mansion from which I now address you.

The day was one of the finest of the summer, and the drive along the south shore of the Frith of Forth through the villages of Porto Bello and Musselburgh, and thence by Tranent to Haddington, eighteen miles from Edinburgh, truly delightful. The whole range of country intervening between the bay, and the hills of Lammermoor, which bound the prospect, some fifteen or twenty miles to the south of it, is most richly cultivated, constituting the section of the country so well known for its agricultural luxuriance, under the interchangeable names of Haddingtonshire and East Lothian.

Stephenston is two miles eastward from the town of Haddington towards the sea ; and it was four o'clock before we passed its gates. Sir John, with Lieut. Hay of the Royal Navy, a near relative of the family, who with a sister is at present here, was fishing for trout in the Tyne a rapid though small stream flowing through the ground near his house ; and, on perceiving our carriage, hastened to give us the true "Highland welcome" he had promised in

London. He is an open-hearted, intelligent, and noble-minded son of the ocean, and though nearly allied by birth and marriage to much of the most distinguished nobility of the United Kingdoms, is not less a nobleman by nature, than by blood. Stephenson House is the family mansion of the Baronets of the name and title, early inherited by him as the eighth in regular descent. It is an old and massive but plain quadrangle of stone, stuccoed and whitened. An hundred feet square, perhaps, with an area within, and three stories high. The country around is rich and beautiful, with some fine points in view from the house, but its situation, and that of the park and ground, are perfectly flat.

With Lady Sinclair we had been prepared from character to be pleased. Her reception of us was most kind. She has been greatly distinguished for her beauty, is still youthful in her appearance and possessed of many personal advantages. She was a De Courcy, an only daughter of the late Hon. Admiral De Courcy, a brother of the Earl of Kinsale who enjoys exclusively you will recollect, the hereditary and Quaker privilege of wearing his hat in the presence of the king. Of Irish descent, and educated in France, she blends a native vivacity of mind with a polished frankness, sweetness and *naïveté* of manners, seldom found so delightfully united in the same individual.

Their family consists of six children, sons and daughters between the ages of eight and fourteen, all well-trained, intelligent and healthful, and apparently worthy, in heart and disposition, the warm

affection with which they are evidently regarded by them. Lieut. and Miss Hay, with the governess of the young ladies, are the only inmates of the family at present, besides Captain Bolton and myself.

Sir John laments that our visit is at a time when several of the most intimate of his friends and neighbours, particularly Lord Elcho, the eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss and March, whose estate adjoins Stephenston, are absent from home, and the family of at least one other in circumstances of affliction to prevent its members from going into society. We ourselves feel no anxiety on this point, and have hourly proof that we shall be abundantly gratified with our visit, should we see none others while here, but the home circle by which we are surrounded. Our friend, however, does not design that this shall be the case. Yesterday the Marquess of Tweeddale and Admiral Campbell, were invited to be at dinner on our arrival. The Admiral came; but Lord Tweeddale being prevented by guests at home, we were invited to accompany Sir John to Yester, the residence of that nobleman, some five miles distant, this morning, and were accordingly, driven over by him in a pony carriage after breakfast.

Yester House immediately adjoins the town of Gifford of which the Marquess is the proprietor, and which gives the title of Earl to his eldest son. Its gates open beautifully, at the end of a street lined with old trees, into a bright glade through which the drive gracefully winds, with an abrupt and charmingly wooded hill on the one hand, and a noisy brawling stream of pure water on the other, its banks

being overhung with stately beech trees whose branches feather gracefully to the lawn on one side, while they dip their foliage in the playful water on the other, and throw their dark shadows widely over the velvet turf, brightly gleaming around. This is the general character of the approach for near a mile, though constantly increasing in beauty till the house opens to the eye in fine effect over a bridge crossing the water, with a loveliness and variety of foliage on one side on the level and up the side hill, and a display of majestic old trees in the park on the other, which I have seldom seen surpassed.

The mansion, now undergoing extensive and great improvements, is a massive quadrangle of stone presenting a fine front, in the direction of Gifford. It was erected about a hundred years since by Adams, is plain but spacious, with a central projection ornamented with pilasters, and circular windows, and has a pediment embellished with sculpture, and surmounted by carved figures. The roof to which the present alterations are to extend, is in bad taste however, and one of two wings originally attached to the main building, little to its beauty, has been removed, and the other is soon also to be taken down.

Besides Lord and Lady Tweeddale, we met in the drawing-room Lady Jane and Lord John Hay, a sister and brother of the marquess, Hon. Mr. Hamilton of the ducal family of that name, a niece of the Earl of Dalhousie, and Gen. Sir Robert Scott, of the East India Company's service. The marchioness, a cousin of Sir John Sinclair, is a daughter of the Duke of Manchester. She is an uncommonly fine

looking woman, of sedate but pleasing and simple manners, and would scarce be thought more than twenty-five years of age, though the mother of ten children, the eldest being now sixteen.

When we entered the dining-room to lunch, at half past one o'clock, eight of these were already there at a table in the centre of the apartment, with a tutor and governess to preside, while that spread for the adult company was laid at one end, presenting in the healthfulness and vivacity of their looks, and simplicity of dress and manners, a most pleasing groupe. They seldom eat at the same table with the family, have early hours for their meals, this at which we were present being the dinner, and are served with the simplest diet, both in kind and variety, perhaps two dishes of plainly dressed meat, two of vegetables, and a dessert of pudding or something of the kind.

On leaving the dining-room, we directed our way to the stabling, to see the favourite hunters of the Marquess. Charles, the eldest son of Sir John Sinclair, a lad of ten, had accompanied us from Stephenston, on a pony, the good qualities of which had been commented upon after our arrival, in the hearing of Lord Gifford, a young gentleman about the same age. As we were approaching the stables, the latter came running towards me, full of spirit and buoyancy, with the confident exclamation—"You, Mr. Stewart, I know will go to see my pony, after papa has shown his hunters;—he is a nice animal, and handsomer, I think, than my cousin Charles's." "To be sure I will," was my reply, and we at once

became great friends ; and after admiring his pony, I had individually in him a sprightly and interesting personal cicerone during the rest of our observations.

Lord John Hay, and Admiral Campbell, who had joined us, afterwards walked a mile and a half up the retired and beautiful glen in the rear of the house, to the ruins of the ancient feudal castle of the Lords of Gifford, the ancestors of the family. Scott, with his magic touch, has, in *Marmion*, now stamped it with an interest never known before, or at least, in a very limited degree, by recording with its name a legend of superstition, early attached to it. In the beginning of the third canto of that poem, he thus introduces his hero to the vicinity of Yester :

“ The livelong day Lord Marmion rode,  
The mountain path the Palmer trod,—  
By glen and streamlet winded still,  
Where stunted birches hid the rill.  
The noon had long been passed before  
They gained the height of Lammermoor ;  
Thence winding down the northern way,  
Before them, at the close of day,  
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.”

And after establishing him at the inn for the night, in the host's tale, gives the origin of the name of “Hobgoblin Hall,”—by which the ruin has long been known—in the following lines :

———“ Sir Hugo, then, our Lord,—  
A braver never drew a sword ;  
A wiser never at the hour  
Of midnight spoke the word of power.

The same whom ancient records call  
The founder of the GOBLIN HALL.

I would, sir knight, your longer stay ;—  
Gave you that cavern to survey ;  
Of lofty roof, and ample size,—  
Beneath the castle deep it lies ;  
To hew the living rock profound,  
The floor to pave, the arch to round,  
There never toil'd a mortal arm,—  
It all was wrought by word and charm ;  
And I have heard my grandsire say,  
That the wild clamour and affray  
Of those dread artizans of hell,  
Who labour'd under Hugo's spell,  
Sounded as loud as ocean's roar,  
Among the caverns of Dunbar !”

The ruin occupies the summit of a high and precipitous bank, jutting out in a kind of peninsula, at the head of the glen, and overhanging the stream flowing through it. It is surrounded by a thick wood, above which one or two old towers alone are seen occasionally to peep. The apartment within it, which is indebted to magical artizans for its construction, is a spacious and lofty arched hall, almost entirely subterranean, and now almost filled with rubbish and parts of the ruin, though the arch itself is still unbroken. It was entered by a descent of twenty-four steps, and is said to have communicated through a deep pit at the bottom of another stair, with the waters of the stream below. Hugh Gifford de Yester died within it in 1267 ; and it is traditionally memorable as the last fortification in

this country, which surrendered to General Gray, when sent into Scotland by the Protector Somerset.

The day has been one of the finest, in point of weather, of the season, and the walk through the park and glen, enlivened by its babbling waters, was delightful. We reached Stephenston only in time to dress for dinner, at which, with Admiral Campbell, we met Mr. Holden, of Haddington, an intelligent and travelled gentleman, long interested in the Northwest Fur Company, and who was in the United States with Captain Franklin, on his return from the polar regions.

## LETTER XXXVI.

### A MORNING DRIVE IN LOTHIAN.

Biell the seat of Mrs. Nesbit—Description of the mansion and grounds—Reception by Captain Mansel and Mrs. Nesbit—Déjeuné and examination of the establishment—Mrs. Ferguson's drive—Arrival at the ruins of Tantallon Castle—Correctness and beauty of Scott's description of it in Marmion—Sea view from it including the Bass Rock—Golf-club of Haddington Shire—Account of the game of Golf—The King's body-guard of archers—Return to Stephenston—Conversational powers and manners of Lady Sinclair.

*Stephenston House, East Lothian,  
August 1, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

The carriage was at the door this morning at an early hour after breakfast, for the circuit of a principal part of East Lothian ;—our party consisting of Captain Bolton, and Sir John, Lieut. Hay, and myself.

Stephenston House is about eight miles westward from the sea ; and our first route from it was eastward along the Tyne, toward the German Ocean, through a rich country loaded with luxuriant crops of almost every growth. At the end of five or six miles we entered the gates of Biell, the residence of Mrs. Nesbit, a lady of affluence and family distinction in the neighbourhood. Like Yester, it is situated in a small valley or glen, enlivened by a rapid

stream, and ornamented on either hand by plantations, and a fine park, extending over the hills both on the north and south.

The mansion, an embattled and castellated edifice, is a modern structure of light-coloured freestone in the florid Gothic style, erected on the site of an old castle of the name, on the brow of a hill, from which in the rear a succession of terraces lead down the bank to a shrubbery and lawn in the glen, overlooked with its stream and bridges by the principal suite of rooms. It presents an imposing and beautiful facade in the exterior view, both in front and rear; and within, exhibits the most perfect keeping, as a whole, of any mansion yet examined by us. The venerable mistress of the establishment was taking the air in a garden carriage, when we arrived, and we were received in the grounds by her nephew Capt. Manzel of the army, his lady, and Miss Manzel, a sister. This gentleman became our conductor through the glen, and to a high point beautifully wooded in the park, from which we enjoyed a fine view of the castle and the surrounding country. The whole is in good taste, and a perfection of keeping.

On our return to the house at the end of half an hour, or more, we were received in the drawing-room by Mrs. Nesbit, seated upon a divan, without rising. She is more than eighty years of age, but still full of vivacity and sprightliness, and was most courteous to Captain Bolton and myself as strangers. Notwithstanding her age, she presents a most striking resemblance to a full length portrait taken when a girl of seventeen or eighteen, which forms one of the

ornaments of the drawing-room, and proves her to have been then possessed of uncommon beauty, and in a small horse-shoe bonnet of white satin, and dress in other respects equally antique, afforded a striking specimen, in her manner and whole appearance of a lady of rank of the "old school."

At half past one o'clock an elegant *déjeuné* or second breakfast, was served in the dining-room, after which we were shown the entire establishment from the sleeping apartment and dressing-room of Mrs. Nesbit herself, through a long succession of others for the accommodation of company, to the scullery, including the nursery of Mrs. Manzel's children, the butler's and the house-keeper's rooms, servant's hall, plate room, kitchen, laundry, dairy and meat-house. The principal suite consists, besides a beautiful entrance to the dining-room, of an ante-room, drawing-room, library, and conservatory; and throughout the whole there is a completeness of comfort, and a perfection of neatness and good-keeping, which I have never seen equalled; not a spot was to be seen even where the servants were busily engaged in their ordinary occupations, in which any one might not willingly have taken a repast.

We left by a long, straight avenue of great beauty, on the north, almost as imposing in its effect, as the long walk at Windsor, called "Mrs. Ferguson's drive," after an only daughter of Mrs. Nesbit, the wife of Lord Elgin, of marble memory, during his embassy at Constantinople, and now the lady of a member of parliament of her present name.

Our next point was the ruins of Tantallon Castle, indebted so much in its modern interest to the genius of Scott in *Marmion*. The early morning had been rather bazy, but while at luncheon at Biell, there had been a light shower, and now the atmosphere was delightfully clear, and afforded distinct views of the country in every direction, especially of the different "Laws" or bold and isolated rocks with which this section is peculiarly marked, and of Down Hill near the town of Dunbar, from which Cromwell enticed the Scottish general Leslie to his defeat, when he exclaimed, with characteristic phraseology, on seeing the encampment of the hill given up, "The Lord hath delivered his enemies into my hands."

Tantallon occupies a high rock jutting into the sea, about two miles east of North Berwick. It is not seen at any great distance, however, from the elevation of land near the coast. It was a principal stronghold of the Douglass family in the days of chivalry and baronial pride, but reduced to a ruin by the Covenanters in 1639, its then proprietor the Marquess of Douglass, being a supporter of the royal cause. Immediately opposite to it, at a distance of two or three miles stands "the Bass" as it is called, a bold and seemingly inaccessible island of rock, its base constantly lashed with breakers, in the spray of which the gull and gannet are seen sporting as if the only tenants of its cliffs. The isle of May, in the distance on the extreme left, with a coasting vessel here and there, and the wide sea were the only other objects in view.

The hour is now too late, it being long past midnight, to scribble the musings of my mind, while gazing upon this relic of feudal grandeur and power, and prying into its nooks and cells, dark passages and dungeons, and clambering up its crumbling towers. Scott's description of it in *Marmion*, like all others from his pen whether in prose or verse, is true to life, in its minutest details; and more happy in the picture it presents than any that can be drawn by another.

" I said Tantallon's dizzy steep,  
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.  
Many a rude tower and rampart there,  
Repell'd the insult of the air,  
Which when the tempest vexed the sky,  
Half breeze, half spray came whistling by.  
Above the rest, a turret square  
Did o'er its gothic entrance bear,  
Of sculpture rude a stony shield;  
The Bloody Heart was in the field;  
And in the Chief three mullets stood  
The cognizance of Douglas blood.  
A parapet's embattled row  
Did seaward round the Castle go,  
And where so'er it faced the land,  
Gate works and walls were strongly manned;  
No need upon the seagirt side—  
The steepy rock and frantic tide  
Approach of human step denied;  
And thus these lines and ramparts rude,  
Were left in deepest solitude."

In recurring, as we stood beneath the arched entrance of the ruin, to the description of *Marmion's* escape from the castle, after having

“ ——bearded the lion in his den  
The Douglas in his hall!”

it required little imagination to fancy the hero and his charger springing from under the falling portcullis and over the rising bridge

“ with such scanty room,  
The bars, descending, grazed his plume;”

and to witness the taunts and menaces of deadly hate poured by either party on the other alternately from the battlements and the plain.

It was intended when we left Biell, that our drive should be continued to North Berwick at the mouth of the Frith. The Golf-club of the county had assembled for the morning there, and Sir John was desirous that we should meet the company, and have an opportunity of witnessing the game. It became too late, however, before we were willing to turn away from the varied interest and wild sea-view of Tantallon; and for the time, we are content with a description of the sport. The Golf is an amusement peculiar to Scotland—it is not dissimilar, however, to the game practised at the schools and colleges of America, called “bandy.” Here it is of very remote antiquity, and like archery, has been revived very extensively as a fashionable exercise and pastime. “The parties are one, two, or more, on each side. The balls used are extremely hard, and about the size of a tennis-ball; and the club with which the ball is struck, formed of ash, is slender and elastic, having a crooked head, faced with horn, and loaded with lead to render it heavy. The balls are struck by the clubs

into small holes about a quarter of a mile distant from one another, and he or they who convey the ball into these holes in succession with the fewest strokes, is declared the victor."

The ball, it is said, can be sent by a skilful and muscular player, to an astonishing distance; and an anecdote is related of a gentleman, who upon a wager struck one from the Castle Hill in Edinburgh, into the highest part of the garrison, a height of above two hundred feet.

Before the invention of gunpowder, when archery formed a necessary part of training for war, the Scots were greatly inferior in the use of the bow and arrow to the English, so famed in this respect. James I. of Scotland, while a prisoner in England noticed this fact, and on his restoration to Scotland, and to the throne of his father in 1424, immediately procured an act of parliament, enjoining all his subjects from the age of twelve and upwards, to apply themselves frequently to the exercise of shooting with the bow and arrow, and directing *bow-bulls* to be set up, and places for this practice to be marked out near all parish churches, and upon every estate the rent of which amounted to £10. of the money of that time. Ever since, it has been more or less practised—till superseded by fire arms—as a necessary defence in battle and afterwards as an amusement.

The most remarkable association of archers now existing, is that called "the king's Body-Guard" at Edinburgh. It was formed in 1676, by a company of nobles and gentlemen, for the purpose of reviving the practice, which had fallen into disuse, and has

been continued with little interruption to its annual meetings and prizes, ever since. During the visit of George IV. to Scotland after his coronation, this company performed the actual duties of a body-guard to their sovereign, receiving as an escort on his landing at Leith, flanking the throne on the presentation of the addresses delivered to him, and lining the state-rooms of Holyrood, during the levees, and drawing-room held in the Northern Capital.

It was near night when we arrived again at Stephenston to dinner, by a drive sweeping in a different direction from that by which we reached Tantallon. Along much of the road we were delighted with varying and lovely views of the whole valley of the Lothians, from the Pentland Hills beyond Edinburgh twenty-five or thirty miles distant in the west, to the German Ocean in the east, and from the hills of Lammermoor on the south, to the mountains of Fife-shire, across the waters of the Forth, in the north.

Lady Sinclair possesses the finest spirits; and during dinner, and afterwards on our joining her in the drawing-room, was so fascinating in her conversation, that we lost even the music of the harp and piano, with which the young ladies and their governess had entertained us on the previous evenings. She in former years saw much of the first circles of France; and gave us the most lively pictures of its society in varied phases. The vivacity and sweetness of her manner are delightful, and her powers of description admirable. No portraiture which I have ever listened to, or read, gave to me so perfect an image of

female beauty and loveliness, as one drawn by her in the liveliest feelings of affection, of a young friend of rank, now in Paris, from whom circumstances have but lately separated her, and whose history in its vicissitudes, is perfectly a "romance of real life."

## LETTER XXXVII.

## TRAVEL FROM STEPHENSTON TO STIRLING.

Take leave of Sir John and Lady Sinclair—Lieutenant and Miss Hay—Irish harvest gatherers—Gosford House—Collection of paintings—Garden and shrubbery—Variety of aquatic birds—Aviary, and golden and silver pheasants—Earl and Countess of Wemyss, and the Ladies Charteris—Lord Elcho—Drive to Edinburgh—Visit to the University—Leith—Comparison between the travelling by steamboats in Britain and America—Passage up the Forth—Lady Elgin—Arrival at Stirling—The old town—View from the Castle Rock—The Castle.

*Red Lion, Stirling,  
August 4th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

OUR leave-taking of Sir John Sinclair and family, would have been truly painful but for the anticipation of again seeing them, during a visit we have promised to the Marquess of Tweeddale, on our return from the north, a month hence. Lieutenant Hay and his sister left the same day for the residence of their father, Hay of Spott, in the neighbourhood of Dunbar,—he a sedate, unaffected, and kind-hearted young sailor, and she an animated and intelligent girl of eighteen—with both of whom we have formed quite an acquaintance.

Gosford House, a seat of the Earl of Wemyss and March, is situated some six or seven miles from Stephenston, on the shore of the Frith of Forth. We

were invited to take it in our way to Edinburgh, principally to see one of the choicest collections of paintings in Scotland—Sir John accompanying us on horseback, to add to his other kind attentions that of an introduction to the Earl and Countess, and their family.

The harvest of the rich agricultural region of this section of the kingdom, is just about to commence. During it, as to England, thousands of the poor Irish flock, besides great numbers of labourers from the Highlands; and we now met crowds of them along the road, seeking employment from the proprietors and farmers of the vicinity. The competition in the steamboats crossing the Irish sea at various points, has been such this season, that the regular charge for a passage is only sixpence sterling, whereas it previously has been three shillings and more. Whole families—men, women, and children,—come over; and there were not less than a hundred persons, of every age, hanging about the gates, as we drove out, waiting for the ringing of the bell for the servants' dinner, when Sir John had ordered that they should be admitted to a gratuitous meal. I never saw so ragged, squalid, and miserable a looking set of creatures,—though, it is said, and perhaps with truth, that many disfigure themselves intentionally with rags and clothes "all tattered and torn," the more surely to secure the sympathy of those from whom they seek employment.

We arrived at Gosford about one o'clock. The father of the present Earl erected a noble mansion of Grecian architecture, the grand suite of apart-

ments in which, was designed principally for the exhibition of his pictures to the best advantage. Unfortunately the stone proved of such a nature, and the sand in which it was put up, taken from the shore near, so unsuitable from its moisture, and tendency to accumulate dampness, that it was scarce finished before it became necessary to abandon it as a residence. It is now left standing only for the accommodation of a part of the paintings, till an addition being made to the old mansion house for their reception, shall be completed.

Lord Wemyss is an invalid, and begged Sir John to be our cicerone, and do the honours of the place for him. Our first attention was directed to the pictures. A principal part of them still remains in three stately, but otherwise unfurnished rooms, opening into each other, in the structure referred to, though many of the smaller, and some of the most valuable of them, are now transferred to the walls of the drawing and ante-rooms of the present dwelling-house. As a whole, the collection, though less numerous than many we have seen, ranks decidedly among the most perfect and most choice. Some of the pieces are truly fascinating; and you find yourself irresistibly drawn to them again and again, after having before given, as you had thought, the last possible moment to them. A St. John, as the good shepherd, leading his flock, by Murillo, is of this character, and has left an image and a moral in my mind which I trust I shall not soon forget. The principal masters whose works are here met, are Claude Lorraine,—for one of whose landscapes, of only a cabinet size, the Earl

has been offered six thousand guineas,—Salvator Rosa, Leonardo, Da Vinci, Murillo, Rembrandt, Rubens, Snyder, Cuyp, and Vanderveld.

From viewing the paintings, we entered an extensive pleasure-ground and shrubbery, arranged and embellished in novel and beautiful taste. The whole is of artificial formation, at very great expense, close by the margin of the sea ; and is quite a labyrinth of groves and walks, ornamented with fountains, statues, and grottoes of every kind of material, shell-work, roots, and thatch. These are scattered among sheets of water, opening beautifully at different points, on which various kinds of water fowl and aquatic animals, native and foreign, are seen sailing amid white and yellow water-lilies, and other similar plants.

We had almost lost our way in this succession of objects of interest and beauty, when a call was heard, and repeated again and again, from a distant part of the grounds, which was soon recognized by Sir John as that of his friend, Lord Elcho, who had just arrived from Fifeshire, on the way to his seat, near Stephenston. The signal being returned, he was soon enabled to find us. He seems a cordial, warm-hearted, and intelligent man ; and after introducing a young gentleman, who was with him,—Mr. Forbes, of Callender House, who is soon to lead one of his sisters to the altar,—conducted us to an aviary, for a sight, among other birds, of a number of beautiful golden and silver pheasants.

On returning to the house, and entering the dining-room to luncheon, in addition to the gentlemen, we had the company of the Countess and her daughters,

—Lady Jane, Lady Caroline, and Lady Louisa Charteris. Like most other ladies of their rank whom we have met, we found them more simple in dress, more unaffected in manners, and more accessible in conversation, than many possessing far less pretensions to a boast of blood, and the glory of a name.

Lord Wemyss, a gentleman of the old school, was most amiable and polite in his attentions, begging us to remain the day and night at Gosford, and extending the invitation to a visit on our return from the Highlands. Lord Elcho also asked for a day at Amerfield, when we should be again in Lothian. He is himself soon to set off for a week with a friend in the north, to whom we have letters; and when parting from us, in expressing a hope that he might meet us there, said, should this not be the case, he would at least prepare for us a "highland welcome."

The gates and lodge by which we left this mansion open immediately on the beach, and the view of the Forth sweeping widely inland both to the right and left, in the beauty and brightness of the day, encircled by hills, with Edinburgh in the centre, and Arthur's seat, the Castle Rock, and Calton Hill and its monuments, arranged near, as if by an artist for the best effect in a picture, was as beautiful in its outlines and colouring, as almost anything I have seen in any part of the world; and called forth, both from Captain Bolton and myself, repeated exclamations of admiration. The light blue smoke of the city spread a kind of transparent veil over the Castle Rock

and fortress by which it is surmounted, which, without obscuring, imparted an aerial character to it, not unlike that of an imaginary palace floating against the sky. The whole drive of sixteen miles to the city of Preston Pans, the scene of the celebrated battle of the name in which the good, and brave Col. Gardiner fell, and by the towns of Musselburgh and Porto Bello, was as varied and delightful in its features of beauty and objects of interest, as any we have recently taken.

Yesterday morning, before leaving Edinburgh a second time, we looked in upon the old parliament house, out of regard to its associations of historic interest, and then visited the university. It is vacation, however, in this long celebrated and learned institution; and we had only an exterior view of the massive and noble quadrangle of stone, in which the lectures of its distinguished professors are delivered, and its library, museum, &c. contained. The design of the present structure was given by Robert Adam, as early as 1789, but the pile remained in an unfinished state till some fifteen or sixteen years since, and has only recently been completed.

Mr. Grieve, the American Consul for Leith, had left his card with us before our visit in East Lothian, and we returned the call in the afternoon, on our way to the steamboat wharf at that port, to embark for this place. Leith is quite a neat and pretty town, particularly in its modern sections, and now is but a continuation of Edinburgh, to the waters of the Frith. It possesses several fine piers, but has little appearance of an active commercial port. We met Mr. Grieve at a principal coffee house of

the place, in which he politely showed us a reading-room, and a suite of rooms in the same building for the assemblies held in the place during the winter.

At three o'clock we, for a first time in Great Britain, commenced a trip by steam on board the "Stirling Castle," plying daily between Stirling and Leith. The ill accommodations for embarking, the long delay in starting after the appointed time, and a deficiency, and entire absence indeed, of the appearance of neatness, comfort and elegance characterizing the boats of this kind in all parts of the United States, made us at once sensible that if this were a sample of the accommodation and style of travelling by steam in the kingdom, we, in America, were as far in advance of them in this mode of performing a journey, as they in England and Scotland, are of us in the excellence of their roads, and the general comfort of their stage coaches. The table laid, and the dinner served upon it, was scarce superior to those which would be found by an accidental passenger on board what are called "tow-boats" with us; and such as keen appetites only could have made tolerable.

The sail up the Forth must on a fine day be beautiful. But the weather now was cloudy and dull; and much of the bold and mountainous scenery in the distance, adding greatly as we are told to its general effect, was lost. The shores are lined with rich farms, and ornamented at short distances by many handsome parks and seats, belonging to the gentry and nobility, particularly those of the Earl of Hopetown, the Earl of Dunmore, Lord Elgin, &c. &c. Lady Elgin, ac-

accompanied by a couple of young gentlemen, came on board in a boat from her place. There was little in her personal appearance or manner that would indicate the titled lady; and those who judge the rank of others principally by the dress in which they appear, would have been still more deceived. In a coarse woollen cloak of the Rob Roy tartan, and a common looking straw bonnet, she would in America scarcely have been acknowledged as a compeer by the plainest housewife in the country. The knowledge that hers was a marriage after a divorce, in the case of one of the parties—instances of which are so common in the British peerage—caused us, it is probable, to be more particular in our observations of her ladyship, than we otherwise might have been; and notwithstanding a first impression from her general appearance, it was very evident to us before reaching Stirling, that she was a person of strong points of character and of no inferior mind.

As we approached Stirling, the Ochil hills on the right at a distance of three or four miles, added much to the beauty of the scenery, while the Castle, and rock upon which it is situated, very similar in their general features and aspect to those of Edinburgh, are fine objects to the eye, many miles before reaching them. The river for the last few miles is exceedingly serpentine—so much so, that the distance by water from Alloa is twenty miles, while in a direct line, it measures scarce six—and the banks low and marshy. At low water the steamboat cannot approach the city nearer than three miles, and we disembarked from it at that distance, and entered a large

flat-bottomed row-boat, for the remainder of the day's travel.

We made little observation of the town last night. The old parts lie chiefly on the ridge of a hill ascending gradually from the east till it terminates abruptly in the west in the precipices of rock on which the Castle stands like a crown. It has an old, crowded, and not very cleanly or flourishing appearance in these sections of it; but around the bases of the hill, along the roads leading in different directions, there are many modern, tasteful, and even elegant residences.

The morning has been as favourable for a view of the scenery and famed prospect from the Castle rock, as the afternoon and evening were the reverse; and we have passed an hour or two upon the platforms and parapets of the fortress, and in gazing from its varied points, on the richness and beauty of landscape with great delight; and till, with Macneal, in his poem of the "Links o' Forth," we were tempted to exclaim—

"O! grander far than Windsor's brow!  
And sweeter, too, the vale below,  
Where Forth's unrivall'd windings flow  
Through varied grain,  
Bright'ning, I ween, wi' glittering glow  
Strevlina's plain.

There, raptur'd, trace (enthron'd on hie)  
The landscape stretching on the ee  
Frae Grampian's height down to the sea  
(A dazzling view,)  
Corn, meadow, mansion, water, tree,  
In varying hue!"

On the east, the view extends down the valley or strath of the Forth, with a great display of agricultural richness and beauty along the windings of the river as far as the eye can reach, and even to Edinburgh itself. On the west it is scarce less extensive, and more bold and imposing in its termination in the lofty summits of Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, and Ben Venue; while on the north, are the wild elevations of the Ochil Hills, and in the south the verdant and smooth swellings of the Campsie Fells.

Unnumbered associations of interest are connected with the Castle. Its history, indeed, would be a history of the kingdom. For a thousand years, it was a central point in all the wars and contentions of the northern and southern sections of the Island; and around and in it many of the most memorable and bloody battles on record in the annals of the nation, have been fought. It has witnessed many a scene of revelry and joy; and one act, at least, of tragedy and horror, in the murder of the Earl of Douglas, by James II., equalled by few in the history of regal treachery and bloodshed.

A regiment of Highlanders garrisoned in the Castle gave us a first opportunity of seeing their national costume in the land of their fathers. There are some beautiful walks cut in the side of the rock on the south, and overhung with trees, and overlooking the former tilting ground, and place of tournaments on the plain below. This now was enlivened to the eye, by the gathering of two cricket clubs, one of Stirling, and another of Glasgow,—which had come twenty-six miles, on a challenge from the

former, for a trial of their skill in this active and popular game. Had it been our intention to remain here during the day, we might have taken a nearer view of their sport, than from the "Ladies Rock"—so called, from being that on which the ladies of the court in "olden times," were accustomed to assemble, to witness the contest of the knights below—but this is not the case. We are to take a coach, now momentarily expected to pass through, and which to be in readiness to mount, I must abruptly close my present date.

## LETTER XXXVIII.

## ARRIVAL AT CUMBERNAULD HOUSE.

The Flemings and Elphinstones of Cumbernauld—Hon. Admiral Fleming—His politics and character—Mrs. Fleming and family—Cumbernauld House and guests—Village kirk and congregation—Dissenters and field preaching—Drive to Kirkintullock—Graham's Dyke—and vestiges of the Roman possession—Drive to Glasgow—Prevalence of the Cholera—General view of the city—Col. and Mrs. Elphinstone—Visit to the Carron Iron works—Dunipace—Larbert House and Church—Processes and furnaces at the Foundry—Battle ground at Falkirk—Return to Cumbernauld—Sir James Colquhoun.

*Cumbernauld House, Dumbartonshire,  
August 8th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

THE estate from which my present letter is addressed to you, has for hundreds of years been the patrimonial inheritance of the Flemings, a family whose blood, in the male line, terminated in the last Earl of Wigtoun. The only daughter of this nobleman having married the then Lord Elphinstone, it became entailed in that family, on condition that the inheritor should, with the possessions, assume the surname of Fleming.

Hon. Admiral Fleming the present proprietor, a descendant from this marriage, is the second son of the late, and an uncle of the present Lord Elphinstone. He was in London during the month Cap-

tain Bolton and myself were there, and with a hospitality which is proverbial, engaged us to visit him at Cumbernauld, when we should be in Scotland. Captain Bolton wrote to him from Stephenston, that we should, if he were at home, be with him to dinner on the 4th inst., after sleeping in Stirling the preceding night : and such was his attention to the note, that we not only received a message from him by a gentleman who joined the steamboat some miles below the town, expressing the pleasure he should take in welcoming us, but on landing, found Mr. Balfour, a naval friend, waiting to conduct us to rooms already engaged at the hotel, and with two letters from the admiral, to offer his services in showing us any attention we might wish while in Stirling.

Our host, is at present, most busily occupied in canvassing for votes in Stirlingshire, as a reform candidate for Parliament, in opposition to Mr. Forbes of Callender House, the young gentleman met by us at Lord Wemyss'. Apprised that he would unavoidably be occupied in this service on the day appointed for our arrival till the hour of dinner, we did not leave Stirling till some time in the afternoon, and reached Cumbernauld, twelve miles from it, just as the admiral had dismounted from his horse, after the ride of the day. He is between fifty and sixty years of age, tall and dignified in his figure, and of simple but polished manners—still bears striking evidence of having been uncommonly handsome in early manhood, is of strong and intelligent mind, popular in his address, and of great political influence in this section of the kingdom.

We were received by him on the lawn with great cordiality and kindness, and after an introduction to Sir Thomas Livingston, Sir Gilbert Stirling, Colonel Hamilton, R. A., and Captain Deare, R. N., who were near him, and are guests with us at his table, were conducted to the drawing-room, to Mrs. Fleming and her daughter, and Miss Thompson, a clever and accomplished girl, a near relative of the admiral's from the neighbouring county of Clackmannar. Mrs. Fleming is a Spanish lady,—an Andalusian,—partaking in no small degree, of the beauty and vivacity for which her countrywomen are famed. She is yet scarce thirty years, and would be taken for an elder sister, rather than for the mother of Miss Fleming, who is already entering into society, with full claims in intelligence, and maturity of character, for a share in the attentions expected from it. John Elphinstone, a son of thirteen, and three younger daughters, with the Rev. Mr. Patrick, the tutor, and Miss Powell, the governess—who form a part of the drawing-room circle in the evening—constitute the remaining inmates of the household.

The house is a fine, elevated, and spacious mansion of stone, in Grecian architecture, erected near a hundred years since, from a design by Adam the elder. It stands in a park, on the acclivity of a finely wooded glen, and has a spacious hall, and an old staircase leading to the drawing-room, wainscoted with cedar, and a library, in similar finish, adjoining it. Some of the trees around it are of uncommon age and beauty.

The village of Cumbernauld is scarce a quarter of

a mile distant, on the opposite side of the public road from Stirling, which branches into two near it,—one leading on the right towards Glasgow, and the other on the left, into Lanarkshire. The family attend its kirk; and on the Sabbath, the weather being fine, we had a first opportunity of meeting a country congregation in Scotland. The assembling of the people was an interesting sight: With the exception of the admiral's carriage, not a vehicle or horse was to be seen, but long lines of people, of both sexes, and of every age, marked the roads and pathways, in every direction, reminding me forcibly of scenes of a similar character among the islanders of the South Seas, each person here, as there, carrying with them in their hands or pockets, small editions of the Bible, and hymn books.

The kirk, a low old building of stone, is small and badly constructed, and more rude in its whole aspect than almost any house of worship I ever noticed in America, even in the most remote and obscure sections of the country. The whole congregation, with the exception of a family or two occupying pews near that of the admiral, was of a corresponding exterior, and most humble and rustic in their apparent character. Most of those in it belonging to the village, are manufacturers,—principally weavers of damask and diaper linen for tablecloths and napkins, articles of which of the finest texture, and the greatest beauty, are daily exhibited on the table of our host, the workmanship of the humble tenants of his village.

The seats of honour in the kirks are in the galle-

ries. These are entered at Cumbernauld by flights of stone steps on the outside of the building; and the pew of the admiral, lined and carpeted, and furnished with chairs in place of wooden seats, occupies the entire front of that opposite the pulpit. The present incumbent at the manse, is an old bachelor, and by no means an interesting preacher, if the sermon of the day be a fair specimen. The people seemed attentive, but not strikingly devout; and the psalm-singing was anything but harmonious.

The Presbyterian Church, under the direction of the General Assembly, is here, you know, the established church, while the Episcopalians, as well as the Burghers, and Anti-Burghers, and other sectarians are styled "Dissenters." There was field-preaching just across the park, by some class of these in the afternoon—and I attended. The collection of people amounted only to some two or three hundred. There was great order and propriety in their whole appearance,—some standing, some being seated on the turf, and others lying down on the side of a gentle rise of ground, at the foot of which, the preacher, in a rough wooden box or stand, delivered an excellent and impressive discourse. Each individual, male and female, almost without exception, was furnished with a small Bible, in which the illustrations and arguments from Scripture, of the speaker, were followed with a facility which indicated a perfect familiarity with the volume. The exercises were continued by different ministers till sunset, the people, especially the younger portions, going and coming during the time at their pleasure, and not un-

frequently, as I observed, directing their way to an inn, belonging to the admiral, and kept by a former butler of his establishment, just at hand.

Field-preaching, though so very orderly, is here regarded by those of the established church in general, much in the light in which many with us look upon the camp-meetings, common in the United States ; and Sir Gilbert Stirling was the only one of the company who felt disposed to join me in attendance upon it.

Admiral Fleming is so deeply engaged at present in the politics of this and the adjoining counties, that he is necessarily sometimes off before the breakfast hour, to meet some appointment in reference to the subject, or to effect some object important to the success of the cause he so warmly espouses. This was the case on Monday ; and Mrs. Fleming was kind enough to take us a drive of some twenty miles in the morning, going by one route to Kirkintulloch, and returning by another along the Campsie Hills, and by Kilsyth. Kirkintulloch is a very ancient town,—its charter having been granted by William the Lion, King of Scots, to the Lord of Cumbernauld, in 1170. Near it, as is likewise the case in the intervening distance to Cumbernauld, there are vestiges of the celebrated Roman wall, known by the name of "Graham's Dyke," from having been first broken through, it is said, by a heroic clansman of the name.

This work extended from Abercorn on the Frith of Forth, to Dunglass on the Frith of Clyde, and was erected as a barrier against the unconquered

Caledonians of the north in their incursions upon the Roman dominions of the south. It was first projected by Agricola, and completed by the Roman Prætor serving under Antoninus Pius. It was forty feet in width, with a ditch of great depth and width in front, and besides a fort or station at every half mile for its defence, was so marked out as to have the additional security of a chain of impassable morasses before it. A section of it is quite traceable near the town of Cumbernauld: and not far distant near an old structure called Castle Carey, now occupied as a farm house, are the remains of a Roman camp, from which, calcined wheat has within a few years been dug.

Yesterday the Admiral was engaged to attend a political meeting, some miles beyond Glasgow, fourteen miles south-westward from his residence, and the ladies and several gentlemen, ourselves among others, accompanied him half the distance, for a drive.

When we started, Captain Bolton and myself had no thought of proceeding farther, but the admiral proposed that we should go as far as Glasgow, for a peep at the town, though the cholera is prevailing with great fatality in it, and take an afternoon coach in time to return to dinner, which is seldom served earlier than eight o'clock. We accordingly kept our seats in his phaeton as far as that city.

It is the most populous, next to London, in the United Kingdoms; and its public buildings and streets, though destitute of the aristocratic air and magnificence of those of Edinburgh, are altogether more striking and impressive, than I had expected to

find them. We saw almost everything, however, to great disadvantage. There had been sixty and eighty deaths from the cholera on the two preceding days, and more than a hundred new cases on each ; and an air of anxiety and gloom was perceptible in the streets many of which were being washed and purified, and others seemed entirely deserted, little calculated for a happy impression on the feelings and memory. The tower and spire of its ancient and lofty cathedral and a column surmounted by a statue of Knox are conspicuous objects in entering it in the direction we came, and its new exchange is one of the most rich and beautiful specimens of corinthian architecture we have seen in Great Britain. Its principal hall is a magnificent apartment, and filled us with admiration by the symmetry and elegance of its proportions, and the taste and finish of its workmanship. We here for a first time since leaving London, met with a regular file of American newspapers, and from it learned the appearance in Canada and in New York, of the pestilence which is now desolating Glasgow with its poisonous breath. Ere this its visitations probably are as extensive and fearful amidst our friends in various sections of the country, as they have been, and still are here and in other sections of the world.

After lunching with us, and introducing Mr. Murray a friend resident in the city, to shew us anything of interest in it, Admiral Fleming took fresh horses for the remainder of his journey. Many of the new parts of the town are neat and beautiful, being ornamented with squares, in one of which is a fine

statue to Sir John Moore, a native of the city, and having an extensive open promenade, called the Green, on the borders of the Clyde, at its western end. Mr. Murray, our conductor, after giving us a general view of these, led us through a new house, which is just being completed for him, as a specimen of the interior of most of the dwellings of respectability in modern style of the city. It is very similar in its dimensions and finish to a modern house of a second class, in point of size in New York,—the drawing-rooms, however, as is universally the case here, being on the second floor.

On returning to Cumbernauld, we found an addition to the company of the house in Col. and Mrs. Elphinstone and children, on their way from a visit in the Highlands, to the south of England. Col. Elphinstone is a cousin of the Admiral. He served in the battle of Waterloo, was taken prisoner on the first day, and personally interrogated by Buonaparte while the prospect of victory was still with him. We are much pleased with him. Mrs. Elphinstone also is an interesting addition to the circle of guests. She is amiable and clever, in the English use of the word, the only daughter and heiress of the late Admiral Buller, and a near relative on the mother's side, of the Van Courtlands of New York. She speaks of the circumstance with interest, and showed me a small seal beautifully set, which was presented by Washington, to General Van Courtland, and by him bequeathed to her mother.

This morning a party was formed to visit the celebrated iron works of Carron, the foundry at which all

the guns for British naval service, are cast; and by twelve o'clock we were off in a barouche and phaeton, our number consisting of Admiral and Mrs. Fleming, Col. and Mrs. Elphinstone, Miss Thomson, Captain Bolton, Captain Deare, and myself. The Carron foundry is seven or eight miles from Cumbernauld, in the north east. The river which gives name to the establishment is not unknown in history or song; and is a small stream pouring its waters into the Forth. The country is more interesting and fertile in this direction than in any other drive which we have taken in the neighbourhood. On our way we passed by the hills of Dunipace, two artificial mounds of a circular shape, some sixty feet in height, the origin of which is lost in obscurity. It has been supposed, that the meaning of Dunipace is "hills of peace," and that these eminences were raised to commemorate some distinguished compact of peace. Others suppose the true interpretation to be "hills of blood," and that the mounds were erected over the graves of those who had fallen in some bloody battle, to perpetuate its sanguinary result. Whatever their origin may be, they have a singular and pretty effect in the midst of the ground, in which they stand.

The village of Larbert within a mile of Carron, is prettily situated, and remarkable now for the beauty of a new church, of light stone, in Gothic architecture. Larbert house, an extensive and elegant mansion of Sir Gilbert Stirling, surrounded by a handsome plantation, is also a conspicuous and ornamental object in the scenery at this spot.

At Carron we witnessed with much interest the whole process of smelting and casting in various articles, from some of the smallest utensils of domestic and agricultural use, to eighty-four pound cannon. The establishment is immense, and the number of persons constantly employed in its various operations, amount regularly to eight hundred and a thousand. The furnaces are truly terrific in their blasts and imagery; and in looking in upon their whitened glow of intense heat, and listening to the horrid menace and roar within, I felt a shudder come over me, and a vibration of nerve, which I do not recollect to have experienced at either time in which I have been in the very depths of the Volcano of Hawaii, surrounded by the smoke and flames, the stifling gases, and muttering lava of its frightful lakes and cones.

It was not known to the agent or workmen during this inspection, that Captain Bolton and myself were Americans, and of the United States naval service, or, as we were afterwards told, it would have been doubtful whether even the broad pennant of the Admiral could have secured us the free admittance we received. And we might have been under the necessity of comforting ourselves in the exclusion with the humour, if not the phraseology and spirit of the lines in which Burns, under similar circumstances at the same place, once vented his feelings—

“ We cam na here to view your works  
In hopes to be mair wise, &c. &c.”

In the drive of two miles farther to Falkirk, we

passed near the ground of the celebrated battle of 1298, between the English under the command of Edward I., and the Scots led by Wallace and his companions, Stewart of Bonhill and Sir John Graham, and which resulted so disastrously to the fortunes of Scotland. We took luncheon at a hotel in Falkirk, but had little opportunity of making any observation in it, beyond the drive through the principal street. The prospect from the hill immediately behind the town, is said to be exceedingly beautiful, scarce surpassed by that from the Castle of Stirling itself.

The scenery on our return by the villages of Denny and Bonny brigs, was rendered doubly delightful, from the transparency of the atmosphere. We reached Cumbernauld only in time for a dinner at nine o'clock, at which, among two or three additional guests, was Sir James Colquhoun of Rossdoo on Loch Lomond, one of the most princely residences and estates in Dumbartonshire, who is as warmly enlisted in politics on the side of the Conservatives, as our distinguished host is on that of Reform.

# LETTER XXXIX.

## REFORM JUBILEE AT STIRLING.

Excursion into Stirlingshire—Monument to Buchanan the poet, at Killeam—Drymen, the birth place of Napier of Merchiston—Cattle show of the Highland Agricultural Society—Distant view of Loch Lomond—Dinner of the club—Sir Archibald Campbell—Marquess of Graham and other guests—Toasts and speeches—Drive to Stirling—Hon. Mr. Murray—Reform Jubilee—Stewart of Stewart Hall—Callender of Craigforth—Marshalling of the procession—Return to the field—Magnificence of the spectacle—The hustings—Resolutions and addresses—Enthusiasm of the people—Return to Cumbernauld.

*Cumbernauld House, Dumbartonshire,  
August 10th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

YESTERDAY morning I was off with Admiral Fleming and Mr. Miller his factor or man of business, at an early hour, in an excursion for the day, our object being to attend a cattle show of the Highland Agricultural Society at Drymen, some twenty miles north-west from Cumbernauld, at the entrance of the Highlands.

After passing Kirkintulloch, the route led us by Campsie along the Campsie hills, through Strathbane, Dunreath, and Killeam. At Campsie there is a pretty church, and an extensive and profitable manufactory of alum ; and Killeam is rendered conspicuous in the landscape on every side, by a lofty obelisk

erected in honour of Buchanan the poet, who was a native of the place. From the neighbourhood of this town, the mountain scenery toward the north, with Ben Lomond, towering to the height of more than three thousand feet in the centre, is noble and imposing.

Drymen is a small village, belonging with most of the surrounding country, to the Duke of Montrose, whose principal seat in Scotland, Buchanan House, lies within the distance of a mile or two from it, on the banks of Loch Lomond. It is chiefly distinguished, I believe, as the birth place of Napier of Merchiston, the celebrated inventor of Logarithms.

Alighting at the inn, we walked through the town to a field at its farthest extremity, where the cattle were to be exhibited. The judges were already pronouncing their decision in reference to the merits of the different animals presented. Some of these were fine beasts; and I am told, that the association has been highly successful in improving the stock of the surrounding country. It is only a few years since the horses and cattle of the whole of the Highlands, were of the most inferior kinds; but, from the general interest excited by the club, a gratifying and surprising change has already taken place. The assemblage of farmers and their sons, and in some instances their wives and daughters also, was respectable; and many of the most influential gentlemen in the shires of Stirling and Dumbarton, proprietors and professional men, clergymen and lawyers, were collected on the ground.

The motives of some deeply interested in the anti-

cipated new election of members of parliament, in being present on the occasion were not, it is probable, exclusively connected with the ostensible object of the meeting ; and I thought I could discern a good deal of activity in the friends and supporters, both of the conservative and reform parties. The Admiral did not find himself alone in the cause he has espoused ; and Captain Forbes of the Guards, a brother of Mr. Forbes of Callender, appeared, probably as a representative of his brother, under the patronage of the Marquess of Graham and Lord William Graham, the sons of the Duke of Montrose.

My friend, notwithstanding the numbers of political adherents crowding round him, not only found time to make me acquainted with the most interesting of the gentlemen present, but, aware of a desire to gain a peep at Loch Lomond, stole away from them in his usual kindness of heart, to guide me half a mile to a point just west of the town, from which there is a distant view of the lower end of this celebrated lake. As thus seen, over the park and pleasure grounds of Buchanan House, encircled by blue mountains, and studded with green and tufted islands, it is beautiful indeed ; and reminded me of some of the finest American scenery of the kind.

A public dinner, to which some fifty gentlemen sat down, was given at the inn by the club. The room was small, and the table so crowded, that in some cases three gentlemen were under the necessity of being content with two chairs ; and the deficiency of glasses and other articles such, that in like manner, one was necessarily used by two and three. There

was no silver or even triple-tined forks—articles placed by some travellers among the most prominent marks of civilization—nor anything in the whole entertainment, indeed, differing from the general style of a public dinner in the most obscure villages of the United States ; and some of the gentlemen near me, sportively said to me, that there was now a fine opportunity for me, as an American, to draw a picture from high life in Stirlingshire, which would be a just counterpart to some of the caricatures which have been given to the world of the habits and manners of my countrymen.

Sir Archibald Campbell, the president, was supported by the Marquess of Graham on the right, and Lord William Graham on the left, the Rev. Dr. Graham, minister of Killeam, acting as vice president, or croupier, as here styled, with Admiral Fleming on one side, and Captain Spiers, of Inch, on the other ; while the Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, principal of the university of Glasgow, occupied the centre on one side, and the minister of Drymen the seat opposite.

Though the best feeling does not at present exist between the Whigs and Conservatives, and the company was composed almost equally of both, the whole repast went off very agreeably, and great courtesy was shown towards each other by the prominent individuals of each party. After having drank to the King and the Queen, to the Highland Agricultural Society,—which toast was followed by a speech from Sir Archibald, as president of the club, to the Duke of Montrose, as its patron, a com-

pliment acknowledged by the Marquess with a regret that illness had detained his father, not only from the meeting, but from this section of the kingdom, the president gave the Royal Navy, and the "distinguished and gallant admiral" with whose company they were favoured. This brought a handsome and appropriate address from Admiral Fleming, who in a return of courtesy, gave "Her Grace, the Duchess of Montrose, a patroness among her sex, of the objects of the Highland Club, and of every improvement in the domestic economy of the country honoured by her residence," or something of the kind, perhaps of a more complimentary character, bringing the heir apparent of the dukedom again upon the floor.

I was listening very composedly, and with much interest, to all this, and observing with pleasure the kindness of feeling predominating over the asperity of political opposition, when, to my utter astonishment, I heard "The Rev. Mr. Stewart, and the United States of America, with all the honours," announced as a next toast, from Sir Archibald Campbell, and some acknowledgment of the recognition of my country, independent of the civility to myself, of course became necessary on my part. I am far from being *au fait* in the promptitude and tact requisite in such a case, but made out a few moments of something, the general character of which may be surmised from the report of it, jestingly given by the admiral to the ladies, on entering the drawing-room, at Cumbernauld, just at midnight. "O! you know not how much you have all missed by not

going with us to Drymen to-day." "Ah! what is it?" "Why a speech from Mr. Stewart, and an excellent speech too, I can assure you—one which I hope we shall not forget;—he bade us take good care while improving our stock of cattle, not to let the animal get in advance of the man!" Rather a concise abstract, I confess, but scarce less true to the original, than speeches reported by stenographers often are.

To-day a jubilee has been held in all the principal towns of Scotland, except Glasgow—where it has been omitted from the ravages of the cholera,—in celebration of the triumph of reform; and we have been much gratified in witnessing the spectacle and proceedings connected with it in Stirling.

We were off, in a phaeton, and barouche and four, by nine o'clock, having the addition to our party of the Hon. Mr. Murray, a younger son of the Earl of Dunmore, and grandson of the late Duke of Hamilton. He joined us at Carron, the day we inspected the iron-works and foundry, and has since been a fellow-guest at Cumbernauld. He is the most interesting young man we have met since setting off from London—seemingly not more than twenty years of age, though in truth, some three or four-and-twenty—and distinguished by much talent and cleverness. He is a candidate for parliament at present, as a Reformer, for a half-dozen boroughs in the neighbourhood, entitled to a member; and has the political patronage and friendship of Admiral Fleming. All the ladies of the party, and all the gentlemen,—with the exception of the admiral and

myself—the servants, postilions, and horses, wore badges and bows of blue ribbon. The ladies wished the admiral to mount at least a breast-knot of the favourite colour ; but he laughingly said, “ No—my principles, like those of Mr. Stewart, are too well known to require any such demonstration.”

The morning was bright, promising a fine day, and we drove off in great buoyancy of spirit. The stage-coaches met and passed, on their respective routes to and from Glasgow and Stirling, were decorated with green branches, banners, and flowers ; and every cottage and hamlet by which we drove displayed in its doors and casements the same emblems of joy. The villages, though chiefly deserted by the inhabitants who had flocked to the towns, were wreathed in garlands and evergreens, and in some cases exhibited lofty and tasteful triumphal arches. The carriages were greeted everywhere, as they passed, with smiles and salutations of pleasure, by the few women and children remaining at their homes, and not unfrequently were cheered with long huzzas.

About two miles from Stirling we entered Bannockburn, a name and place harmonizing well in its associations with a day of triumph ; and the scene of the battle which secured to Scotland independence, and to Bruce a crown, was pointed out to us.

Unfortunately a very sudden and unexpected change in the weather took place just as we were entering Stirling. A driving rain came upon us before a fresh south wind, threatening an entire disappointment in the pleasure of the day, not only to our-

selves, but to thousands seen on every side, making their way on foot and in carts to the same point. Notwithstanding the rain and open carriages, in which we were, instead of proceeding to a hotel, we drove to the wide plain on the south of the town and castle, formerly the scene of the tournaments and sports of the court, called "the King's Park," where the procession was to be formed previous to its walking through the town. Despite the weather, the scene presented on entering it was one of the most animating and imposing of the kind, I recollect ever to have witnessed; such was the vastness of the multitude, the number, splendour, and gaiety of the banners floating widely in the wind, and such the bursts of joyous music at every point, from the bagpipes and military bands stationed at the head of the villagers and townsmen from which they came. The effect being heightened to us, no doubt, by a deep sympathy,—from the personal friendship we have learned to feel—in the honours following the appearance of the admiral, by cheer upon cheer at every step advanced by him, till every voice seemed united in the greeting with which he was hailed, and he was compelled by it to forsake his carriage, to escape such marked observation.

The ladies were soon joined by Mr. Stewart of Stewart Hall, and by Col. Callender of Craigforth, a young gentleman similar in his character we are told to Mr. Murray, of whom I have spoken, and the popular candidate on the side of reform, as a representative in parliament, from the county of Argyll. With the exception of these gentlemen, and the

family with which we were, there was scarce an individual, I believe, of the aristocracy of the country on the field. In general, this class are more or less decidedly of the conservative party. Believing that the reform bill, in its tendency, strikes at the very foundations of the government, and will ultimately in its consequences lead to the overturn of the empire, to universal suffrage, the abolition of an hereditary peerage and the law of primogeniture, they look upon its enactment as a cause of regret and sorrow; and are rather disposed to wear sackcloth on the occasion, than to appear in garlands of flowers and badges of blue.

The procession, which must have numbered quite, if not more than, ten thousand persons, was marshalling at the time, and soon left the ground for the town, in fine order. The clouds at the same time broke away, and the sun burst forth in all his brightness, giving full effect to the brilliancy of the spectacle. All the various artizans of the surrounding country appeared in distinct bodies, each bearing the badges and the banner of its respective craft, and each being led by a band in gay and tasteful dress, or by a company of pipers, in the Highland costume of kilt and plaid, sending forth from their instruments the soul-stirring pibrochs of the land. The magistrates of Stirling, with the Lord Provost at their head, accompanied by Admiral Fleming, Colonel Callender and Mr. Murray, closed the long column.

The carriages followed as far as the first hotel; where with the ladies we partook of a hasty luncheon, and returned to the plain again, before the pageant

had made the circuit of the town. A hustings or large platform, some eight or ten feet in height, had been erected in the centre, for the accommodation of the magistrates, other leading persons, and the speakers of the day. To this, Mrs. Fleming and her party were conducted in time to witness from its elevation the return of the procession, its entrance by a wide sweep upon the field, and the encircling, by its thousands in beautiful display, of the platform, to which those having the *entree* were received, while the bands took possession of an enclosure around it, furnished with a rail to guard against too close a pressure of the crowd. The *coup d'œil* of the scene at this time in the brightness of the day, was truly magnificent, and the strains of triumphant music coming on the ear from many points in the long range of thousands, in association with the nature of the festival, thrilling and irresistibly exciting. Each body as it came up and filed off on either side, planted its banner in the ground, or elevated it to the corners and sides of the hustings, till the whole was encircled and overhung with a gorgeous drapery of silk and gold. Everything was arranged and conducted with the greatest order and regularity, and in a few minutes the splendid line which had just encircled the field was lost in one dense mass of eager listeners in front of the stage.

Mr. Stewart of Stewart Hall, after an appropriate opening address, nominated the Provost of Stirling to the chair, and a series of resolutions, followed by speeches from the respectable movers and suitable airs from the bands, were presented and adopted by

acclamation. The first, from the chairman, was a congratulation on the triumph of reform, and its promise for Scotland, with "*Scots wha ha' wi Wallace bled*," from the music. The second, from Admiral Fleming, contained an expression of gratitude and loyalty to King William the Fourth, and a determination of support to his firm and able ministers Grey and Brougham. The address accompanying it was most happy, eloquent, and patriotic. It was received with unbounded enthusiasm, and the speaker sat down amidst the exultation of three times three most cordial cheers, while the bands gave us "*Hearts of oak*." Mr. Murray was then presented by the Admiral in a most flattering manner. His speech confirmed in us every good impression previously made by him. It evidently was unwritten; but was chaste, forcible, appropriate and happy—opening with a beautiful allusion to the castle over our heads, and the field of Bannockburn almost within view. Pageants and songs of triumph had often before been witnessed by these, but heretofore only after deeds of blood—but the triumph of the passing day happily was the triumph only of peace, and of hope, and of good-will to man.

He was frequently interrupted by the cheers of the throng, and before sitting down, begged leave in connection with a reference to Admiral Fleming to introduce to the assembly a son of this gentleman, yet scarce twelve, not for an address, but in early pledge that in political principles and in patriotism, he would prove a son worthy of his sire; and our young friend, master John, a manly and intelligent lad, shared

fully, as he stepped forward to view, in the cheers and honours of the day, while "*auld lang syne*" was appropriately made to swell sweetly on the ear.

By this time, the rain began again to pour almost in torrents, but the interest and excitement was such, that no one made the least movement to leave the ground, and two or three additional addresses were made. Three cheers were afterwards given to the chairman, three to Admiral Fleming, and three to the King and Queen, with hats off and "*God save the King.*" Mr. Murray then stepped forward, and proposed one more effort of the lungs of the joyous multitude, in compliment to Mrs. Fleming and the ladies of her party, whom even the peltings of the storm could not induce to forsake the platform till the celebration of the day should be closed. Upon which our hostess and her fair friends, in the enthusiastic three times three, received the last honours of the day.

I was greatly delighted with the aspect of the multitude during the whole time, and must say for Scotland, that I have never in any country seen the same number of people assembled who were so entirely respectable in their whole appearance and deportment. There were no grog booths or drinking tents any where to be seen, nor any evidence in the behaviour of any one of a disposition to vulgarity or dissipation.

For the first two or three miles the return of our carriage was that of a perfect triumphal procession. The whole road was filled with the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages in a body, with the various

tradesmen, their bands and banners moving in order. It had been the wish and arrangement of the admiral that we should get in advance of the people, but this we found impracticable. He then drew up on one side of the road, and ordered the postilions of the barouche to do the same, till the whole should pass; but as soon as it was perceived, the procession opened in file, and lined the streets in the order of review till he should pass, which he was at last obliged to do, for at least a mile, amidst the most joyous cheers; while evergreens and flowers were scattered in his way, and cast into the carriage of the ladies.

## LETTER XL.

## FIRST DAY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Departure from Cumbernauld—Passage down the Clyde—Dumbarton Castle—Vale and River of Leven—Birth-place of Smollet—Monument to his memory—Voyage on Loch Lomond—Inversnaid—Celebrated by Wordsworth—A Highland maid—Manner of crossing the Mountain—Scene in setting off and view behind—Rob Roy's cave and fort of Inversnaid—Margaret Macgregor—Gun of Rob Roy—Birth-place of his wife, Helen Macgregor—First sight of Loch Katherine—Embarkation and sail upon it—Ben Lomond, Ben Venue and Ben An—Ellen's isle and bower—Rustic building erected by Lord Willouby—The Trossachs—Loch Achray, and Inn of Mrs. Stewart—Loch Vennachar, the Brigg of Turk and Ben Ledi—Morning scenery.

*Inversnaid, Loch Lomond,  
August 15, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

By twelve o'clock on the 13th inst. we had taken leave of our kind friends at Cumbernauld, and were once more pursuing our route to the Highlands.

It commenced raining shortly afterwards, and poured in torrents till we reached Glasgow. The afternoon, however, proved clear and fine, and we had a pleasant trip by steamboat, sixteen miles down the Clyde to Dumbarton, where we slept. The Clyde, with all its famed beauty, seemed but a winding canal to us, it being narrow for many miles below Glasgow, and faced on either side with stone, to

deepen the channel by confining its borders to these artificial limits, and to prevent the wash of its banks by the agitation of the surface created by the constant passage of steamboats upon its waters. The scenery is at this season of the year lovely indeed, every where enlivened by villages and hamlets, and adorned by many beautiful villas and noble seats, one of which, Erskine house, the property of Lord Blantyre, is just being completed, and presents one of the most extensive and magnificent piles we have seen.

Dumbarton is too famed in the history of the kingdom to require a particular description. Its castle, so noted in the annals of the nation, is a striking object in the approach. It is situated on a bold and at most points inaccessible rock, some five or six hundred feet in height, at the junction of the river Leven with the Frith of the Clyde, and was long considered the key to the western highlands. The town lies some distance from it on the banks of the Leven, and is remarkable itself chiefly for its extensive manufactories of glass. In our walks before night closed round us, we found a principal amusement in observing the many anglers for trout, standing by the hour nearly mid-deep in some instances, in the rapid bed of the Leven.

The evening was clear, with a beautiful moon, and intending to take an early start for Loch Lomond, I retired in full expectation of having it in my power, with the opening dawn to exclaim :

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,  
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,

Laughing away the clouds with playful scorn,  
And living as if earth contained no tomb—”

but alas ! a heavy “Scotch mist” intermingled with occasional rain, was spread over everything, and the promised pleasure of the day seemed at an end.

We took the coach of nine o’clock, notwithstanding, for the steamboat at the foot of the lake, five miles distant, and kept the outside, that we might not lose anything not concealed by the gloom of the morning. The drive for the distance along the banks of the Leven must, in fine weather, be delightful ; quite equal, I should imagine, in point of rural beauty and richness, to anything before met by us. There are many pleasant residences, and some stately mansions, by the way-side. Among the former is one noted as the birth place of Smollet, the novelist, who has so sweetly sung the beauties of the Leven-side, in the lines—

“ On Leven banks, while free to rove  
And tune the rural pipe to love,  
I envied not the happiest swain  
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.”

And at which there is a monument, seen from the road, erected to his memory.

At the ferry of Ballock, half a mile from the lake, we entered a large flat-bottomed boat, and were propelled by setting poles to a small steamer at anchor on its waters near the head of the Leven, which is too shallow at this point to allow boats of any depth of keel to enter it. It continued to rain after the steamboat got under way, and we lost much of the

beauty of the lovely expanse of water we were traversing. I regretted this, however, less than I should have done, had I not enjoyed a general and distinct view of this section of the Loch, with its varied islets from the hill at Drymen. The picture then presented to my eye was perfect in its lights and shades; and it now required the exercise of little fancy, as we glided along, wending our way gracefully from channel to channel among the islands, to gild the whole with smiles and sunshine, as I had then seen it, in place of the mists and showers now gathered thickly around.

The romantic village of Luss stands on a point about midway up the Loch, on the western side, and though the loss of a day would have materially affected our arrangements of time, we almost made up our minds, before reaching it, to land and wait a better day. It was well we did not, however, for shortly after passing it the weather began to brighten, and by one o'clock the whole scenery became uncovered, and we enjoyed a delightful afternoon. The length of the Loch is thirty miles, and its greatest breadth six; and the steamboat makes the entire circuit of it, touching at various points on both sides, in the course of seven or eight hours. In its general features, it is not unlike some points in our principal rivers, and scarce rivals, in beauty, the more bold and romantic sections of the Hudson.

The afternoon promising to be fine, we pursued the plan originally designed by us, of landing at this place after having passed round the head of the Loch, and of crossing five miles from it on the east, to Loch

Katerine, over which, in "the Lady of the Lake," Scott has thrown such a magic charm. At this season of the year, all who travel in Scotland are on the wing; and party after party of ladies and gentlemen, travelling for pleasure, of sportsmen and anglers, old and young, were leaving and joining the boat at each place where she stopped; and three or four gentlemen, and a young Irish officer and his lady, landed with us at Invernaid.

This is a single hut or highland cottage, romantically situated near a mountain torrent and waterfall, on the margin of the Loch, at a point where two foot-paths from different directions meet. Wordsworth has given special note to it, by an effusion celebrating its beauties—particularly the loveliness of its waiting-maid. There has been a sad change in the attractions of the place, in this respect, since his muse was here inspired, or else he was guilty of a poetic license in reference to the poor girl, for which the Nine themselves can never excuse him. She served some of our party with whisky, before setting off on our trip yesterday; and now,—with a coarse face, much broader than it is long, low forehead and pug nose, a carotty head, and dumpy figure, with arms like a blacksmith, bare to the shoulder, and of the colour of "the red, red rose"—is performing a like kindness for some just arrived on their return.

It is only of late that the travel across to Loch Katerine could be accomplished except on foot. A path for horses and ponies is now formed; and those who choose, may ride by paying five shillings for the use of an animal, without being allowed, however,

the privilege of carrying any luggage. This is borne on the shoulders of the boatmen, who come daily over for the purpose, and wait the arrival of the steamboat. Captain Bolton and myself brought nothing with us from the steamboat except our cloaks, and therefore soon struck a bargain for a poney apiece; but some of the company, especially our Irish companion and his wife, were obliged to lose much time in settling the terms for their luggage of bandboxes, trunks and cases, without which the ladies cannot do, even in the Highlands, and at last to pay an exorbitant price in view of the distance, though not such, perhaps, considering the mode of transportation.

The ascent from Inversnaid, for the first mile, is very steep, by a zig-zag path, amidst rocks and bushes; and our company formed a picturesque and amusing sight, in its varied groupings—some walking and carrying their carpet-bags and other articles of luggage, because they would not agree to the terms of the guides, others riding little animals scarce breast high, their feet dangling to the ground—while the boatmen, with their varied burdens, in tartan jackets and trews, completed the romance of the scene. The views behind, of the Loch and mountains of Arrochar on the opposite side, were beautiful in the extreme; and the change in the weather filled us all with a buoyancy of spirits fully to enjoy them.

While passing round the head of the Loch in the steamboat, a cave in the rocks near the eastern shore had been pointed out to us, as one in which Bruce and Rob Roy had both often found a safe retreat from

their pursuers, and we had not gone far on our mountain way, before we came to the ruins of an old fortress, built by the Duke of Montrose to restrain the noted Macgregor in his lawless adventures. Wolfe, immortalized in history by his fall at Quebec, was for some time stationed at it as a subaltern; and near to it are still seen the graves of several soldiers, who died in the garrison about that time. One of the wooden stands or boxes for field-preaching, which I have mentioned, was also observed in the neighbourhood, though it can scarce be conjectured from whence a congregation could be convened in so bleak and dreary a region.

When we had accomplished about half the distance, an old woman came out to us from her cabin at a short distance, bearing in her hand a long and rusty old fowling-piece, which a rude inscription on a post by the path apprized us was once the property of Rob Roy. She said her name was Margaret Macgregor, and she a third cousin by her father, to the famed free-booter. This we thought very possible, but as to the fowling-piece, though very ready to give her a sixpence for the trouble she had taken to show it, and for a little conversation, we were quite as incredulous as the grandmother of the sailor when first hearing of flying-fish. The armoury of the genius to which Rob Roy is indebted for much of the present glory of his character, numbers in its articles, if I mistake not, that which claims to be emphatically the light short "gun of Rob Roy."

An adjoining hut, across a small stream, was pointed out by this individual as the spot in which

Helen Macgregor was born; and as I looked for a moment on its rude and pig-sty aspect, and upon the wildness and poverty of everything in sight, felt that if such were the fact, the heroine had little to boast in her ancestral domain. There is a small sheet of water on the top of the hills, called Loch Arglet, after passing which, the path begins to descend towards Loch Katherine, encircled by high and naked mountains.

There is nothing particularly striking in the first view of the lake in this direction. Its chief beauty of scenery, as well as local interest, from the poem of Scott, lies at the farther or eastern extremity, at a distance of eight or ten miles. We were soon upon its shores; and embarking in a good boat, under the double impetus of a sail and oars, passed rapidly over its placid bosom. The mountains of Arroquhar, softened to additional beauty by the blue distance, being behind us,—Ben Lomond, in the fulness of his height and majesty, immediately on our right, and Ben An, and Ben Venue, scarce less lofty and imposing in their dimensions, in front.

All these mountains are covered only with rocks and heather, and except when softened by the light haze, now spread over them, are too barren and cold in their aspect to be called beautiful. On Ben Venue there is no longer seen, as when described by Scott,

“A wildering forest feathered o’er  
His ruined sides, and summit hoar.”

And with the disappearance of the wood, he has

been divested of much of his beauty. But now, as then,

——“in middle air  
Ben An heaves high his forehead bare.”

Some forty or fifty minutes' sail brought us to Ellen's isle and bower. Lord Willouby d'Eresby, the proprietor, has within these few years, built a rustic summer-house on the spot described as that occupied by the dwelling of the heroine's father, and in such perfect imitation of the poet's fancy sketch of the chieftain's retreat, that its aspect at once fixes on the mind a reality to the story. Without—

“Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,  
And by the hatchet rudely squared,  
To give the halls their destined height,  
The sturdy oak and ash unite,  
While moss, and clay, and leaves combined,  
Defend each crevice from the wind,—  
And withered heath, and rushes dry,  
Supply the rustic canopy.”

While within—

——“the walls to grace  
Hang trophies of the fight or chase :  
A target there, a bugle here,  
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,  
And broad swords, bows and arrows, store,  
With the tusked trophies of the boar ;  
While deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,  
With otter's fur and seal's unite,  
In rude and uncouth tapestry, all,  
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.”

We gave an hour here, to romance and poetry ;

and as our guides pointed to one spot and to another, saying, "here the Lady of the Lake shoved off her boat, in answer to the bugle of Fitz James;" "there is the glen in which the grey hunter fell;" "yonder is the rock on which the prince was challenged by Roderic Dhu,"—we forgot that every object thus associated with the scene, had its origin only in the genius of the poet, and in the fruitfulness of his imagination, and mused and felt, in gazing upon them, as if all were the truths of history.

The eastern end of the lake terminates in the celebrated Trosachs. The literal meaning of the term is "the bristled territory;" and from it may be imagined the general character of the scene—

"Cragg, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurl'd,  
The fragments of an earlier world"—

a defile of unequalled wildness and beauty, exhibiting an assemblage of grey and pinnacled rocks, interspersed with copsewood, and of bold cliffs, and heather-crowned precipices, that can scarce be imagined. The approach to the lake by them could once only be accomplished over the face of a rock requiring a rope in the descent. Now, however, a good foot-path and road, even for a carriage, has been formed by blasting a passage through the rocks.

The walk of a mile from this brought us to the bank of Loch Achray, and to the only house of entertainment in the vicinity, kept by a Mrs. Stewart, the widow of a grandson of the "Ervan of Briglands," in Rob Roy, who gave freedom to the out-

law in crossing the ford of Aberfoyle, by cutting the belt by which he was fastened to his horse ; and whose mercy to the freebooter cost him his life.

The house is much in size and accommodation like a common farm-house in America, and was overflowing with company. It was doubtful, from appearances, whether a place even on the floor of one of the common rooms, could be secured for the sleep of the night ; and finding that one of the gentlemen who had accompanied us from Loch Lomond, intended proceeding ten miles, to Callender, I took a seat in the vehicle hired to convey him, that I might pass over the whole ground of the poem, which has given to the section of country its celebrity—intending to return the same night.

This I did, gaining by the trip from which I reached Mrs. Stewart's again at midnight, a view of Loch Vennachar, in addition to that of Loch Achray, the "Brigg of Turk," and "Benledi's ridge."

The party returning to Loch Lomond this morning was large, consisting of six or eight ladies of intelligence and good breeding, and an equal number of gentlemen. The morning was delightful, of a character in every respect to display the surrounding scenery to the highest advantage. Nothing can exceed the truth and minute correctness of the descriptions of Sir Walter, their only embellishment is the sweetness of his versification. The imagery, in all its beauty, is that alone which nature presents. This is particularly true of—

“the copse-wood grey  
Which waves and weeps by Loch Achray ;”

and of the Trosachs, and surrounding mountains. The yellow and purple heathers, with which these last are thickly tufted and crowned, have a peculiarly softening and beautiful effect. This was particularly the case this morning, when from the dampness of the night, each of the little cups forming their clustering blossoms, was encircled by a dew-drop, which assumed, in the brightness of the morning sun, the varied hues and brilliancy of the diamond. The glistening leaves of the dark green holly, and the white trunks and gracefully waving branches of the weeping birch, were scarce less lovely as seen clinging to the sides and mantling the summits of the rocks and precipices ; and indeed every object on every side such, in the purity and serenity of the hour, as to elevate the mind and affections above the common tone, and to give rise to feelings of adoration, in view of the goodness and power of the Author of all this beauty and sublimity, which I doubt not find in their silent breathings acceptance at his throne.

On reaching the western end of Loch Katerine, finding that there were not ponies sufficient for the whole company, I relinquished one which I had engaged yesterday, to a lady ; and walked over to this place, in so short a time, as to be much in advance of all my companions, and have occupied the time in which we have been waiting for the arrival of the steamboat, in furnishing you with this outline of a first day in the Highlands.

## LETTER XLI.

## TRAVEL FROM TARBERT TO INVERARY.

Second day on Loch Lomond—Various modes of travelling—Wild and desolate features of Glencroe—Influence of scenery upon the character of the inhabitants—Traits of the Highlanders assimilated to their country—Highland dress and old Macgregor at Inversnaid—"Rest and be thankful"—Arrival at Inverary—Its attractions to the traveller—Castle of the Duke of Argyll—Elegance and taste of its drawing-room—Hill of Dunquaich—Similarity at some points between Loch Fine and the Lake of Otsego.

*George Hotel, Inverary,  
August 16th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

It was nearly dark, last night, when we reached this place, almost overcome with the fatigue and excitement of the last and the preceding day.

After joining the steamboat at Inversnaid, we made the circuit of the head of Loch Lomond a second time before disembarking at Tarbert, on the western side.

The morning, as already mentioned, was uncommonly fine, with just sufficient haze in the atmosphere to throw a rich Claude Lorraine tint, over the whole landscape. Had the weather of the entire season been at our choice, we could not have selected a day, when the scenery of the mountains could have been in finer shades. I was delighted,

particularly with Ben Lomond, now entirely unobscured, and clothed in the deepest blue. Captain Bolton thinks the lake less beautiful than lake George, in the state of New York, which I have never visited, but I can scarce conceive of anything of the kind superior to the scenery here.

After dining at the comfortable and romantic inn of Tarbert, we took the public coach for this place, twenty-three miles distant. On the day of our visit to Loch Katherine, we went through a succession of modes of travel, all the best to be obtained, in the order in which they succeeded one another. First, the ordinary English stage coach from Dumbarton to Ballock, then a flat-bottomed boat to the foot of Loch Lomond, the steamboat to Inversnaid, ponies over the mountain path, a row boat on Loch Katherine, and from the inn at the Trosachs to Callender and back, a heavy cart, drawn by an overgrown, hard-pacing dray-horse, whose unvarying gait was such that every step over a rough and stony road, produced a conflicting and compound motion, from both beast and vehicle, which threatened a dislocation in every joint from our necks to our heels. For the present stage, we had yet an additional variety, a kind of *omnibus*, painted light blue, with curtains of Rob Roy tartan drawing horizontally, in which the passengers sat with their backs to the sides, and their faces towards each other.

The road throughout was mountainous and finely shaded in many places with trees. After five miles we came at Arroquhar, to the north end of Loch Long, an arm of the sea running northward from the

Frith of Clyde, strongly marked from the point at which we viewed it, with some of the finest features of lake scenery. On turning from this Loch, we entered Glencree, a solitary and desolate pass in the mountains, so vast in its outline, so naked and so dreary in its entire aspect, as irresistibly to give rise to meditations and sympathies of a similar cast. I never before was so strongly persuaded of the influence which the physical character of a country must have upon the mental and constitutional qualities of its inhabitants, as during the drive of six miles through this mountain gorge, to the lofty point in which it terminates, in crossing to this place. From it, and the general features of this section of the kingdom already observed by us, there can be in my mind, no necessity after a tour of the Highlands, for inquiring the origin of the stern and indomitable characteristics of its chieftains and their clansmen. No one could be born and trained amid imagery so bold and rugged, so vast and so intractable, without a strong assimilation in spirit and in idiosyncrasy.

All mountain scenery, doubtless has an elevating and emboldening effect upon those dwelling in the midst of it, but where a magnitude and loftiness of outline is accompanied by the rich drapery of the woodland and forest, the general tendency upon the mind and affections, though not less ennobling, is I presume, less towards the sternness and inflexibility which the nakedness of the mountain and the moor, as here exhibited, is calculated to implant and foster.

My prejudices have always been strongly in favour of Scotland and the Scots. I am an enthusiast in

the history of the nation, tragic and bloody as for the most part it is, and were you with us, dear V——, you would find that I am now likely to become equally the admirer of its wild scenery and everything associated with it. I already feel a regret that the people are no longer seen in their demi-savage, but picturesque dress of the kilt and tartan hose. The first time I was sensible of this, was just after commencing our trip to Loch Katerine from Inversnaid. On gaining the height immediately overlooking Loch Lomond and the opposite mountains of Arroquhar, my attention was arrested by a tall and venerable figure wrapped in a cloak belted with tartan. The snow-white locks of an advanced age hung upon his neck and shoulders from beneath his bonnet of blue, as he leaned upon his staff apparently absorbed in melancholy thought, for

“his eye  
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,  
Seemed nought to mark, and nought to spy.”

Turning to one of the boatmen, I asked who it was. He answered, “a Macgregor, and there is his cabin,” pointing to a wretched hut, whose roof of peat and turf was just peeping from the side hill, scarce on a level with the heather amidst which he stood. I had just been thinking how beautiful a sketch the scene below, with a suitable foreground would form, and now had exactly what I wished, the only thing wanting to make it perfectly characteristic, being the tartan kilt and plaid, and have ever since felt how great the difference of the impression

would be, if the highland garb were still the prevailing dress of the country.

Boys under twelve and fourteen, are still seen in it; and they look, in my eye, so manly and national with their blue bonnets and bare knees and legs, that, when walking, I scarce pass one of them without a salutation of interest, and a tap of kind feeling upon the cheek or shoulder.—But, dear V——, I have left you on the mountains in the gloom of Glen-croë, long enough to imbibe, according to my theory, at least a temporary feeling, which, however becoming as a quality in the “lords of creation,” is not the most agreeable ornament of your sex; and I hasten to conduct you to a more cheerful and more lovely scene.

It would have been more gallant, at least, in me before flying off to Inversnaid again, to have seated you, for the time, upon a stone erected on the top of the mountain, by the soldiers who constructed the road, under the direction of General Wade in 1745, bearing the inscription “*Rest—and be thankful.*” Without detaining you now by it, however, we will hurry down a second wild and dreary vale—that of glen Kinglass—to the head of Loch Fìne, another wide arm of the sea, and embark at Cairndow in a steamboat for Inverary, situated upon a bay on the western side of the same water, at a distance of eight or ten miles.

Inverary is truly a delightful and romantic spot, well worthy the observations of a day, from any traveller in the Highlands. The scenery is rich and diversified, and embracing at almost every view all that can be desired, in the combined beauty of the

lake and mountain. The town is small, but neat and well-built, though it exhibits little evidence of business or prosperity. It belongs to the Duke of Argyle, and is languishing much, it is said, under the effect of nonresidence, the princely proprietor having been an absentee from his castle adjoining it, for more than six years. The wood of the park and pleasure grounds, which embrace a circuit of thirty miles, though all a plantation, is disposed in such taste, and has attained such a growth, as to appear perfectly the work of nature.

The castle has long been celebrated among the most magnificent residences of Scotland. It is a stately embattled quadrangle of blue granite, two stories in height, ornamented with circular towers at the corners, and surmounted by an immense square pavilion, rising from the centre. I was disappointed in the exterior, and think it as a whole, incongruous in its architecture, and in decidedly bad taste, though a design by Adam. The arrangement of the interior is good, however ; and there is an air of domestic comfort as well as elegance in the size, furniture, and general aspect of the apartments which we have seldom observed in the palaces of the princes of the empire. The principal drawing-room is ornamented and furnished with a chasteness and delicacy of taste, combined with elegance and splendour which I have scarce seen equalled. The walls are covered with Gobelin tapestry of the most exquisite colouring and workmanship, in groups of figures, surrounded by embellishments of drapery, and flowers, in the most vivid hues of nature. The

chairs and sofas are in keeping, and the painting and gilding of the doors and windows in a corresponding style. Another principal ornament of the room is a mantel of Italian marble and sculpture, consisting of two beautiful female figures as supporters, sustaining a vase between them.

A romantic hill, called Dunaquaich, from which there is an extensive and magnificent view, rises abruptly above the castle on the east, to a height of seven hundred feet, much in the manner in which "the Mount Vision," of Cooper's *Pioneers*, on the Lake of Otsego, towers over the residence of our friends, the Bowers' family, of the Lakelands. Indeed the whole loch, as seen from many points in which the town and castle are not embraced, is so strikingly like the Otsego, though on a much larger and wider scale, that I have in two or three instances been made to burst into involuntary exclamations of pleasure and surprise, and more than once have felt myself transported by it to the home of my boyhood, and the scene of many of the happiest days of my riper years. This was so strikingly the fact at one point which I came to, in a walk round Dunaquaich, that I took a sketch of the mountains and water from it, which, with the addition of the glittering cupolas and handsome dwellings of Cooper's Town in the distance, on one side, and the white colonnades and chimneys of the Lakelands, amid their groves of pine and maple, on the other, would be thought even by an inhabitant of the valley, a drawing from some spot near "THE SOURCES OF THE SUSQUEHANNA."

## LETTER LII.

## LOCH AWE, AND THE VALE OF GLENORCHY.

Leave Inverary—Mountain torrents, and cascade in the Aray—Walk from Cladich to Dalmally—A Highland laddie—Moral and intellectual traits of the people—Beauty of Loch Awe, and historic interest of its islands—Highland cottages—Their rudeness, and want of cleanliness—Vale of Glenorchy, and its prominent objects of beauty—Mr. Copley Green, and Mr. Warren, of Boston—Scenery between Glenorchy and Taynuilt—Kilchurn Castle—Ben Cruachan—Pass of Bunderawe—Battle in 1308 between Bruce and the Mac Dougals of Lorn—Sabbath at Glenorchy—Appearance of the congregation—Difference in the general characteristics of the peasantry of England and Scotland.

*Glenorchy, Argyllshire.  
August 20th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

DURING midsummer, a steamboat leaves the town of Oban, on the sea coast, thirty-two miles from Inverary, twice every week for an excursion round the Isle of Mull, and its celebrated neighbours, Staffa and Iona. It was our intention originally to be at Oban in time for the boat of the 18th inst., and avail ourselves of this opportunity of a visit to "Fingal's Cave,"—the famed retreat of science in the dark ages—and to the ancient tomb of the kings of the north.

Circumstances, however, occurred to alter our determination; and disappointed in this trip to the

Islands, I felt desirous of compensating myself in some degree, by a circuit of Loch Awe, including a peep at Glenorchy. Not being able to procure any vehicle for this route at Inverary, I determined to perform it on foot, after taking the coach on the road to Oban, for some nine or ten miles—Captain Bolton continuing directly to that place, to wait my arrival there.


The principal interest of the drive to Loch Awe, —at a ferry across which, near Cladich, I left my friend—arose, after leaving the beautiful park and grounds of Inverary Castle, from a heavy rain of the preceding night, which had filled the river Aray and all the mountain torrents with floods. The roarings of these, in their impetuous currents, were heard on either hand echoing loudly among the wild hills and glens around, while every few moments sections of them burst upon the eye, in seeming streams of silver, as they were foaming down the sides of the hills, or plunged deeply over some rocky ledge, to beds of foam below. A few miles from Inverary, there is a cascade in the Aray, which in such a state of its waters, I left the coach, for a few moments, to view. It is some twenty-five, or thirty feet in height, and not dissimilar, in its general aspect, to one of the smaller leaps of the Trenton Falls, in the State of New York.

Loch Awe is one of the most beautiful of the lakes of Scotland; especially in the scenery at its north end, above the ferry. It is long and narrow, being near thirty miles in length, and scarce more in breadth at any point, than two or two and a half

miles. On alighting from the coach, I engaged a "laddie" of twelve or thirteen, as a companion more than a guide, for the walk to this place: and a delightful walk it proved to be.

The lake opposite to my route, is studded with several islets, some of them mere rocks tufted with bushes, others presenting a smooth turf, and others again, ornamented with fine luxuriant groves. Several possess no little historic interest, though the largest is scarce half a mile in circumference. Upon Innis Hail, the ruins of a convent may be distinguished, and on Innis Chonnel stands a crumbling and ivy crowned tower, of what was once a magnificent castle of the family of Argyll, in the earliest ages of their feudal glory. Another is pointed out as the scene of an incident in one of the poems of Ossian. The day was beautiful in its lights and shades; and as I stopped time after time, to gaze, and to admire the lake and its islands, and the mountains grouped around, and from one or two points made a hasty sketch, the eyes of my little companion sparkled with pleasure, as he exclaimed with strong idiomatic accent—"A bonnie loch is this, and these are bonnie isles."

I discovered him to be an intelligent and well principled lad, and in answer to various questions, learned that the inhabitants, rude and miserable as are their cabins, and cold and naked their country, are familiar with the common branches of knowledge,—all read, and write, and understand something of arithmetic; all possess and read the bible, go to the kirk on the sabbath, have sabbath schools, and



bible classes, in general maintain the forms and usages of piety in their families, and are a virtuous, and an honest people. But no one would ever draw this character of them, from a sight of their habitations. I have never been more surprised in my travels in any part of the world, than I have in this respect in the Highlands. Their cabins are more rude, and apparently uncomfortable than any I have ever seen in a civilized country.

The walls of them, in general, rise a few feet above the ground, and consist of round stones laid up loosely, in the manner of a fence in America. Upon these an irregular low roof of thatch, heavy and black is placed, without a chimney, except a hole in the top, over a hearth of loose stones, in the centre of the apartment below, and thus the smoke is seen pouring out at all points, as from a coal-kiln. They contain a few articles only of the simplest furniture, with beds at the sides of dried fern, and in looking upon one, you would think that nothing but a savage could live within it. And this is not the description of a cabin here and there, but of every dwelling seen mile after mile in succession; and of whole hamlets and villages. The interior, is scarce more inviting. The cow stable and pig pen, in general, are under the same roof, and separated from the common apartment of the family, by a partition of wicker-work. Within the past hour, I saw a "bonnie lassie" driving and chasing a cow towards a hut, into which they both bounced together through the only entrance, as if in performance of an habitual feat.

Glenorchy, as a name, has always had a peculiar romance to me in its sound. Its earliest association, too, in my mind, made when I was yet a boy, is a happy one—the character of the good Countess of the title, as mentioned in the “Life of Mrs. Graham.” It is one of the prettiest valleys of a wild and sequestered character, that can be well imagined; differing indeed from any other I have ever visited. The glen is long and narrow, fruitful and verdant, and finely watered by several streams which are poured from the sides of its majestic mountains into Loch Awe. In the bosom of the valley, upon an island in the centre of a river, stands a beautifully white church, of an octagonal form, surmounted by a handsome gothic tower and pinnacles. A spacious and well-built manse, also white, is seen near it, and the Inn of Dalmally, from which I am writing, not far distant, all surrounded by groves of trees, and in full view from the numerous hamlets of cabins such as I have described, scattered over the rising grounds and hills around, in clusters of two or three, or in long lines of half a dozen or more together.

Wishing to rejoin my friend Bolton, as early as practicable, after gratifying my curiosity here, and partaking of a luncheon, on Saturday I set off in a car for Oban. Night, however, overtook me, at Taynuilt, twelve miles on the way, and perceiving a rude kirk near, I determined to remain at the inn, which I had been told was tolerably comfortable, during the Sabbath. On inquiring in the morning, at breakfast, concerning the worship of the day, I learned, that the preaching in the adjoining church,

was in Gaelic only. At the same time, Mr. Copley Green of Boston, and Mr. Warren of the same city, two young gentlemen whom I had met in London, drove up in a car, on their way to Glenorchy ; and the surprise and pleasure of meeting them, was such, that, connected with the disappointment in reference to the public services of the church, which I had expected to attend at Taynult, I at once accepted a seat in their carriage, for a return to the quarters I had too hastily left the day before.

Not expecting ever to pass over the same route again, I had the evening previous taken full notice of the scenery on the way. There are many beautiful points in it ; and constantly changing views of the mountains and lake. Glen Sray, a mile or two below the church of Glenorchy, with its rapid river, and the mountain torrents seen pouring down the sides of the encircling hills, is particularly romantic. Just by, at the head of Loch Awe, stand the ruins of Kilchurn castle, one of the most magnificent objects of the kind in the kingdom. It was a feudal hold of the Campbells, ancestors of the Marquess of Breadalbane, and the principal tower now marking its remains, was built by the famous Sir Colin Campbell, Knight of Rhodes in 1440.

Passing this, the road thickly wooded winds along the margin of Loch Awe for six or eight miles, with occasional views of great beauty, of its waters and islands on one hand, while Ben Cruachan, the largest and loftiest mountain in Argyllshire, rises abruptly over head on the other. Its height is more than three thousand three hundred feet. Its sides

are wooded with a natural growth, and echo widely to the rumbling of impetuous torrents.

An arm of Loch Awe runs far to the west, and finds an outlet for its waters in the wild pass of Bund Awe, enclosed by naked precipices on either side, with the river Awe running in a succession of rapids through it. This pass, like most others in the Highlands, is noted for deeds of bravery and blood; and was the scene of a desperate conflict in the year 1308, between Robert Bruce and the Macdougals of Lorn, in which the latter were defeated. You here lose sight of Loch Awe, but shortly afterwards, in the vicinity of Taynuilt, come in view of Loch Etive, a long arm of the western sea.

We arrived at Glenorchy in time for morning worship, and heard a sensible and impressive discourse on conformity to the world, from a young minister from Edinburgh, who supplied for the day, the place of the pastor of the flock. The general aspect of the assembly, was much the same, as that of a congregation of an equal number, in the most rude sections of the United States. The astonishment to me in looking over it, was, that persons of such respectability of appearance, so well dressed, and so evidently intelligent, could be dwellers in habitations of such rudeness. The ocular demonstration of the fact, by waiting to see them disperse and pursue the different paths leading to the hamlets around, till they reached the very doors of their cabins, could scarce satisfy me, that these were in reality their abodes—the “Highland cottages,” so often pictured to my imagination as the *beau ideal* of the picturesque, while

I have been absorbed in the pages of history and romance, in which they are so often introduced.

But widely as these differ from the habitations of the peasantry in England, I should judge their inmates as a people, to be intellectually if not morally far superior to those of the former. As a general observation, there is in the common people of England, less sprightly and intelligent look, with a more awkward, clownish air and manner, not unmingled with an appearance of servility, than is seen here, or in any section of the United States. I admire the Scots in this respect. As in the common people of our own country, there is nothing servile, but the reverse, in their whole demeanour; and I never meet a young Highlander, without feelings of interest and pleasure as I regard the firm and upright step, the manly and deliberate gait and elevated brow, with which he walks, with his bonnet cast negligently on one side of his head, and one hand placed loosely, and not ungracefully in his bosom, as if the plaid were still enfolding it there.

## LETTER XLIII.

## THE PASS OF GLENCOE.

Arrival at Oban—Dunolly House, the seat of Captain Macdougall, and the ruins of the Castle of the Lords of Lorn—Ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle, the ancient palace of the Scottish kings—Ballahulish, its Inn, and slate quarry—Scenery in the drive to Glencoe—Hamlets and villages—Traits of the people—Similarity in them, to some of the usages in the South Seas—Manner of shouting to one another—Carrying “bracken”—Want of shoes and stockings—Description of Glencoe—Alternations in the weather—Post-boy’s anecdote of thunder, and its effect—Historic and classic interest of the pass—Birth-place of Ossian—and Cona’s stream.

*Glencoe, Argyllshire.  
August 22d, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

It is seldom, I suspect, that a letter is penned by any one in the place of my present date.—I have taken my seat at a rude table in a solitary hut, dignified with the name of “Inn,” at the entrance of Glencoe, from Ballahulish; to improve the time, occupied in the necessary refreshments of the horse which has brought me from Oban, by giving you an outline of my travel from Glenorchy.

On arriving at Oban, I found Captain Bolton weary enough of his tarry there, having long exhausted the interest of the little port. It is a neat-looking fishing town, containing some six or eight hundred inha-

bitants, situated on a fine harbour, beyond which, across a channel of the sea, the dark mountains of Mull and the hill of Morven, so famed in song, rise into full and conspicuous view.

The only object of special interest, in the vicinity of the place, is the ruins of Dunolly castle, the feudal castle and stronghold of the Macdougals, Lords of Lorn. We visited it yesterday morning; while making a call upon Captain Macdougall of the Royal Navy, the lineal representative of the family, and possessor of its remaining estates. He occupies a mansion immediately adjoining the old castle. Captain Bolton had been introduced to him at church on the Sabbath, by Captain Falcon, a former acquaintance, and received an invitation to dinner, which a heavy rain prevented him from attending. The drive from the gates and lodge along the bay is very bold and romantic, and Dunolly House, a beautiful little nook of taste and beauty, surrounded by rocks, among which the grounds are laid out and planted with happy effect. The building itself is plain, irregular and antique. We were politely received, and after a call of an hour, examined the old ruin standing on an elevated cliff overhanging the sea, and accessible only at a narrow point, on the side towards the land.

A steamboat from Glasgow to Fort William and Inverness, by the Caledonian canal,—by which we intend to proceed to the latter place—passes Oban twice in each week. It does not leave there, however, till some time this morning; and instead of remaining for the night, in a strong wish to visit

Glencoe, I again left Captain Bolton yesterday afternoon, and sat off in a car for Ballahulish, in the expectation of joining the steamboat in the course of the day, as it proceeds up Loch Linne. The distance is twenty-six miles; and in accomplishing it, I passed the ruins of Dunstaffnage castle, the ancient palace of the Scottish kings, from which the stone on which they were accustomed to be crowned—now in Westminster Abbey—was removed to Scone, in Perthshire, so early as the time of Kenneth II. Not far from this is the supposed site of Bregonium, believed by some to have been the ancient capital of Scotland, and the residence of Fingal.

The road led by ferries across two lochs or arms of the sea—Loch Etive and Loch Creran—and through the district of Appin to Ballahulish. This place, properly so called, consists merely of a dirty inn, opposite a ferry across Loch Leven, at which I slept and took breakfast this morning. The point at which I was to join the steamboat being four miles north of Loch Leven, and Glencoe an equal distance east of my lodging-place, I started early after the morning repast, for the spot from which I address you. The road from Ballahulish to Glencoe, presents much fine mountain and water scenery along the banks of Loch Leven. The roadside is thickly inhabited—the whole distance almost being a succession of hamlets and villages, the abodes of the workmen labouring in a slate quarry—one of the most valuable and extensive in Great Britain—by which the road runs. They are all, however, of the kind before described; and for comfort and every

quality entering into our ideas of civilization, are decidedly inferior, in view of the climate of the country, for two-thirds of the year, in comparison with the blandness of the tropics, to the huts of the South Sea islanders.

Indeed, I find it difficult while gazing upon them, observing many of the habits of the people, and listening to the unintelligible Gaelic in which they converse, to believe myself in Great Britain; and feel more than half the time as if somewhere very near my old friends of Maui and Hawaii. The manner in which they are frequently heard to call to each other at a distance, from rock to rock across a glen, and from one side of a valley to another, in the accent and wild intonation accompanying it, is precisely that of the Islanders of the Pacific. Another similarity exists in an out-door labour of the females, old and young, in which I see them now engaged, that of gathering "*bracken*," or fern, to dry for beds and other uses of the kind. The bundles in which they carry it are made up in the same manner, and borne on their backs in the same way in which rushes are by the females of the islands, to strew on the floors of their dwellings, and in the courts by which the doors are surrounded. The women here, too, as there, are constantly seen with bare feet. Twice yesterday, in the drive from Oban, I passed girls dressed in silk frocks, with handsome shawls, straw bonnets, and lace veils—in full holiday costume—but without shoe or stocking! I remarked this incongruity of apparel, in the second instance in which it was noticed, to the post-boy;—he seemed quite

embarrassed for the respectability of his countrywomen in the eyes of a foreigner, and excused the lassies by saying, "It was na so pleasant to walk in shoes and stockings as with the bare feet."

Glencoe is said to present to the admirer of nature the wildest scenery in Great Britain. It is a narrow defile, eight miles in length, and scarce a quarter of a mile in width, between two ranges of ragged and pinnacled mountains of black rocks, three thousand feet high. They are almost perpendicular in their whole extent, and in many places quite so—are entirely naked, and rent into unnumbered crags, and broken cliffs; and stand upon the eye fretted from top to bottom by the tempests of an untold period; and furrowed by the torrents of a thousand years. The morning has been highly favourable for the drive through it which I have just taken,—consisting alternately of brightness and cloud, sunshine and rain. At one time, all the pointed and broken summits of the highest points, have been seen in clear and beautiful outline against the blue heavens; almost directly above my head, while at another, a sudden tempest of wind and clouds has gathered in such blackness around them, as comparatively to make night of noonday, while thick vapour and mist have rolled far down the sides of the precipices overhanging us, with much of the power and wildness of "the whirlwind and the storm."

It was at such a moment, when in the midst of the pass, that the post-boy interrupted my musings on the scene, by saying, "And dinna ye think this, sir, a frightsome place?—an' indeed, had there hap-

pened some *thunder going*, an' I've been thinking ye'd been *rale* terrified!"—adding, "I once came through in a thunder-storm, and I thought at every clap, all the mountains were coming in together upon me. An' indeed, I was fairly frightened myself—while all the ladies I was driving began to scream and cry." I can readily imagine that few places in the world can be better suited to the full effect in sublimity and fearfulness, of a play of lightning, and the thunder's crash.

But Glencoe owes not less to its classic and historic associations, than to the wildness and sublimity of its scenery, for the interest with which it is invested in the eyes of the traveller. In the massacre of the Macdonalds, in 1691, it is the scene of a tragedy of treachery and blood, familiar to all who have read the annals of the country; and as the reputed birth-place of Ossian, it is not without its attractions to the lover of song. A small lake in the centre of it gives rise to the stream of CONA, so often mentioned in his poems; and many of the similes, used with such effect in his writings, are drawn from the imagery here beheld in its varied accidents of sunshine and storm. Any one who has gazed upon the lofty precipices of Glencoe, and the unnumbered water-channels grooving their surface, will readily apprehend the force of the figure in which the conflict of battle is compared to the "sound of the thousand streams that meet in Cona's Vale, after a stormy night." Not only a thousand, but literally tens of thousands, I doubt not, might be numbered after a continued rain, as they pour their

foaming floods into the gorge below. Every feature of the scenes around is well suited to the sublimity and gloom of high-wrought and tragic poesy; and to whosoever genius we are indebted for "the songs of Ossian," the writer did well to blend with his inspirations, imagery and impressions drawn from the forms and aspects which nature here assumes.

## LETTER XLIV.

## PASSAGE FROM LOCH LEVEN TO INVERNESS.

Join the steamboat "Maid of Morven on Linne Loch—Fort William and Gordonsburgh—Ben Nevis—Caledonian canal—Neptune's stairs—Loch Lochy and Loch Oich—Fort Augustus—Loch Ness and the Falls of Foyers—Country around Inverness—appearance and population of the town—Comfortable quarters at the Caledonian Hotel.

*Caledonian Hotel, Inverness,  
August 23d, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

Immediately on my return yesterday morning, to Ballahulish from Glencoe, I crossed Loch Leven, an arm of Loch Linne, by the ferry opposite, with the intention of walking to Fort William, a distance of fourteen miles, having been informed that the steamboat from Oban would not pass along before seven o'clock, and it then being only a little after mid-day.

I had scarce accomplished four miles, however, at the end of an hour, before I discovered the smoke of the steamer some few miles below, and being then at a ferry on Loch Linne, from which passengers are put on board, I waited her arrival, and soon after was safely on the deck of "the maid of Morven," once again enjoying the company of my friend Capt. Bolton. We passed by Fort William, and the town of Gordonsburgh, with Ben Nevis in full view

at six o'clock. The fortress was first erected in the time of Cromwell, by Gen. Monk, and built only of turf. It was rebuilt of stone in the reign of William III., receiving his name, while the village of Gordonsburgh, then first formed, was called Marysburgh, in honour of the Queen. The scenery is wild and sublime in its mountain groupings, and the vicinity is memorable in the history of the Highlands, and interesting, from the remains of the castle of Inverlochy, supposed in ancient times, to have been a regal abode, another ruin, which there is reason to believe was once a residence of Banquo.

Two miles above Fort William is the commencement of the great Caledonian canal, by which the navigation of the German sea and the Western Ocean are connected, without the tedious and dangerous coasting of the north of Scotland, through a chain of lakes, connected in its route. The distance from Linne Loch in the west, to the Frith of Moray at this place, in the east, is sixty-one miles, thirty-eight miles of the route being through Loch Lochy, Loch Oich, and Loch Ness, and the remaining twenty-three, the cutting of the canal. The first mile from Loch Linne, is a succession of locks, which from their magnitude and number, are called "Neptune's Staircase." By these, vessels ascend from the west to the general level of the canal and lakes; and as several hours are required for the passage of the steamboat through them, the arrangements are such, that this is accomplished at night, while the passengers are lodged at an Inn at the upper lock, to which they walk, leaving their luggage on board. The

canal is one hundred and twenty feet wide at the top, fifty feet at the bottom, and twenty feet deep, and the locks one hundred and seventy feet long, and forty wide, thus allowing the passage of a small frigate, or of a merchantman of the largest class.

At day-break this morning we were summoned again to the boat, which had attained the summit level. The morning was wet, and the mountain covered with mist and clouds; once only we had a full view of Ben Nevis, whose summit and northern side was still marked with beds of snow. This is the loftiest mountain in Great Britain, being more than four thousand three hundred feet in height; after having seen the Cordilleras of South America, the mountains of Hawaii, and other islands of the Pacific, and even the ridges of the Alleghany, in the middle states of the American Union, there is nothing very imposing in the loftiness of Ben Nevis.

Loch Lochy ten miles in length, and little more than one in breadth, and Loch Oich three miles long, and a half mile broad, are not particularly interesting in the scenery of their shores. They are bordered principally by mountains covered with moors and naked sheep walks with glens between them, running to the north and south, memorable in history as the abodes of clans whose names are still the general cognomen of their inhabitants.

At the entrance of Loch Ness from Fort William stand the town and fortifications of Fort Augustus. It is a neat and pretty place, surrounded by much delightful scenery. We were amused chiefly there, while waiting the passage of the boat from the locks

of the canal, into the lake, by the crossing of thousands of sheep from the north, attended by the shepherds and dogs, and observing the great sagacity and admirable training of the latter, in keeping the flocks in the places in which their masters wished them to move. Loch Ness, which we here entered, is twenty-four miles in length and varies from one to one and a half miles in breadth. It is a fine sheet of water, and in its shores, wooded side hills, and whole character, is more like an American lake than most others seen by us. Along it on either side are some noted glens, and here and there the ruins of an old castle.

About mid-way in its length, some twelve miles from Fort Augustus are the celebrated Falls of Foyers, on the estate and near the residence of Fraser of Foyers. It is customary for the steamboat to come to anchor here for an hour, to allow the passengers to visit the falls; and, with others, we ascended a steep hill, a mile in length, overlooking the grounds and mansion adjoining, to ascertain how far they merited the praise so often lavished on them. The scenery around is wild and beautiful, and the fissure, or narrow glen of rock, over and through which the stream pours, singular in its characteristics, and well worth a visit. In the cascade itself we were disappointed; though, had we not read and heard so much of its sublimity and grandeur, it is probable we would have been more strikingly impressed by it.

At every advance towards Inverness, we now perceived an improvement in the whole aspect of everything. The town makes a handsome appearance at

a distance, and on landing and gazing around in every direction upon a fine agricultural and fertile region, with a flourishing town in the midst, after having for so many days been surrounded only by the comparative poverty and nakedness of the Highlands, we felt as if we were once more in a land of common comfort and civilization. Inverness is called the northern capital of Scotland. It is a neat and well-built town, containing some twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, and lies on both sides of the river Ness, at its entrance into the Moray Frith—a fine bridge of stone and another of wood, connecting its different sections.

At this season of the year there is so much travelling in Scotland, that the best houses frequently are much crowded. The steamboat lands the passengers a mile from the town, and we availed ourselves of the proffered services of a servant in livery, travelling without his master, to secure rooms for us at the Caledonian, by going in advance. This he did, and on arriving ourselves, we were ushered into a parlour of comfort and elegance, much more congenial to the taste of my travelling friend, than any we had seen since leaving Dumbartonshire.

## LETTER XLV.

## TRAVEL FROM INVERNESS TO ELGIN.

Country between Inverness and Elgin—Moor of Culloden—Castle Stewart and Macintosh castle—View of Fort George—Its indefensible site—Cawdor Castle, where Duncan is said to have been murdered by Macbeth—Heath on which Macbeth met the witches—Bridge across the Findhorn—Town of Forres—Arrival at Elgin—General aspect of the place—Its public buildings and institutions of philanthropy and benevolence—Ruins of its cathedral—Beauty of the architecture—Chapter House and Burial-place of the Dukes and Duchesses of Gordon.

*Gordon Castle, Banffshire,  
August 25th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

AFTER a day in Inverness we took the coach on Friday afternoon, at that place for Elgin, distant forty-two miles. The intervening country, especially in the vicinity of either town, is fertile and richly cultivated. Three or four miles from Inverness, we came within sight of the moor of Culloden, where an extinguisher was placed for ever upon the hopes and schemes of the unfortunate house of Stuart. The road not far from it, passes immediately by Castle Stewart, an old and lofty, but not extensive mansion of the Earl of Moray, with turreted angles. It was at this castle, that Prince Charles slept the night previous to the battle, while some two miles south of it

on the edge of the moor, stands Macintosh Castle, the quarters, at the same time, of the opposing commander, the Duke of Cumberland. From the road we had a general view of the battle-ground—one sufficient to answer the purpose of the tourist; since there are on it at present, no distinctive traces of the conflict by which it is distinguished.

At the distance of twelve miles from Inverness, we had a full sight of Fort George, on the shores of the Frith of Moray, with a view along the German Ocean of the coast of Scotland, almost to its extreme point at “Johnny Groat’s House.” Fort George is one of the most regular fortresses in Great Britain. It was built in 1747, as a check upon the Highlanders. Of it a British tourist writes, “Nothing appears to have been overlooked that could have conduced to the comfort of the garrison, or add to the security of the place, save in the choice of a site. An old veteran who escorted us round the ramparts, and who had been honorably maimed at *Bunker’s Hill*, asserted, that it was so thoroughly commanded by the adjacent heights, that the bravest general of modern times could not attempt to hold it against an army well appointed with artillery. We did not presume to dispute this important point, while our own less experienced eyes led us to draw a similar conclusion.”

Shortly after losing sight of this on the left, the coachman pointed out to us at a distance on the right, Cawdor or Calder castle, famed as the reputed place of the murder of Duncan by Macbeth. You will find, if I mistake not, an interesting and lively de-

scription of this building, by Mrs. Grant of Laggan, in her "*Letters from the Mountain.*" Near it, we crossed "the blasted heath," on which the interview between Macbeth and "the weird sisters," as represented by Shakspeare, is said to have taken place. It has lost much of its distinctive character since those days; and such have been the encroachments on every side of the agriculturists, that the witches would now scarce find room for their brooms and cauldron, in the performance of the unearthly orgies attributed to them.

Before reaching Forres, we crossed the Findhorn by a ferry, a former bridge over it having been carried away by a flood. A new structure of the kind, is now being thrown across the stream. It is to be a suspension bridge, and when finished, will be of great beauty—the abutments are formed of a fine white free stone, and terminate in embattled gothic towers. Forres is a neat well-built town. A monument to Nelson, on a neighbouring hill, and a granite shaft covered with hieroglyphics, the origin and history of which is unknown, at one end of the town, were pointed out to us as we drove through.

The approach to Elgin commands an extensive range of well cultivated and beautiful country, ornamented by extensive plantations of pine on the estates of the Earl of Fife, a principal proprietor in the county. We slept at this place, and in the morning, before taking a chaise for Fochabers, the town adjoining Gordon castle, strolled over its principal sections. There is a very general air of com-

fort around, and its public buildings are of more than ordinary respectability. A new church in the centre of the town constructed of a light-coloured stone, in Grecian architecture, is a conspicuous ornament, and stands in agreeable relief, to the old Tolbooth, or town prison, with its narrow, grated windows, turreted corners, and lofty spire, immediately opposite, in the market place or open square.

Elgin has been singularly fortunate, within a few years, for so small a town, in one particular, that of endowments of benevolence and piety, by natives of the place, who have risen from poverty and obscurity, to wealth and distinction. One gentleman whose history we were informed was of this character, has left a monument of his philanthropy in an extensive hospital, with funds to support it—a conspicuous object in entering the town from Inverness—and another has endowed an institution for the “Education of youth, and the support of old age.” The building for this last, is nearly completed, and is a handsome, well arranged, and costly structure. The individual making this appropriation, was a poor boy of the town, and apprenticed to a mechanic. He broke his indentures, and escaped to London; enlisted in the East India Company’s service as a common soldier, in time to lay the foundations of his fortune at Seringapatam; was promoted, and rose to the rank of a general officer, with wealth sufficient to endow the institution with a fund of seventy thousand pounds.

The principal object of admiration to visitors at

Elgin, however, is the ruins of its once magnificent cathedral. They are indeed beautiful, and well worthy the visit of an hour. It was erected in 1414; and appears to have been a splendid edifice, of a rich gothic architecture. Most of the ruins in Scotland, of this character, are to be traced in their fall, to the era of the reformation, but the cathedral of Elgin, was despoiled, we are told, for the sake of its roof of lead, at a time of financial pressure in the kingdom—this article being exchanged for gold, in a barter with the Dutch. The outer walls, and the towers, are still standing; and the eastern and western ends exhibit admirable specimens of the architecture of the age in which it was built. The chapter house on one side of the choir, is in perfect preservation, with the exception of the pavement and windows. It is a beautiful octagon room, with a groined ceiling, the arches springing in every direction from a clustered pillar in the centre, and from corbels against the walls.

On the opposite side of the choir is an aisle, enclosed by an iron railing, which has for centuries been the burial place of the princely house of Gordon and Huntly. In it are several antique tombs; and one modern monument of much beauty, erected by the late Duke, in memory of his mother, the third Duchess of Gordon, of whom a fine head in Italian marble is sculptured upon it.

Throughout the pile the carving in stone seems to have been executed with masterly skill. The devices in the capitals of the different pillars, are

very various—a cluster of grapes, with the leaves and vine, in one, struck us as being as exquisitely true to nature, as anything in architectural embellishment, we have any where seen. One of the lofty towers is accessible, and from it we enjoyed in the brightness of the morning an extensive and beautiful panoramic view.

## LETTER XLVI.

## RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF GORDON.

Arrangements for a visit to Gordon Castle—Absence of the Duke and Duchess of Gordon—Arrival at Fochabers—The Duke of Gordon—Park and Castle—Principal suite of rooms—Private apartments—Dining-room—Chapel—Family worship and services of the Sabbath—General character and reputed piety of the Duchess.

*Gordon Castle, Banffshire,  
August 27th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

Through the kindness of Sir John Sinclair, of Stephenston, we have for the last day or two, been in the enjoyment of the hospitality of Gordon Castle, the principal residence in Scotland, of his uncle, the Duke of Gordon.

It had been hoped that we might be able to reach this section of the kingdom, before the commencement of grouse shooting should take the Duke from the castle, to a lodge in the mountains, to meet an engagement for that amusement, with a party from England. On reaching Inverness, however, we found letters waiting our arrival, to apprise us of the necessary absence of his Grace on the moors; but begging that this might not prevent our visit to the castle, or the acceptance of rooms within it, on our

way to Aberdeen. A kindness of which we availed ourselves for the Sabbath.

Had we known that the Duchess was at home, when we arrived at Inverness, we should have come on without delay, as the day of getting there, was that on which we had been expected at the castle. Supposing, however, that she was in company with the Duke, we remained there to refresh ourselves after the fatigue of our tour, for some days previous, and much to our regret learned on arriving here on Saturday afternoon, that her grace had been at the castle, from the time we had been expected, till the latest hour of Saturday that she could remain, and accomplish a journey before night, of some weeks' appointment, with the Countess of Denbigh, and other ladies from England; we thus missed the pleasure, by a few hours only, of being welcomed in person by our noble hostess, to the princely mansion and domain, of which she is mistress.

The Duke of Gordon is styled, in familiar phraseology, the "*king of the north*," his influence in point of birth, rank, and property, being more extensive and more powerful than that of any other nobleman in Scotland. His father acceded to the dukedom with a funded property of more than £70,000; and an income from his landed estates of more than £50,000. His mother, as you know, was one of the most celebrated wits and beauties of her day; and the alliances of the family are with the first blood of the empire. The Duke himself, as Marquess of Huntly, was distinguished in military and political life, previous to the death of his father; and is now

second in command to Wellington, in the first regiment of the line, in the Royal Army.

The castle is situated on the Spey, ten miles from Elgin, near the town of Fochabers, which is within the environs of its park. Servants were watching our arrival at its gates, and at the inn, and we were not permitted to alight in the town, but passing a fine gateway of stone in castellated architecture, at one end of the village, were set down after the drive of half a mile, by a winding approach, at the principal entrance. The building stands in the midst of an old and beautiful park, and presents a façade both on the north and south fronts, of five hundred and sixty-eight feet, including a range of offices at either extremity. The central part—a hundred feet in length, and proportionably deep,—is four stories high, with a projecting tower, demi-turreted at the corners, embattled, and surmounted by a flag-staff, in the middle of the south front. The whole pile of light stone, is massive and uniform in its style and of modern architecture, except the tower and some of the rooms immediately adjoining it which are a part of the original baronial castle of the family. Both fronts open upon fine lawns studded with noble trees. A flower-garden and shrubbery encircle one wing, while a small lake and island are not far distant on the other. The pleasure and ornamental walks, without including the carriage drives, measure more than fifteen miles.

The entrance to the castle is by a vestibule ornamented with an Apollo Belvidere, and a Venus de Medicis, and several fine busts on pedestals. The

ascent from this to the principal suite of rooms on the second floor, is by a handsome staircase of stone, carpeted with the Gordon tartan, with which the passages and corridors of other sections of the building are also covered. The dining-hall opens from the landing in front of the stairs, while on the left is the entrance to the music-room, a fine lofty apartment, tastefully, though simply furnished in hangings, and covers of pink and white chintz—the walls filled with paintings, and the room containing a piano and organ, with a choice selection of books in two low cabinets on one side. An ante-room, in crimson, opens from this and leads into one of the principal drawing-rooms. Of these there are two, one upon each front, communicating with each other by large folding doors across a passage extending from one end of the castle to the other. The hangings and entire furniture in both are of the most chaste and delicate taste—the predominating colour being a light drab, relieved by rich gilding in the mouldings, and painted ceilings. A projecting window adds to the beauty of one, in which also is a grand piano, and some fine paintings, while varied articles of taste and *vertu* are scattered in elegant *négligé* over both.

The dining-room is a magnificent apartment, hung with full length portraits of the whole line of dukes, and the Marquess of Huntly; and ornamented at one end by four beautiful scagliola pillars, with rich corinthian capitals of white. This hall is a part of the original feudal castle; and the three windows

by which it is lighted, stand in recesses six feet deep—the bare thickness of the wall.

Another suite, containing the private sitting room and boudoir of the duchess, and the cabinet of the duke, with the dressing and sleeping-rooms adjoining, has also been shown us. Those of her grace are delightful apartments, in furniture of blue, with an air of refinement, and a delicacy of taste, in the whole, of the most attractive character. Adjoining the duke's room is one filled with the varied apparatus of a sportsman—fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, whips furnished with whistles for his hounds, hunting-horns, &c. ; also an armoury, containing suits of ancient armour, coats of mail, banners of historic interest in the family and kingdom, and a museum of curiosities, in which I soon distinguished a feather mantle, and various other articles of the workmanship of my old friends the Sandwich islanders.

The chapel, on the same floor with the principal rooms, is neat and chastely ornamented. It is lighted from above, and surrounded by a gallery for the servants. The walls are in imitation of a delicately veined marble, the floor laid with Brussels carpet, in the colour and figure of oak inlaid, and the seats covered with cushions of blue. I regarded this part of the establishment with special interest, from the reasons which I have to believe that the God of our adoration is here worshipped “in spirit and in truth,” as well as in form. I yesterday held a service in it, with the household, and immediate dependents of the castle, and have offered with them the morning and evening sacrifice, to which they have been ac-

customed. At all times, when the duchess is at home, there are prayers at nine o'clock in the morning, and at four o'clock in the afternoon—previous to the preparations for dinner, when the household and guests can most conveniently be assembled in the greatest number. When the chaplain is not at the castle, the duchess herself reads the Scriptures, and leads the worship of the chapel. On the Sabbath, the family and servants attend the parish church in Fochabers in the morning—but there is preaching in the castle in the afternoon, and the duchess invariably reads a sermon aloud in the drawing-room on that evening, whatever may be the number or character of her guests.

These traits, and others equally interesting in the manner of life pursued by her grace, were communicated to us by Lady Sinclair, while at Stephenston, with such warmth of interest, and such sweetness of delineation, that I anticipated with no ordinary satisfaction, the pleasure of making her acquaintance. All others we have met in this vicinity, join in attributing to her the most noble and elevated character—particularly Mr. Wagstaff, the duke's principal agent or factor, who has been most polite in his attentions and civility to us. Her portraits indicate much beauty, and gracefulness of feature and person. She is accomplished in music, to a cultivated mind adds much natural sweetness and amiability of manners, and above all, the charm of enlightened and unchanging piety. It is this characteristic more than any other that causes the regret I feel at her absence from the castle. Piety is the most ennobling gift of

God. It adds new dignity to man, whatever be the rank or however high the elevation of office he fills ; but, if possible, it is still more becoming, and in a still greater degree, the peculiar and crowning grace of woman. Diffused in its warmth through her gentle spirit, and mildly beaming on her brow, it invests her with a halo more attractive than every earthly honour, and more resplendent than a crown. And thus it is that

“ Heaven, when most disposed to bless,  
Blends piety with loveliness ! ”

## LETTER XLVII.

## JOURNEY FROM GORDON CASTLE TO FASKALLY HOUSE.

Notice of Aberdeen—Dunotter Castle—Brechin Castle—Hill of Dunsinane—and scene of Macbeth's death—Cupar Angus—Arrival at Dunkeld—Beauty of the place—Park and grounds of the Duke of Atholl—Drive from Dunkeld to Blair Atholl—Pass of Killikrankie—Arrival at Faskally—Members of the family—Drive to Loch Tummel.

*Faskally House, Perthshire,  
August 31st, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

THE journey from Gordon Castle to Dunkeld—by Keith, Huntley, Inverurie, Kintore, Aberdeen, Brechin, Forfar, and Cupar Angus—a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, was almost lost to us from constant rain during the two days we were accomplishing it. We were obliged to travel in the inside of the coach, and thus were deprived of almost all observation of the country, which, so far as we could perceive, appeared rich and well cultivated.

Aberdeen lies prettily on the sea-coast; and its principal street, is among the widest and best built in the kingdom—very similar in its general aspect and the gray granite of its architecture, to the handsomest parts of Edinburgh. Like this last city too, its different parts are connected by lofty bridges across a deep glen below, filled with inhabitants. Near

Stonehaven, on the second day's travel, we had for a short time, a fine view of Dunottar Castle, overhanging the sea, and celebrated as the place in which the Regalia of Scotland were for a long time concealed during the Commonwealth of Cromwell, and from which they were secretly conveyed, just before its surrender to the republican army, by the wife of a clergyman of a neighbouring parish, who had gained access to the castle through the besieging forces, as a visitor to the lady of the governor of the fortress, and by whom, with the assistance of her husband, they were buried and preserved, beneath the church of which he was the minister.

The Castle of Brechin, the seat of the present Lord Maule, is also noted in the history of Scotland; and at Forfar, Malcolm Canmore had a castle. A small islet on the loch adjoining, is pointed out as one on which the queen of this monarch had for a long time a favourite residence. Near Glamis is Glamis Castle, once famed for its magnificence, and alluded to in "Macbeth," not long after passing which, we came in view of the hill of Dunsinane, upon which the usurper was besieged and near which he is said to have fallen.

At Cupar Angus we met letters of invitation from Archibald Butler, Esquire, of Faskally House, our present host, the proprietor of one of the most beautiful mansions in the Highlands. He is a friend of Sir John Sinclair, to whom we are again indebted for the hospitality we are enjoying. It was our intention in any case, to have visited the celebrated pass of Killikrankie and Blair Atholl, within a mile of which

former place, Faskally is ; and leaving the coach at Cupar, we took a post-chaise for Dunkeld, in Perthshire.

We had been told that by taking Blair Gowrie in our way from Cupar to Dunkeld, we should pass through a much more beautiful and romantic country, than by pursuing the most direct route. But after passing through Blair, by a mistake of the postilion, we turned again to the road we had been advised to leave, and not only lost the scenery for which we were seeking, but added some miles to the distance of our travel. When within three miles of Dunkeld, we came upon the banks of the Tay, where it sweeps round the beautiful grounds and stately towers of Murthly Castle, the seat of Sir George Stewart. From this point to Dunkeld, the drive is full of wildness and beauty ; and on entering the town, though fatigued with the travel of eighty-six miles, we were filled with admiration and pleasure at the romance and loveliness of the surrounding scenery. The town itself too, is just one of those which

“ rise

In rural pride 'mong intermingled trees !  
Above whose aged tops, the joyful swains,  
At eventide descending from the hill,  
With eye enamour'd mark the many wreaths  
Of pillar'd smoke high curling to the clouds.”

The picture presented, is that of a little valley, verdant and richly wooded—encircled with high hills, some entirely bare, some deeply clothed with flourishing plantations of evergreen and hard wood—through which the Tay, in a winding course, sweeps

brightly and beautifully. A fine bridge of light-coloured stone, is seen conspicuously in a range with the town, and beyond it, the ruinous arch and ivy-covered tower of a cathedral, several pretty cottages, *orneés*, adjoining, with the extensive pleasure grounds and park, of a principal residence of the Duke of Atholl, in the distance.

We remained one day here with great satisfaction. I know of scarce any place of the same extent, which can boast such varied and such charming landscapes at different points of view, as Dunkeld; and of its little valley, it may in quaint poesy, truly be said—

“Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,  
Arbours o’ergrown with woodbine, caves, and dells,”

A first walk of the morning, was in the park of Dunkeld House, to which access is given by gratuitous tickets procured at the residence of the principal gardener, opposite the entrance gate, at the north end of the town. There is at present, no ducal residence on the estate, except it be a small cottage in which the Duchess dowager lives, near the town, on the banks of the river. The late Duke removed the old mansion a short time previous to his death, two or three years since; and a magnificent pile which he commenced to supply its place, stands unfinished, his eldest son and successor, being under a commission of lunacy, from the Lord Chancellor.

It would be impossible for me to convey to you any impression of the varied beauty, and entire loveliness of a walk of *five hours*, which I took within the enclosure—I say a walk of five hours, for I do not

know the number of miles passed over. The entire walks laid out on the estate, measure, it is said, fifty miles, while the carriage drives, not touching these, are scarce less extensive. I can, at present, only give the assurance, that from the moment I entered the park, till I crossed its boundaries at a different point, and reached the village again by the bridge, at the end of the time mentioned, I never thought of fatigue, and was without interruption in the exercise of constant admiration and delight.

At six o'clock this morning, we took the coach at Dunkeld for Blair Atholl, twenty miles to the north, first along the banks of the Tay, and afterwards by those of the Tummel and Garry, to the latter place. Blair Atholl is six miles beyond Faskally, but we wished to view the whole scenery as far as Blair, which includes the pass of Killikrankie. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful drive for the same distance in Scotland; and reminded me in many of its loveliest features, of different sections of the valley of the Susquehanna, between the lake of Otsego, and the far famed Wyoming.

From the predominating imagery of the passes in the Highlands, previously visited by us, I had expected to find in that of Killikrankie a frowning, frightful glen, exhibiting something, at least, of the desolate and intimidating aspect of Glencoe, but in place of this, we were surprised to meet only a smiling and softly-wooded dell, deep, narrow and romantic it is true, with steep hills on either side, but not presenting, as seen from the road, anything fearful or sublime to the eye. Killikrankie cottage, the

residence of Major Hay of the Royal Army, is perched beautifully upon a cliff, on the western side of the Garry, in the midst of the pass, with a tastefulness of architecture and embellishment, seldom surpassed. A mile or two beyond, is the battle ground on which the noted Claverhouse fell, with the precise spot where he met his fate, pointed out by a rough stone, taken from the adjoining stream, it is probable, and planted as it now stands, early after his death.

The day, though bright and beautiful in atmosphere, has been as cool in temperature, as an October morning in America, and we were so completely chilled by the travel from Dunkeld, as to feel indisposed to visit the grounds of Atholl House, famed for their beauty. It is an estate of the Atholl family, occupied at present by Lord Glenlyon, the second son of the late Duke. We also learned here, that Mr. Butler, who had been spending some days at Atholl House, had left early for Faskally, under an impression that we should be with him soon after breakfast. It was then midday, and taking a chaise, we returned almost immediately to his residence, which we reached in time for luncheon.

Our host is a young unmarried gentleman, the only son and heir of the late Col. Butler, a lord lieutenant, and otherwise distinguished inhabitant of Perthshire. His mother, a daughter of the late, and a sister of the present Sir Neil Menzies of Castle Menzies, is at the head of his establishment—Miss Richardson, an intelligent and interesting young lady, a friend and companion of Mrs. Butler, making up the number of the family proper.

The gentlemen of England and Scotland, spare no trouble in the entertainment and gratification of their guests, and the day, by the time we had finished our lunch, having become more mild than in the morning, we were immediately after it, in a phaeton with our host, for a drive before dinner. The rivers Tummel and Garry, unite on the grounds of Faskally, and the rumbling of the falls of the former, are constantly heard at the house. The course of the Garry we had followed in the way to Blair Atholl, and Mr. Butler took us up the valley of the Tummel, by crossing the Garry at the entrance of the pass of Killikrankie, over a bridge of fearful height, from the bed of water and the rocks below. At the end of some six or seven miles through a wild glen-like vale we gained the top of a hill, from which we had an unexpected and beautiful view of Loch Tummel, eleven miles in length and one or two broad, with a long perspective of glen and mountain in the distance, closed in at the end of some fifty miles, by the blue points and waving outline of the mountains of Glencoe. This view was the particular object of the excursion: on turning round, one almost equally striking, though destitute of the foreground of water, was presented down the valley of the Tummel, which kept us in constant admiration, till we again reached the immediate vicinity of the mansion of our friend.

Faskally is the place at which Lord Elcho said at Gosford, he hoped to join us. We are disappointed to find that his visit has already been made, and he hastened to Lothian again, by the recent marriage of a sister.

## LETTER XLVIII.

## VISIT AT FASKALLY HOUSE.

Company and remains of Highland customs—The national dress of plaid and kilt—Piper in the hall at dinner—Hon. Mr. Murray, heir presumptive of the Dukedom of Atholl—Parish church of Pittôchrie—Sermon and psalmody—Aspect of the general Congregation—Difference in the imitative character of the peasantry here, and similar classes in America—Description of Faskally House and grounds—Beauty of its approaches, and view from the mountain top.

*Faskally House, Perthshire,  
September 3, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

The hospitality of the mansion at which we are, is such, that we have not been without fellow-guests, at any moment since our coming.

Miss Butler, an aunt of our host, was here on our arrival. Mr. Ferguson, a brother of Ferguson of Woodhill, whose notes during a recent tour in Canada, and in the United States, are attracting considerable notice just at present, and deservedly, so far as we can judge, from the manliness and candour of extracts which we have seen—arrived to dinner the same day. The Hon. Mr. Murray, a son of Lord Glenlyon, and heir presumptive to the Dukedom of Atholl, Mr. Macgregor, the eldest son of Sir Evan Macgregor, and Mr. Menzies came on Saturday, and the Earl of Hopetown, and Major Hill yesterday.

Some few traits of Highland life, are still retained in the family, sufficient to give additional interest and variety to us, as foreigners, in the visit, and to leave characteristic impressions of it upon the mind. Some of the gentlemen, for instance, wear the national costume, as full dress at dinner, the piper, in the same attire, plays in the hall while the company pass from the drawing-room to the table and during the repast, and Mrs. Butler enlivens the later hours of the evening, by a variety of pibrochs, strathspeys and reels on the piano.

The full dress of a chieftain, such as that which we here see, is certainly picturesque and graceful, whatever may be said of the bare knees accompanying it. Mr. Murray, being a chieftain of the first rank, the head of his clan, wears two tartans. His coat and plaid, being that of Atholl, and his kilt, that of Murray. He is quite young, just entered at one of the colleges of the university of Cambridge, and, as is also the case with his cousin Mr. Macgregor, is uncommonly handsome, and gentlemanlike in his manners. His mother is a sister of the Duke of Northumberland, and, in addition to the Dukedom and estates of Atholl, he, in this line, is next heir after Lord Prudhoe, to the immense estates of the Percys.

The parish church which the family attend, is three miles from the house, and one, by a cross road from Pittochrie, a village on the principal route to Edinburgh, of which Mr. Butler is the proprietor. We went to worship there yesterday, the company forming quite a retinue of carriages, horsemen

and grooms. The day was fine, and there was a general turn out of the gentry of the neighbourhood, as well as a large congregation of the peasantry, and other common inhabitants. Throughout Scotland, I believe the fashionable part of the congregation, occupy pews in front in the gallery; and these, on this occasion, were crowded in addition to the party from Faskally, with the Hays of Killikrankie Cottage, the Alstons of Urrard House, Mrs. Beaumont, the lady of Captain Beaumont of the navy; and her sister Miss Mac Donald, daughters of Mac Donald, Lord of Isles, in many of whom I was happy to observe, not only a most respectful attention, but evidences of unaffected devotion during the worship. The service, in its prayers and sermon, was spiritual and impressive, the subject of the latter being the fear of God, but the psalmody the most grating upon the ear and nerves, I recollect ever to have heard. Whatever may be its effect upon the hearts of those accustomed to it, upon my feelings, the tendency was anything but devotional.

The congregation, in general, was the most respectable in its appearance, of any we have yet seen in a country church in Scotland. In most cases before, the whole mass of the common people, in their dress and rudeness, have appeared like the beings of another generation, wearing what seemed in fashion; to have been the coats and gowns, hats and bonnets, of their great grandfathers. So much was this the case, particularly in the Highlands; that I could not avoid reflecting in view of it, how different would be the fact in the United States, did there a place exist

within its boundaries, in which fashion of dress in itsameleon forms had not made its way. The first carriage which should drive through it, in the manner in which hundreds do through Scotland in the travelling season, would at once produce an innovation in an American village, in this respect. A Yankee girl, should she have no opportunity of glancing for a moment at the attire of the lady within, would seize, as the equipage flew by, the cut of the dress and bonnet of the dressing woman on the box or rumble, and be sure to present an evidence of her tact at imitation, in the next appearance she made at meeting, or elsewhere among the rival belles of the neighbourhood.

But I am forgetting the beauty of Faskally—

“ A spot of earth so sweet, you might (I ween)  
Well guess some congregation of the elves,  
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves.”

The first view of it, in the brightness of the morning's sun, when on our way to Blair Atholl, from Dunkeld, was fascinating, and gave promise in the architectural taste and elegance of the mansion, and in the loveliness of the imagery around, of a degree of gratification in the visit, which has by no means been disappointed. It is just one of those spots, which as a birth-place and a home, would, with my temperament, have a charm which would keep me ever in admiration of the surrounding scenery, and its capability for the daily exercise of taste in its embellishment by art.

The house just rebuilt on the site of an older man-

sion, is a beautiful specimen of the irregular manorial style of architecture preceding the reign of Queen Elizabeth—the design by Burns, a distinguished architect of Edinburgh. The principal front is about one hundred and twenty feet in length, and, with the other sides, is ornamented by pointed gables, projecting windows and turrets, placed at unequal distances in the angles, and surmounted by beautifully tapering spires. The entrance is by a vestibule into a hall, with the most beautiful staircase of oak we have anywhere seen, and into which the dining and drawing-rooms on the ground floor open. These are all spacious and lofty apartments, with windows opening in different directions upon scenes of varied beauty. In front is an extensive lawn, spreading gently to the banks of the river Tummel, a quarter of a mile or more distant. It is studded and fringed at the water side with trees, and sprinkled here and there with sheep and cattle, quietly grazing on its verdure, with no sound to disturb them but the ceaseless murmur of the “Falls of the Tummel,” a mile distant, near its junction with the Gany, at one corner of the grounds. Beyond the Tummel, a farm rises beautifully on the opposite side hill, from the summit of which a lowly farm-house is seen peeping from a clump of trees, while all above

———“rocks sublime

To human art a sportive semblance bear ;

And purple heather colours all the clime

Like sunset battlements, and towers decayed by time.”

On the east, at the distance of half a mile, on the

west, at that of a mile, and on the north, immediately in rear of the mansion, in place of naked rocks, are lofty hills covered with thick plantations of the deepest green, overtopped by others more in perspective, of the purest blue; the whole forming a wild mountain scene, with a little fairy land of softness and beauty in the centre, in which the wood-nymphs of a fabulous era might have delighted to wander, and the muses themselves might have found inspiration for poetry and song.

There are three different approaches from the public road—the entrances to each being by ornamented lodges, one of which, a mile and a half or more in length, is more varied and beautiful than any I have observed in the kingdom; and the view of the whole, as seen in miniature from the top of the hill north of the house, at an elevation of eight hundred feet, to which Mr. Butler took me one morning, presents a picture of romance and loveliness seldom equalled even in a sketch of fancy.

## LETTER XLIX.

## ROUTE FROM FASKALLY TO EDINBURGH.

Departure from Faskally—Country between it and Perth—Birnam Wood—Perth, and the bridge across the Tay—Palace of Scone—Courtesy of the family in the exhibition of the mansion—Paintings and sculpture—Articles remaining of the furniture of the royal palace—Needle-work of Mary of Scots—James VI.'s rooms—Drive from Perth to Edinburgh—Richness of the country, and fruitfulness of the year—The gathering of the harvest—Distant view at evening of Edinburgh.

*Yester House, East Lothian,  
September 6th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

IMMEDIATELY after luncheon, on Monday, we took leave of Faskally, for Dunkeld—not without casting many a “lingering look behind,” upon the loveliness of its scenery, blended with the kindest feelings towards those dwelling beneath its turrets.

The drive to Dunkeld was more strikingly beautiful to my eye, than on going up, and from the splendour of the weather, was probably never seen in finer light and tint. After sleeping at Dunkeld, we were early the next day on the road to Edinburgh, soon passing by “Birnam Wood,”—now reduced to a couple of decayed trees—and arrived at Perth in two hours. Perth is situated in the midst of the rich and beautiful valley of the Tay, and is a handsomely built town, with a noble bridge stretching across the

river. We remained in it, waiting for the coach from Aberdeen, long enough to allow of a visit to Scone, —a mile on the north—a splendid mansion of the Earl of Mansfield, and once the site, as you will remember, of a principal palace of the Scottish monarchs, and long the depository of the stone on which they were crowned.

The present edifice is an extensive quadrangle of red granite in Gothic architecture, with embattled parapets and turrets. While walking through the park, I perceived from the appearance of the house, —ladies promenading in the grounds, and horses and grooms at the door—that the family were at present there ; and felt some delicacy in ringing for admittance. On doing so, however, we learned from the servant receiving us, that the house could be seen ; and the groom of the chambers, as styled by this subordinate, was accordingly summoned to be our cicerone.

The whole establishment is princely ; and contains some exquisite pieces in sculpture and painting of the most distinguished masters in the respective arts. The drawing-room, in its furniture of blue and gold, is most tastefully and superbly fitted up. As we entered the hall, the door of an apartment at the farther extremity was opened, and a young lady of the family appeared for a moment at it. Perceiving that we were strangers, however, she retired again with a slight inclination of the head in courtesy. While in the drawing-room, we heard a harp from the same apartment, and of course did not expect to be shown into it. But the groom excusing himself

for a moment, passed in, and on returning, led us forward. It was the library; and the harp, as we discovered, had been removed into the room next adjoining. After passing from the library, and viewing some curious old cabinets, once the ornaments of the old palace, and some busts in a corridor, we were led back to the suite, and shown into the room which had been before passed by. It was the private sitting-room of the countess, and that into which the harp had been carried from the library: where its tones again now told us it had been returned, for the continuance of the practising of the fair performer. I mention the incident in proof of the courtesy of feeling, which must exist where such willingness is manifested to submit to interruption and inconvenience, for the gratification of persons entirely unknown.

One of the bed-rooms above stairs contains the bed and furniture of crimson damask, used by the late Lord Mansfield, when ambassador at the Court of France. In another, is exhibited a bed of crimson satin, the needle-work of which is said to be that of the beautiful Mary, when a prisoner in the castle of Loch Leven. And a third, with a dressing-room adjoining, contains the entire furniture of the apartments occupied at Scone, by James VI., the last monarch with whose presence the palace was honoured.

The most extensive and most striking apartment, in its architecture, is the gallery. This is a Gothic hall, one hundred and sixty feet in length, and forty or more in breadth, ornamented with paintings, and

lined with busts on pedestals of the family, and other heads, by Canova. A noble organ occupies the farther end, and in the centre, on one side, is a grand piano, at which a young lady was seated—whom the groom whispered was Lady Caroline Mansfield—playing the accompaniment to a duet which she was singing with a girl of twelve or fourteen, who appeared to be a sister. We were withdrawing with a bow of apology for what we considered an intrusion, but the ladies continuing to sing, and the groom to lead us forward, we took the liberty of a second and more deliberate look at the living forms gracing the saloon, as well as at the sculpture and paintings with which it is embellished. They are handsome, and wore an air in figure and attitude, of much unaffected taste and elegance.

As we left, the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Stormont his eldest son, and two or three other gentlemen, were standing in the portico, and we had again the awkwardness of making the congé of strangers to those to whose civility we felt ourselves indebted in the exhibition of an establishment, whose name alone will ever invest it with interest.

At four o'clock, we took the Defiance coach from Aberdeen—one of the most expeditious, and best regulated lines in Great Britain—for Edinburgh, forty miles south of Perth; passing in the route Loch Leven, so noted for the confinement of Queen Mary, and for her escape by the aid of young Douglas. The ruins of the castle are still conspicuous on the islet which was her prison; and make one of the most interesting objects on the route.

The country for the whole distance is beautiful. On every side the harvest was being gathered with great spirit by thick groups of reapers and binders. The entire region being under rich cultivation, and the growth this season with which it is covered uncommonly luxuriant and productive. I never saw heavier crops; and, with the sun beaming brightly upon the golden wavings of those still standing, and upon the thickly clustered sheaves of those already shorn, and cheering the hearts and labours of those shouting the harvest home, I was more than once during the drive reminded of the figures of the psalmist, in which he represents the hills and valleys as laughing with fatness, and singing and clapping their hands for joy.

It was almost dark before, in our approach to Queensferry on the Frith of Forth, we for a second time caught, at a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles, the first view of Edinburgh. The sky, too, had then become obscured and cheerless, still the outline of its bold crags and stately castle, its spires and domes, was magnificent; and if the colouring was less bright and gorgeous than on the day we crossed the Cheviot Hills, the coup d'œil now, with the Forth for a foreground, and the blue Pentlands in the distance, was scarce less grand and impressive.

## LETTER L.

## VISIT TO THE MARQUESS OF TWEEDDALE.

Promise of a return to Yester—Call upon Mrs. Grant of Laggan—Reception by her, and interest of the interview—Arrival at Yester House—Anecdote of Lord Arthur Hay, and Mrs. Trollope—General opinion of her book on the manners of the Americans—The Marquess of Tweeddale—His visit in the United States, and present character—The Marchioness and her family of sons and daughters—Traits of the household—Guests at Yester—Amusements—Observance of the Sabbath and evening service—The young Earl of Gifford—Morning walk to Hobgoblin Hall—Sepulchre of the Hays of Yester—Gifford, the birth-place of Knox the reformer, and of Witherspoon his descendant, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence by the United States.

*Yester House, East Lothian,  
September 10th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

WHEN at Stephenston, six weeks ago, we made an engagement to Lord Tweeddale, for a visit at Yester before we should leave Scotland. It was to fulfil this, that on coming from Perth we directed our course to Edinburgh rather than to Glasgow, to embark for Ireland.

We now spent an additional day in the capital, the most interesting incident of which, was the interview of an hour with Mrs. Grant of Laggan. Mrs. Renwick of New York, had furnished me with letters to several of her friends in Scotland, and through one

of them, I had enjoyed the society of her sister, Mrs. Jeffrey and Miss Jeffrey, for an evening ; and it was to Professor Renwick, of Columbia College, that I was indebted for an introduction to this distinguished and excellent lady. Though now far advanced in life, she is still evidently in the full exercise of the same vigour and vivacity of mind, which long since gained for her the honourable and widely spread reputation in the literary world, which she enjoys. I was charmed with the affability of her manner, the sprightliness and point of her conversation, and the spirituality and Christian philanthropy of her heart. She is, herself, nearly allied by blood to the Stewarts of Appin, and expressed much regret that she had not known of our intended tour in the Highlands, that she might have made us acquainted with some of her friends, at different points of the route we pursued.

I would have delivered my letter when first in Edinburgh, but was told that Mrs. Grant was not in the city at the time ; and now it was not in my power to accept a cordial invitation for the coming day, or even the hospitality of her ordinary table, at the dinner then about being served.

The next morning, four days since, we set off for Yester, pursuing the same road which we travelled in going to Stephenston, till within a few miles of Gifford. We arrived at an hour when the family were dispersed, for the out-door recreations of the day—the Marquess and the gentlemen shooting, and Lady Tweeddale and her daughters, with their aunt Lady Jane Hay, taking the air in the park. While in the drawing-room, still cap in hand, as the servants

were taking our luggage from the chaise, the young Earl of Gifford, with Lord Arthur, a brother of eight years of age, with whom we had become quite favourites in our first call, came running in, to extend to us a manly and cordial welcome. We were at the moment, turning over and looking at the titles of some books on a sofa-table; and Arthur, with evident delight, in an impression of giving us pleasure by information, immediately exclaimed, "O Mr. Stewart! we have an American book here"—adding, while he attempted to find it—"Mr. Thompson has been reading it to us, and it is full of the *funniest* stories and the *funniest* pictures!" "Ah!" I said, "what is it?" "Why, some one must have it in their room," was his reply, after casting his eye round in a vain search for it, "but it is *Mrs. Trollope!*" an announcement giving rise to a hearty laugh on our part, as to the *Americanism* of the production, in which our young friends were very ready to join.

The conversation of the evening in the drawing-room, led me to mention the incident and the amusement it afforded us, to the Marquess and Lady Tweeddale. Upon which, his lordship stated, that it was not because it was in reading by any one, it had disappeared from the drawing-room, but feeling that it would be no compliment to an American to find such a book on his tables, he had ordered it that morning to be removed. Adding, there are two points, however, in which Mrs. Trollope and myself perfectly agree—I unite with her fully in every admiration of New York, and also in the acknowledgement she makes of the great beauty of the

American ladies. I suspect his opinion of the book on most other subjects contained in it, like that of all persons of intelligence and standing, who have expressed to us their sentiments in reference to it, is, that it is in truth, only a vulgar and scurrilous, though amusing caricature. We have not read it ourselves, but from all we gather of its character, are disposed to think, that the title would have been much more appropriate to the contents, and more true to the subject matter, had it read "*Manners of the Domestics*," in place of "Domestic Manners."

The Marquess of Tweeddale, as you may know, served as the colonel of a regiment in Canada during the late war between England and the United States, and afterwards on the continent, in Spain, and elsewhere. After the establishment of peace with our country, he was for some weeks in the States, and acknowledged himself to be under obligations for the kindest hospitality, to many American gentlemen and their families. And upon this ground, principally, when we first met him, would receive no refusal to the invitation immediately extended to us, for our present visit at Yester.

He is most simple and unaffected in his whole appearance and manner, possesses a strong mind, with excellent traits of heart and disposition, and an Herculean frame and power of muscle. I had, as a college boy, met him in America, and knew from those who were much in his society, that he was at that time, full of conviviality and fond of the gaieties of life, and I was somewhat and most pleasingly surprised, to discover that in this respect, there has been

a very decided change in his disposition and character. He is now a serious and professedly religious man, and is not only a member, but an elder of the Presbyterian Church of the parish. The whole economy of the household, is essentially that of a spiritually Christian family, with daily worship led by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, an intelligent and excellent young clergyman, the chaplain of the house, and private tutor of Lord Gifford and his brothers.

Lady Tweeddale, who, previous to her marriage, was Lady Susan Montague, a daughter of the Duke of Manchester, is fine looking, both in face and figure, and of sedate and dignified manners, blended with much feminine grace and sweetness. Though the mother of ten children, she appears scarce more than twenty-five or twenty-eight years of age, and the ladies Hay would be taken for her sisters, rather than her daughters. The eldest of these, though sixteen, still appears among the company of the house, only under the regulations governing the younger daughters, and her brothers; eating at the same table with them, and leaving the drawing-room in the evening, at the early hour appointed for them to retire. The whole family appear to possess much mind and talent, and their training is such as to insure, as far as can be, happiness to themselves, and a respectability and usefulness of life, beyond those which the mere possession of elevated rank and wealth can bestow.

Our fellow-guests are Lord John Hay of the navy, lately appointed to the command of the *Castor* frigate, with orders to the Scheldt, Lord Edward Hay of the army, brothers of the Marquess, Admiral

Campbell and Mr. Holden. Sir John Sinclair came over to see us the first day of our return, and has dined with us daily since. The recent birth of a daughter will deny us the happiness of again seeing Lady Sinclair, and of one more day at Stephenston, which Sir John was anxious that we should give him.

Our mornings have been variously occupied. The Clifford, a branch of the Tyne, that hurries rapidly through the glen in which the park and house are situated, affords fine trout fishing, in which Captain Bolton has taken several lessons with much success, while I have been sketching some of the surrounding scenes. On Saturday morning we accompanied the Marquess and Admiral Campbell in partridge shooting, attended by the gamekeeper and his dogs, pointers and setters. Lord Tweeddale insisted upon our riding a couple of ponies in the excursion, which we did, observing with deep interest the sagacity and admirable training of the dogs, till we became fatigued, and returned to the house, while the gentlemen remained for an hour or two longer, pursuing their recreation. In the evening, in addition to the conversation of the drawing-room, we were favoured, until nine o'clock, with music from the young ladies, on the piano and harp, on both of which instruments they perform with taste and execution.

The whole four appear in the morning at luncheon, and in the evening in the drawing-room, in uniform dresses of the plainest kind, and in their whole manner and character exhibit a simplicity delightful, to my eye, in persons of their rank.

Yesterday was the Sabbath. It is here, indeed, a day of piety and rest. The arrangements in reference to it are such, that all the servants of the household, notwithstanding the number of guests in the mansion in addition to the members of the family, can attend church either in the morning or afternoon. When the weather is fine, no carriages or horses are ordered, and all walk, though the distance to the parish church, in the town of Gifford, is more than a mile, and the interval between the morning and afternoon sermons scarce more than an hour. At eight o'clock in the evening, a sermon is read by the chaplain in the dining-room, which the whole household is assembled to hear. There was something so serious and devotional, something so becoming the Christian character and name, yet something so unusual in circles of the same rank, in the groupings of the family, the guests and servants thus brought together, that my mind and feelings were deeply interested in the scene, and I was happy to accede to the request of Lord Tweeddale and Mr. Thompson that I should make the evening prayer. This I did, and as the Marquess, with a warm heart gave me his hand at the close of it, I could not avoid expressing the happiness I felt in witnessing the example which himself and family were thus presenting to the circles around them, of the faith and trust placed by them in that portion which "the world can neither give nor take away." And, on returning to the drawing-room, I had a long and interesting conversation with himself and the marchioness, in refer-

ence to my missionary life, and the friends left behind me at the Sandwich Islands.

The young Earl of Gifford, with much vivacity and intelligence of mind, possesses great ingenuousness of heart. Captain Bolton and myself were much interested with him the first day of our acquaintance with the family; and his lordship and myself have become great friends within the few days of our visit. We take leave of Yester to-day, and he roused me by a tap at my bed-room this morning, before sunrise, for a walk with Mr. Thompson and his brother Arthur, to the ruins of Gifford Castle, or "*Hobgoblin Hall*," of which I have already given you some description. The morning is clear, bright, and bracing, and I secured a good sketch of the old tower, from one of the best points of view in the vicinity of it.

Within a few hundred yards of the mansion at Yester, there is a singularly beautiful specimen of antique Gothic architecture, in that which was once a small chapel or oratory, previous to the reformation. It is now in perfect repair, but overgrown in almost every part with ivy, and embosomed in trees, and has long been the family burial-place. The knowledge of this fact throws a melancholy interest around it, especially when communicated, as is usually the case, by some one to whom it is not only the tomb of his fathers, but the anticipated sepulchre of himself, and those most loved by him. But when alone, I have frequently gazed with admiration on the exquisite proportions of one of its fronts, the becoming drapery of its windows, and the rich carving

of its tabernacled pinnacles. As we returned from our walk, I secured an outline of it also, but had not time to finish the sketch before the breakfast bell summoned us to the worship of the morning.

Did time allow, I might add a notice or two of the town of Gifford and its vicinity, of some interest ; but the post-chaise has already arrived for our departure, and I can only state, that it claims the honour of being the birth-place of Knox the Reformer, and of his descendant, Dr. Witherspoon, so distinguished in America, as president of the College at Princeton, New-Jersey, and a signer of the Declaration of the Independence of the United States.

## LETTER LI.

## DEPARTURE FROM SCOTLAND.

Farewell at Yester—Expense of turnpikes in travelling by post—Dalkeith—Roslyn Abbey and Castle—Country in Lanarkshire—Harvesting—The Scotch a laborious people—Arrival at Rose Hall—General and Mrs. Pye Douglas—Description of their residence—Ruins of Bothwell Castle—Bothwell House—Farewell to Scotland.

*Rose Hall, Lanarkshire,  
September 14th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

THIS is our third day at the residence of General Pye Douglas, another delightful place in Scotland, though fifty miles distant from that from which my last letter was penned.

Captain Bolton had letters to this gentleman and his lady from the Grahams, Ramseys, and Brents, of Washington City, who are nearly allied to them; and when with Admiral Fleming, at Cumbernauld, a month since, we made a morning call in a visit to Hamilton Palace; and engaged to return for a day or two before proceeding to Ireland.

The acquaintance of a few days only at Yester, was fully sufficient to make our leave-taking an unwelcome task; and we parted with our friends there on Monday with feelings of painfulness and regret. Our first stage was to Dalkeith, some fourteen or fifteen miles distant, by a route which, from a fre-

quent change from road to road, caused the expense of the toll alone to amount to some six or eight shillings sterling, or about a dollar and a half. When travelling post, the toll at the turnpike gates, or bars, as here called, is paid by the person hiring the carriage, and may usually be estimated at three pence of the currency per mile—making the whole cost two shillings a mile—but on this occasion we paid more than double that price. After viewing the palace and grounds of Dalkeith, a principal residence of the Duke of Buccleugh, the keeping of whose hounds alone amounts to £5,000 and more a-year, we proceeded to the celebrated ruins of Roslyn Castle and Abbey.

These were the only objects of special curiosity and interest in this section of the kingdom, which we had not seen, either in near view or at a distance; and though that which afterwards proved to be the gale of the autumnal equinox was blowing, we deviated some miles from the route we intended pursuing for the satisfaction of beholding them. We were amply compensated, however, for the inconvenience which, during a part of the drive, we experienced from the wind and dust; and were delighted with both the objects which had drawn us aside from our course.

Immediately adjoining the abbey, and in front of it, on the street, there is a stable, through which you pass to enter it, little to the advantage of a first impression. It is small, and on this side unadorned with ivy, or any of the distinctive beauties for which it is celebrated. I was at first disposed to be greatly

disappointed, but a moment's view of the interior, and of the remaining side, was sufficient to convince me of the justness of the claim to pre-eminence, in the richness of its embellishments, which it holds above every other remain of the florid Gothic in the kingdom. Its tracery in carved and fretted stone is beautiful beyond description, possessing all the softness and delicacy in finish of so much lace-work, and throughout is not less varied than it is exquisite. All the capitals of the columns, the friezes, cornices, and the compartments of its vaulted roof of stone are in different patterns, and all of equally inimitable workmanship.

The castle stands beneath it on a bold promontory, overlooking the Esk, and the narrow and romantic vale through which it here sweeps. This, also, in its character is among the finest we have seen, and the whole surrounding landscape wild and beautiful. At this season of the year, Roslyn is constantly frequented by travelling parties, and by the gentry and their friends in the vicinity. Among those passing over the castle, at the time we were gazing upon it, were the Marquess and Marchioness of Lothian, in whose company we unexpectedly recognized, as in an old friend, the fine features and lovely expression of a young lady who had, in two or three occasions in evening company in London, attracted our notice as among the most beautiful persons we had seen in the kingdom; but whose name or title no one with us at the time could give. So familiar was the face and figure to my eye, that for the first moment, in forgetfulness of the places in

which I had seen them, I believed them to be those of some American acquaintance whose name I could not recall.

The country we travelled through on the succeeding day, in reaching Rose Hall, ten miles eastward from Glasgow, is in general rich and highly cultivated; and every field almost in the whole distance, the scene of laborious activity in gathering a rich harvest of wheat, oats, and barley. From every observation which I have made in Scotland, not only since the commencement of gathering the crops of the year, but from the time of first crossing its borders, I am persuaded that the common classes of her inhabitants are more laborious than those of any other country I have yet visited. Every individual in humble life seems engaged at all times, from the earliest dawn till the darkness of night, in some toilsome occupation,—and this universally at every cabin, and in every town, without regard to age or sex, from boys and girls, scarce out of infancy, to old grey-headed men and women, bending at every step beneath a weight of years.

Rose Hall is prettily situated on the elevated banks of a small stream, a tributary of the Clyde. It is a large square mansion of red granite, three stories in height, ornamented with demi-turrets, with pointed pinnacles at the angles, and a battlemented parapet round the roof. A wing on one end contains the kitchen, servants' hall, and offices, and a conservatory at the other communicates with the drawing-room. There are many fine trees in the grounds by which it is surrounded; and the gravel

drive in approaching it from the south, near a mile in length, is among the prettiest we have seen. The whole establishment is one of elegance and hospitality; and in our visit to it, another spot is added to the list of those in Great Britain, upon which memory will often linger with interest and with prayer.

The General and Mrs. Douglas have both passed the meridian of life; and, by the death of a sister a few weeks since, now constitute the entire family of the Hall. They are, of course, in full mourning, and not entertaining at present. Captain Phillips of the third regiment of dragoons, a nephew of General Douglas, now quartered at Hamilton, a few miles distant, is the only person we have met since our arrival.

Bothwell House, a modern mansion of the present Lord Douglas, with the ruins of the castle of the name, so noted in the history of Scotland, immediately adjoining, is within three miles of Rose Hall. The estate is one which belonged to the now extinct ducal family of Douglas. Our hostess is a niece of the last Duchess of that title, and passed her early life at Bothwell; and the morning of our visit she took us over to it in her carriage, the General accompanying us on horseback. Lord Douglas is at present at Douglas Castle, some twenty-five or thirty miles distant. Our friends, however, have full access to the establishment, and performed for us the services of the master on the occasion. We knew little of Bothwell, except from history, and were both surprised and delighted with the varied interest of the visit.

Strongly attached to it from early associations, as well as from its intrinsic beauty, Mrs. Douglas, aware from our remarks of the little knowledge possessed by us of the place, was desirous of showing it to the best advantage, and in going over it, led us from point to point of interest in its scenery, till our admiration reached a climax in the magnificent ruin, for which it is chiefly celebrated. With this view, the coachman on entering the gates was ordered through a retired drive, so screened by plantations on either side that we saw nothing of the grounds till we drew up at a garden gate, opening through a high dead wall of brick. The gardener was not within, but a master key of the place, given by the proprietor to General Douglas, opened everything to him, and we found no impediment in a full access to the choicest flowers and fruits of a princely establishment of the kind. Passing through these, we followed a retired and beautifully shaded gravel walk, till we reached the banks of the Clyde, and soon afterwards from a Swiss alcove, at an elevated point, caught the first view of the ruins, crowning a wooded cliff beyond a bend in the river, some hundred rods distant. They are in themselves, altogether more imposing than those of Kenilworth—are not less tragic, if less poetic in their historic interest, and, beyond comparison, more beautiful in their surrounding imagery.

I could not resist the temptation presented by it for a sketch at this point, with time for which my friends were very willing to indulge me. We then continued our walk to it, for a near and full examination; and after a half-hour of musing and admiration, as we

gazed upon the lofty round towers still standing, and the traces of the pointed windows of its banqueting-room and chapel, which stamp it with lines of beauty, made our way through the magnificent old trees encircling it, to the open lawn, across which now, for the first time, we gained sight of the modern mansion, a plainly built but spacious and noble edifice of red granite, some hundred or more feet in length, and four stories high. It stands at a fine point on the banks of the Clyde, and the principal windows command extensive views of its waters.

We were received here by a footman and the housekeeper, and after passing through the suite of rooms, and viewing a large number of family portraits by Van Dyke, Lely, and other masters, were served with Sandwiches and wine in the library, before again joining our carriage to return to dinner.

Captain Bolton and myself were so much delighted with the ruins, that we drove over to them again yesterday morning, though the day was by no means pleasant; a heavy storm of wind with occasional showers of rain having characterized the weather from the day we left Yæster. The alternate sunshine and tempest, however, afforded the finest opportunity for viewing the time-worn pile. The sighing and moaning of the autumnal gale seemed in unison with its imagery; and, as I reflected on its history, and compared its former state with its present condition, I could not avoid apostrophizing it in the language of the poet:

“ Ye moss-grown walls,  
Ye towers defenceless! where are all your trophies now?

Your thronged courts—the revelry—the tumult,  
That bespoke the grandeur of a house, the homage  
Of its neighbouring barons!”

But the carriage of our kind friends will soon be at the door, to carry us on our way to Glasgow; and I must close my letter, that I may have a few minutes in the drawing-room, before interchanging the salutations of another adieu. In this it is probable you have, dear V——, my last date in Scotland. I note it with no ordinary feeling. My anticipations of its scenery, its hospitality, its entire character, have not been disappointed. And I doubt not that, when I shall in my native land—if, in the kindness of Providence, it be allowed me once more to behold it—at leisure, review the tour of the summer, I shall find the six weeks of our travel here to be connected with as many associations of kindness and pleasure as those linked with any previous part of my history as “*a citizen of the world.*”

It was with no little enthusiasm, as you already know, that I crossed the Cheviot Hills; and felt on entering Scotland, as I have before expressed the sensation, that I was in the land of my blood and my name, and in bidding farewell to its borders, I can without any affectation of feeling, adopt the language of the Ettrick shepherd, and exclaim :

“Caledonia! thou land of the mountain and rock,  
Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind—  
Thou land of the torrent, the pine, and the oak,  
Of the roe buck, the hart and the hind:  
Though bare are thy cliffs and though barren thy glens—  
Though bleak thy dun islands appear,

Yet kind are the hearts and undaunted the clans,  
That roam on thy mountains so drear!  
Thou land of the valley, the moor and the hill,  
Of the storm and the proud rolling wave,  
Thou—thou art the land of my heart's fondness still,  
And the land of my forefather's grave!"

## LETTER LII.

## THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Passage from Glasgow to Belfast—Irish labourers on board—Entrance to Carrickfergus Bay—Appearance of the country—General description of Belfast—Journey to Coleraine—Evidences of prosperity and increasing wealth of the country—Antrim and its round tower—Lough Neagh—Coleraine—Prevalence of the Cholera—Excursion to the Causeway—Irish jaunting car—Port Rush and sea view—Castle of Dunluce—A tragic incident in its history—Bushmills—General character of the coast—The Pleaskin—Causeway and impressions connected with it—Anecdote of the guides—Mrs. Robert Gilmore of Baltimore.

*Corporation Arms, Coleraine,  
September 20, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

On the evening of my last date, we embarked at Glasgow, in a steamboat for Belfast. A want of punctuality in starting on the voyage, at the hour appointed, made it night before we reached Port Glasgow and Greenock; and we saw nothing more of the Clyde and its Frith, than on the former passage made by us to Dumbarton, on our way to the Highlands.

The harvest in Scotland, in most places, being now completed, the Irish labourers are beginning to return to their own island in great numbers; and the main and fore-decks of the steamboat, were thronged with men, women, and children—compris-

ing, in many instances, whole families of two or three generations—exhibiting a mass of rags and wretchedness seldom seen in the same space. The night was damp and chill, and the wind penetrating, even to those well guarded against it; and it was distressing to look at the poor creatures, huddling together wherever they could find a lee, shivering with wet and cold, and apparently as hungry as they were poorly clad. We were amused, notwithstanding, at some of the groupings thus presented, and at the places of retreat in which some took refuge from the weather. Among the lumber of the deck, were several empty hogsheads, each of which became quickly stowed with live stock, like a litter of pigs in a barrel, to the evident envy of their less fortunate fellows, clustering round, and casting many a wistful look upon the comparative *luxury of comfort* they were enjoying.

Though seemingly so destitute and wretched, they soon became sportive and jovial, bandying from one to another no little of the wit and repartee for which their nation is so proverbial, and which was sharpened by an occasional glass of "*the mountain dew*" of Scotland, circulated by one and another, from the bar of the boat. At length, one—who had a wife and five children with him, all packed at the time in a hand-barrow, amidst what appeared to be the entire worldly possessions in goods and chattels of the family—brought out an old squeaking violin, and by striking up a jig, set the whole company to dancing and merry-making, which continued till I had fallen asleep in my berth below.

At eight o'clock the next morning, we had arrived near the north headland of the Bay of Carrickfergus or Belfast, as it is indiscriminately called, and soon after entered it, and came in full view of the green and highly cultivated fields, swelling gradually from its shores on either side. The whole appeared one unshaded garden sprinkled with white cottages, and ornamented here and there by a handsome and spacious modern-looking mansion. As we advanced, one or two villages came prettily on the sight, on the south, and the massive castle and the town of Carrickfergus on the north, while the smoke of Belfast was seen some ten or twelve miles farther, at the head of the bay, in the west.

Belfast is situated on the small river of Lagan, a stream, the head waters of which are connected with Lough Neagh by a canal, and the approach to it for the last few miles is somewhat impeded by the narrow and shallow channel of its outlet. It is a large and flourishing town, with a population of some forty thousand inhabitants, and being chiefly built of brick, has a modern, and American-like aspect. We saw it to great disadvantage, however; the cholera, which had prevailed with great fatality in it, was still holding its citizens in fear, and our observations from this cause were restricted to very circumscribed limits.

We set off early the following morning, for this place, eighty miles distant; and had a delightful day's travel through the towns of Templepatrick, Antrim, Randalstown, Ballymena, and Ballymoney. For some miles from Belfast, in the direction of Carrickfergus, the road along the bay, before turning to

the north, is lined with a succession of handsome residences, surrounded by improved and beautiful grounds; and the houses of every kind, from those of the wealthy merchant to the cabins of the peasantry, being white, either from paint or lime, throw an air of great liveliness over the rich green of the pasture lands, and the golden checkering of the harvest field, amidst which they stand. The surface of the country, generally, is beautifully uneven, swelling and rolling in different directions, like a broken sea, and presenting not unfrequently in the distance, the bolder summits of a range of blue mountains. The whole is beautifully cultivated, but destitute entirely of trees, except in the pleasure grounds of the wealthy, seen at intervals of every few miles.

In the whole of this section of Ireland, we have been most pleasingly disappointed. There is an appearance of general comfort and prosperity, which we did not expect to find; and indications on every hand, that new energies and new resources are being developed among the people. All things have a modern and renovated, rather than an exhausted and decayed, and decaying aspect.

Both in approaching and leaving Antrim, we had fine views of Lough Neagh. It is very similar in its general features, its extent, the elevation of its shores, &c. to some of the principal lakes in the State of New York, and reminded me much in these respects, of the lakes of Geneva and Cayuga, as seen from particular points in their neighbourhood. Near Antrim, too, we saw for a first time, one of the round

towers of stone, for which Ireland is particularly distinguished, and the origin of which has so long furnished a fruitful theme of conjecture and discussion to the antiquary; and concerning which it is still an unsettled point whether they are Pagan or Christian in their construction and design, houses of penance or prayer, mere belfries for the convenience of convention or alarm, or beacon towers of fire for guidance at night, and the communication from place to place, of invasion and war. This is eighty feet in height, and surmounted by a cone; but having been whitened, would be taken by one ignorant of its character for a modern structure, rather than a remnant of antiquity, whose origin even tradition cannot explain.

Coleraine makes a pretty appearance in the approach from the south, for a mile or more before reaching it, as the road follows the course of the river Bann, upon which it is situated. It is now, however, in a deserted and melancholy condition, from a recent and fatal prevalence of the cholera. Our only object in remaining a day within it is—that which chiefly brought us to the north of Ireland—a determination to visit the Giant's Causeway. It is the nearest town of much importance to that noted phenomenon; and the usual point from which travellers from all sections of the world make their excursions to it.

Early on the morning after our arrival, myself and friend were mounted on a jaunting car for the seaside, some four or five Irish miles distant. This is a singular and not very comfortable vehicle of two low

wheels, surmounted by a small box, with a seat on each side for three persons. These sit with their backs to each other, and their sides to the horse, with their feet resting on the outside upon a step and frame, which guard them from the wheels. There being but two of us besides the driver—who is perched in front over the horse—it was necessary, in order to preserve a proper balance of weight, that we should take seats on opposite sides, and thus travel in the unsocial attitude of back to back, without a possibility of conversing except with a twist of the neck by no means agreeable. A mile or two in this position made us rather restive under the non-intercourse to which we were subjected by it, and after varied experiments to free ourselves from it, at last we succeeded in converting the affair into a tolerably comfortable *vis-a-vis*, by placing ourselves each longitudinally on the seats at diagonal corners, the one with his face, and the other with his back towards the horse.

The morning was serene and beautiful, and in the general aspect of the town, as well as in the brightness and purity of the heavens, became associated in my mind with the sacredness and quietude of the Sabbath. For three days no new case of cholera had occurred in the town or vicinity, the hospital was free from subjects, and the corporation had appointed the day as one of humiliation and prayer, under the scourgings of the Almighty, and of thanksgiving that in the midst of judgment he had remembered mercy; and so far as we had an opportunity of observing, it was universally regarded with strict-

ness and solemnity. Not a shop window was unclosed, and scarce an individual seen in the streets, except such as were evidently going to or returning from some place of devotion.

Shortly after leaving Coleraine, a strong north-wester set in, and increased during the morning to a gale. This gave us a fine view of the ocean as we first came in sight of it, near Port Rush, a small bathing village, with a beautiful yellow beach, and its white cottages, with the ledge of rocks called the Skenies in the distance, and a steamboat from Londonderry to Liverpool stemming her way through the tossing billows under her lee.

We had chosen this route for the purpose of taking the ruins of the castle of Dunluce in our way. It is a possession, and once was a principal residence, of the Earls of Antrim, who inherited it from the Mac Donalds of the Isles—they themselves having received it, at the close of the sixteenth century, in marriage dower, from the Irish chieftain who was then lord of the adjoining territory. Its history is marked with much of the rudeness and treachery of feudal times, and is not devoid of incidents of tragic interest. It occupies the entire summit and surface of a rock, separated by a deep chasm from the mainland, which is not only perpendicular in its sides, but at some points overhangs the sea, at an elevation of sixty and eighty feet. The immediate reason of its desertion, as a residence, is said to have been the falling of an angle of the castle thus situated, during a fearful storm, by which eight of the domestics of the then Countess of Antrim, were plunged to death

in the raging billows below. If such be the fact, it is no surprise that the mistress should abruptly have left it never to return.

The gulf or fissure by which the castle is separated from the shore, is crossed by an arch of stone some fourteen inches only in width, with a depth beneath of fifty or sixty feet. There was a corresponding arch at some short-distance from this—the two, with planks laid across them, forming a bridge laid down or taken away at pleasure, for the ingress or egress of visitors, at a period when suspicion and caution marked even the intercourse of friends.

The width of the chasm is some twenty or thirty feet, and the arch being without balustrade or parapet, it was impossible to cross it with the wind blowing a gale in an upright position; and to indulge our curiosity with even a tolerable degree of safety, we humbled ourselves to our hands and knees in making our way over; and then, sailors as we are, without scarce venturing a glance below, at the frightful rocks, and raging billows, amid which, a momentary loss of equilibrium would have plunged us. We were amply repaid, however, for the resolution called into exercise, not only by the examination of the interior, but also by the sublime scene presented from many points, at a dizzy height, of the ocean, dashing wildly and tumultuously around the rock, and of the coast of limestone, whinstone, and basalt, wrought into varied and fantastic forms by the restless sea, in long perspective on either hand.

The distance from Dunluce to the Causeway is five miles, the road leading along the sea side, with a suc-

cession of fine headlands in view, and the western islands of Scotland, dimly descried in the north east. A short time after passing Bushmills, a neat village with a handsome church and rectory, we left our car, and surrounded by a troop of importuning but good-natured and civil guides, whose principal support is derived from the services thus rendered, we directed our way towards the grand object which has so long stood conspicuous among the wonders of the world.

So many elaborate and scientific descriptions of the Causeway are in print, that I will not trouble you with the minute account of the morning's ramble, which might otherwise be desirable. The astonishment of the scene is by no means limited to the single point in it constituting what is specifically styled the "Causeway"—a mole, or pier of perpendicular columns of dark basalt, projecting into the sea from the base of a lofty cliff stratified with the same singular formation. The entire coast is bold and precipitous, and for miles in succession challenges the scrutiny and the admiration of the naturalist and the traveller; and, as a writer on the Causeway justly observes, "the extraordinary appearance of the various colonnades exhibited in it might, for a moment, seduce the fancy of the contemplating visitor, and lead him to imagine, that here whole palaces had been overwhelmed in ruin."

Our guides led us, first, over a high pasture-ground, inland from the cliffs, to a section of them called the Pleaskin, a mile and a half, or two miles east of the Causeway. The view here, looking westward from

an elevation above the water of three or four hundred feet, is exceedingly striking—appearing to us, as gazed upon in the ragings of a tempest of wind, whose whirling eddies threatened to bear us irresistibly into the foaming ocean below, one of the most sublime pictures in nature we had ever beheld. Not far from this point, in returning to the west again, we descended by an almost perpendicular path to the level of the sea, in order to reach the Causeway itself.

The first distant view of this, as here gained, has been well compared to that of “an unfinished and massive pier, the stones for the completion of which, regularly blocked out, are strewn along the beach, while the work, from some cause, has long been suspended.” This distant view, however, in one, in some degree, of disappointment; but of a disappointment, which at every step in a nearer approach is rapidly overcome by the most striking appearances of an artificial arrangement presented on every hand, till filled with admiration and astonishment, you are compelled to confess the whole to be one of the most inexplicable and most wonderful of the creative works of God. Till reaching it, and standing upon it in the midst of “the whirlwind and the storm,” we had regretted the tempestuous character of the day, from a wish to have beheld it from a boat upon the sea, but now, felt that the raging of the wild surf and howling of the blast were more in harmony, than the mildness and sunshine of the calm, with the general features of the scene, and added to the impressions of majesty forced upon us by one of the most peculiar

if not stupendous works of the Eternal. I could have remained the day under such circumstances, in the indulgence of thoughts too mighty to be uttered by words, except such as might burst from the lips of the poet, in the choicest moment of his inspiration :— thoughts which I have scarce known before, unless it may have been while gazing on the thundering torrents of the cataract of Niagara, or the fiery agitations of the volcano of Hawaii.

Our guides afforded us much amusement during the morning by their pleasantry and wit, as well as much local information. They soon learned from the post-boy, who drove us from Coleraine, that we were Americans; and related to us many anecdotes of our countrymen who have visited the Causeway. Of several they appear to retain a very grateful recollection, from the liberality with which they rewarded them for their attendance; and one, at least, of our fair countrywomen, is held by them in the liveliest admiration. "And please your honour," said a bright-faced fellow to me, "an' you have very fine ladies in America." "Why, were you ever there?" was my reply. "Oh! no, your honour, but they have been here. The most beautiful lady the Causeway ever saw, came from America." "Ah! what was her name?" "I do not rightly remember now, but she was from Baltimore, and we have all the finest ladies from England and all other parts of the world here, but there was none like her at the Causeway before nor since, please your honour." "Was it Lady Wellesley?" I asked. "No, your honour." "Was it Mrs. Robert Gilmor?" says Captain Bolton. "Aye,

bless your honour, that's the very name—Mrs. Gilmor of Baltimore, the finest lady the Causeway ever saw." Continuing to relate to us many incidents of the visit of herself and Mr. Gilmor here, and of the great admiration excited in the country, by her beauty and elegance of manner, and by the kindness of her heart.

## LETTER LIII.

## JOURNEY FROM COLERAINE, AND NOTICE OF DUBLIN.

Morning ride—Mansion of the Cannings at Garovagh—Anecdote of the coachman and the Hon. Mr. Stewart—This gentleman, the mail contractor and man of business—Extensive bog in the vicinity of Armagh—Manner of cutting and drying peat for fuel—Notice of Armagh—its cathedral and environs—Arrival in Dublin—General description of the city—Mr. Bolton of Brasil—Mr. Wilson, the American Consul—Kings Town—Drive to Brasil Castle, mansion and estate of Sir Richard and Sir Edward Bolton, Lord Chancellor and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer under James I.—Bective Abbey.

*Gresham's Hotel, Dublin,  
September 30th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

IT is now a week since we arrived in this city, having reached it in three days from Coleraine, by the route leading through Maghera, Dungannon, and Armagh, Castle Blaney and Slane.

For a first time, since we have been travelling, an autumnal fog, the morning we set off, obscured the whole country for the first twenty miles—the only object of any interest seen by us during it being the ancestral mansion of the Canning family, at Garovagh. The good-natured volubility and humour of the coachman—a stout young Irishman—beside whom I was seated, helped, however, to pass away the time. The panic throughout the country, in reference to the cholera, is great; and persons were

constantly running out from their cabins to inquire of the coachman and guard the state of the pestilence in the town we had left, and in Londonderry.

From an answer given in one case, I learned that the coachman, though, as he had before informed me, the regular driver of the stage we were making, had been, within the week past, a day or two in the last mentioned place; and I was led from it to inquire who supplied his seat on the box, during his absence, "*The Hon. Mr. Stewart*, sir," was his reply. "Ah!" I returned, "Mr. Stewart must be a very particular friend of yours, to be thus obliging." "Indeed he is," said the coachman; "he often drives for me—and you will soon see him, for he is to meet me at the next change of horses, and will drive you to Cook's Town,"—which proved the truth; the seeming intimacy and obliging terms between the honourable gentleman and the coachman being explained by the fact, that he is the mail contractor for an extensive route, and the principal coach proprietor in the section of country in which he resides. He is a brother of Lord Castle Stewart, and an active, enterprising, and practical man, attending in person to the commonest details of the business in which he is engaged.

As had been intimated, he took the reins and the coachman's seat beside me on mounting. Two or three times, during the summer, I have felt my neck in jeopardy in private equipages, from the recklessness of amateur coachmen, four-in-hand, and at first would very willingly have foregone the distinction of being driven by an "honourable," for the greater as-

surance of safety which the possession of the reins of four gay animals, fresh from the stable, by the *bona fide* coachman would have given ; but very soon discovered the master to be as perfectly *au fait* to the place he occupied, as his servant had proved himself to be. For the first half hour he was principally occupied in getting the horses into a movement to please him, and in learning from the coachman behind the state of everything connected with the part of the route in which he drove ; but afterwards entered freely into conversation with Captain Bolton and myself, and communicated to us much interesting and valuable information respecting the present state of the country, its changes, and its prospects.

In our approach to Armagh, in the latter part of the day, we passed over a wide extent of bog, on which immense piles of peat cut from it were scattered in regularly arranged stacks, producing in many places a striking and singular effect—that of an immense encampment of black tents, or an African metropolis of the same number of mud huts, thickly covering a plain. The peat for burning is cut from the bog in squares, of the size of a large brick, each of which is laid separately on the ground for some days, to be dried by the sun and air. It is then placed in small piles of four and five pieces, still further to undergo this process of siccation, and afterwards again into those still larger, till it attains the dimensions of an ordinary low stack of hay,—when it is left for removal or consumption, as it may be called for.

We passed the Sabbath at Armagh. It was, as

you know, a cradle and hot-bed of letters and piety during the dark ages, not only to Ireland, but to the sister kingdom, and the continent; and is replete with historic and classic interest. It is a handsome town, pleasantly situated around the base and sides of a small hill, crowned by a cathedral, originally founded by St. Patrick. The principal part of the present edifice was erected in the thirteenth century, but has not the appearance, either within or without, of so great antiquity. The town is surrounded by a rich and beautiful country, and, besides the archbishop's palace and park, is ornamented in its environs by many handsome mansions and domains.

We arrived in this city on the evening of the following day. There is nothing striking in the view of it from the north; and the blue mountains of Wicklow form the most interesting feature in the surrounding scene. Dublin, however, is a truly beautiful and splendid city, and altogether surpasses our expectations in many of its streets, and in the magnificence of its principal edifices, its monuments, squares, and public institutions. It is at present, however, entirely deserted by the society which adorns it at other times of the year, and often it is literally true, that "*there is nobody in town.*" Edward Bolton, Esquire, of Brasil, a near relative of my companion, and Mr. Wilson, the American consul, are the only gentlemen we have seen; all others, whom we might have become acquainted with by letters and other means of introduction, being dispersed in various directions in the country. Mr. Bolton, whom we had had the pleasure of knowing in London, de-

voted himself entirely to us, till taken, a day or two since, seriously ill. Since then, Mr. Wilson has kindly been our cicerone, till we can now say, that we have seen everything of interest in the city and its environs. Yesterday we dined with a party at Oakley Park, a summer residence of Mr. Wilson, three or four miles from town, after having taken a view of Kings Town—a modern place, six or seven miles from Dublin, on the south side of the Tay, and which is rapidly rising into importance, as an outer port to the capital—and to-day have been seven miles in a northern direction, in the completion of a last excursion previous to setting off for a visit in the west of the island, in the county of Sligo.

The object of the drive was a view of the estate of Brasil, and an old castle in ruins upon it, long the abode and stronghold in troublous times, of the ancestors of my friend. It originally was a possession of Sir Richard Bolton, Lord Chancellor of Ireland in the reign of James I., and of his son, Sir Edward, Lord Chief Baron of Exchequer under the same monarch, and has lineally descended from them to Mr. Edward Bolton. This gentleman is unmarried, and does not reside at Brasil; but intended taking us out and showing us the estate himself; he continues too ill, however, to allow of this, and we have taken the drive alone. The day has been one of wintry wind and rain, and the principal interest of the excursion limited to the ruins themselves, as gazed upon in driving round them, and taking a sketch without leaving the carriage. The ground covered by the castle and courts is extensive, and the whole was

once a massive pile, and the scene of alternate defence and magnificent entertainment ; but deformed masses of stone, unadorned with ivy or any graceful relief, but still rising on the eye at points in strength and loftiness, with a single clump of trees near by, is all that remains of its former power and splendour, and the stately park by which it was surrounded—presenting a perfect counterpart, even to the character of the weather, to the poet's picture of a ruined castle:

“ All naked stand the melancholy walls,  
Lash'd by the wintry tempests cold and bleak,  
That whistle mournful through the empty halls,  
And piece-meal crumble down the towers to dust,  
Equal in age, and sharing in its fate,  
A row of moss-grown trees around it stand;  
While scarce upon their blasted tops,  
A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year.”

It was our intention also to visit Bective Abbey in the county of Meath, another favourite mansion and estate of the Boltons ; but as it is thirty miles and more from Dublin, and the proprietor at present on the continent, we have changed our purpose, and satisfied our curiosity for the time with an engraving of it, received from Mr. Bolton of Brasil.

## LETTER LIV.

## VISIT IN THE COUNTY OF SLIGO.

Departure from Dublin—Valley of the Liffey—National humour of the Irish, illustrated by a fellow-passenger in a stable-boy—The obelisk and institutions of Maynooth—Lakes in the vicinity of Mullingar—Edgeworth's Town, and residence of Miss Edgeworth—Detention at Boyle—Rockingham, the mansion and estate of Viscount Lorton—Evident blessing of a resident proprietor—Richness and beauty of the country—Arrival at Castle Neynoe—Colonel and Mrs. Neynoe—Loch Eilly and Harlewood, the seat of Owen Wynne, Esquire—Visit at Markree Castle—Mr. Cooper its proprietor—Magnificence of his residence and domain—His intelligence, fondness for science, and happy influence as a resident proprietor—Drive over the domain.

*Castle Neynoe, County of Sligo,  
October 6th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

ANOTHER rapid journey has brought myself and companion to a western extremity of Ireland. Notwithstanding the storm of the last day we were in Dublin, the succeeding morning was bright and beautiful, and our travel for the day through Maynooth, Mullingar, Edgeworth's Town, Longford, and Carrick, to Boyle, varied in its scenery and objects of interest.

The first hour or two along the waters of the Liffey was particularly beautiful. During it, another instance was added to the number which has daily come under our observation, of the sprightliness and

humour of the people among whom we are, especially in common life, in comparison with their neighbours of England and Scotland. In stopping for a moment in the town of Deixlip, a rough-looking stable-boy of sixteen came running from a public house to secure the ride of a few miles in the coach, bearing with him a dirty old saddle and its trappings. The coach was just starting, and in great haste, and he very quickly gave evidence of the spice of pleasantry in him, by addressing himself in a good-natured and entreating tone to Captain Bolton on the side next him, as he extended his burden to my friend; "An' please your honour, an' will you lay hold on this just a bit and help it up, while I just keep the balance of the coach, your honour, by getting up on the other side." The service asked, was neither very light nor very agreeable, but requested, or rather imposed, in so humorous a tone, and with such perfect intimation of the liberty taken, that the Captain could not refuse. And we soon discovered, from his lively chatter, that it was principally intended the more readily to make way for a better acquaintance.

Perceiving us to be strangers to the route we were pursuing, from the inquiries made in reference to the principal objects of attraction by the way, he soon made himself of service by the local information communicated, but chiefly in the jocular manner in which he had first introduced himself. As we approached the town of Maynooth, a lofty structure in the vicinity led to a question of its design, to which he replied, "Indeed, your honour, I cannot exactly say. We poor people call it '*Lady Connelly's pil-*

lar,' but Mr. Moore, in his poetical way, calls it '*the Obelisk of Maynooth.*'" And shortly afterwards, in ruse upon our search of the picturesque and wonderful, exclaimed, "And do your honours see that round, tower-like, stone building yonder, just beside the hill a bit—that old-looking thing there, *slated with turf*, your honours?" "Yes, yes—what of it—the remains of a round tower I suppose?" "Why," with an arch smile, "I can't exactly say it is, your honour, for I am thinking it looks too much like what we call a *lime-kiln* in this country, covered with turf to keep it from catching on fire from the rain!" which indeed it was: and so on, till he left us, still cracking his jokes on all around.

Maynooth is distinguished for its Catholic college of St. Patrick for the education of native priests of that church, and for a protestant charter school, founded by the late Earl of Kildare. It is also ornamented by the ruins of a stately castle, a feudal stronghold of the Fitzgeralds.

Near Mullingar we had a beautiful view of the lakes of Ennel and Owel: and soon afterwards began to look with interest for our arrival at Edgeworth's Town, and a passing view of the domicile of the distinguished authoress whose works have imparted to it a lasting celebrity. The town itself is not particularly interesting in its aspect. Its principal feature of beauty consists in the symmetrical proportions of a church spire, springing prettily from a cluster of trees encircling the building. It is of cast iron, after a model of the late Mr. Edgeworth,

and appears to great advantage as seen from the road in the direction of Sligo.

The mansion of the Edgeworth family is the great house of the neighbourhood. It is surrounded by a fine park, through the openings of which there are views from the road of the building, and a lawn beautifully sprinkled with clumps and single trees. The house, of white, is large and irregular in its outline, and very similar in its general aspect of comfort and elegance, to the country residences in America, of gentlemen of affluence and respectability. Two ladies were seen promenading in the grounds, and but for the knowledge of her absence from home, we might have fancied that in one of them we beheld the admired and accomplished authoress herself.

After taking dinner at Longford, night soon overtook us, and the remaining scenery to Boyle, a beautiful section of the route, was lost to us in its darkness.

The impossibility of procuring post horses for castle Neynoe, detained us a day at Boyle, ignorant of the fact that our kind friends here had, on two successive days, sent a carriage to the post-road, to meet us at a nearer point to the castle than that town. We availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded by the delay of visiting Rockingham, the beautiful mansion and estate of viscount Lorton, in the vicinity. The town of Boyle, and entire surrounding country, are owned by this nobleman, and present by their whole aspect the blessing to the people and country of a resident proprietor.

During the previous day, more of the wretchedness of the poor Irish, of which we had read and heard so much, was obtruded on our observation, than in the whole travel of the fortnight since our arrival. I thought, when in Scotland, that no abode of civilized man could seem more miserable than the cottages of the Highlanders, but an Irish cabin, such as those which now began to be common in our route, is, if possible, still more like the kennel and the pig-sty. By a description of some passed by us on the estates of absentees, you would think me sporting with your credulity.

Such, however, are far from being the dwellings of the poor on the princely estate of Lord Lorton. This encircles in a radius of many miles the lovely Lough Key, and we have seen nothing more impressive in features of beauty in Ireland, than the aspect of hill and dale, as here presented in the brightest green, thickly spotted with the white cottages of the tenantry of this nobleman.

The park, pleasure grounds, and mansion of Rockingham, beautifully situated on the banks of the lake, exhibit a degree of taste, elegance, and refined splendour, rivalling even the choicest establishments visited by us in the United Kingdoms; and in taking a coup d'œil of the whole estate from the leads of the mansion, after having passed through its suites of rooms, and in gazing upon its richness and beauty, and the comfort and neatness of the abodes of its tenantry gleaming in the brightness of the morning, in hill and dale for miles around, I could imagine, and readily believe, that, with such pro-

prietors as this nobleman throughout her borders, Ireland might soon become not only the garden, in richness, but the paradise, in loveliness and beauty, of Europe, if not of the world.

The mansion from which I now write is the property of Colonel Neynoe, of the royal army. Mrs. Neynoe is a Bolton, a near relative of my companion. When in Dublin, we received an invitation to visit the castle before ~~re~~<sup>re</sup>ns, ~~ing~~<sup>ing</sup> to England, and have now, for some days, been most hospitably entertained beneath its roof. It is a handsome and spacious modern structure of stone, in castellated architecture, embattled and turreted, standing on the swell of a rising ground, in the midst of extensive and closely shaded plantations. The colonel and his lady are the only members of the family at present at home. Mr. Loftus Neynoe, the eldest son and heir, recently married to a daughter of the bishop of Dromore, occupies an estate adjoining, called "Old castle," and the younger sons Fitzroy and Rawdon, both in the army, are quartered abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Loftus Neynoe, however, have been of our party much of the time since our arrival, and have done much to contribute to the enjoyment of our visit.

Lough Gilly is in the neighbourhood. It is noted for the beauty and richness of its shores and encircling mountains. We have twice driven along its southern borders, for the enjoyment of the scenery, and two days since, crossed its waters in a sail-boat belonging to Mr. Neynoe, on a visit to Hazlewood, the lovely residence and estate, at its western extremity, of

Owen Wynne, Esquire, M. P. We took luncheon with this gentleman; and afterwards walked over the tastefully arranged and beautifully kept park and grounds surrounding his mansion, with increased interest from his connexion with Sir Lowry Cole, Governor General of the Cape of Good Hope, whose hospitality we had enjoyed on our return from the Pacific, in the U. S. ship Vincennes—Lady Sarah Wynne being a daughter of the late Earl of Enniskillen, and sister of Sir Lowry. Mr. Wynne resides entirely at Hazlewood, and everything around him speaks the great benefit to the country of his patronage, and of the expenditure among his tenantry of an income of some £14,000. He is thoroughly a gentleman of the old school, and in his courteousness, after having conducted us to many of the most beautiful points of his domain, took leave only in a last bow and wave of the hat, from the extreme point of rock in view from our boat, after we had stretched far away on our return.

We were invited for the succeeding day to Markree Castle, the magnificent residence of E. J. Cooper, Esquire, M. P., some three or four miles in the opposite direction, from the mansion of our friends. Mr. Cooper is another resident among the aristocracy of the country, with the princely income of £20,000 sterling. His domain is extensive and finely improved; and we were complimented in our visit to it by the hoisting of the armorial banner of the family, on the tower of the gateway, by which we entered the park, and on a flag-staff surmounting a turret of the castle. The building is a massive and lofty pile of irregular

architecture in light stone, surpassing in its air of stateliness and grandeur, every other residence yet seen by us in Ireland; and equalling, with few exceptions, the most magnificent of those most noted in England and Scotland.

Mr. Cooper received us in the kindest manner, and the morning was passed in viewing the stables—which might themselves easily be converted into a palace—the houses, gardens, grapery, &c. without, and the library, astronomical apparatus, and suite of principal apartments, within. He appears fond of science, particularly that of astronomy, and possesses one of the finest telescopes in Europe. He has also travelled extensively, from the heart of Nubia to the frozen latitudes of Lapland, and is replete with intelligence and useful information. An artist of taste and accomplishment accompanied him in his tours; and more than an hour was given in the drawing-room, to the inspection of a series of portfolios filled with sketches and drawings in water-colours, taken from nature, during their travel in all parts of Europe.

After luncheon, a pony phaeton and four, was in readiness to take us a drive over the domain. In making this, we first visited a point at which a magnificent new entrance and gateway is now erecting, five miles from that by which we arrived from Castle Neynoe, on the great post road from Dublin to Sligo. It is in the Gothic, castellated style, of grey granite, and consists of a gateway and porter's lodge, surmounted by towers of irregular height, the most lofty being between forty and fifty feet, with a circular sweep of embattled wall on either side, making the whole

façade upon the road, two hundred and twenty feet. And then with the fleetness of the wind, the spirited little animals by which we were drawn, took us a circuit of ten miles of private drive within the domain, of most singular and varied beauty. At the distance of every half or three-quarters of a mile, a lovely ornamental cottage, each differing from all the others, but all of the most picturesque architecture, came with charming effect upon the sight—the happy dwellings of the dependants of the proprietor, those of the gardeners, game-keeper, forester, &c.

Part of the road is cut round the wooded base of an insulated and naked hill crowned with rock, and rising fifteen hundred feet above the general surface of the country. Leaving the carriage at the end of five or six miles, at the nearest point to the summit of this, we ascended it, and from a platform of granite enjoyed a panoramic view of the entire region around—the domains of Castle Neynoe and Markree, and some half-dozen other seats within view, the villages of Colooney and Ballisedare, and part of the town of Sligo, with distant ranges of mountain and the bold headlands of the coast, beneath us, as it were, jutting wildly into the rude billows of the Atlantic. A heavy squall was sweeping in mist, and driving scud over and around these last, while in the opposite side, in striking contrast, the velvet lawns, lofty towers, and gleaming banners of Markree, were gilded with brightness and beauty by the beams of the declining sun.

I scarce know when I have more enjoyed a drive. The conversation of Mr. Cooper was not less interest-

ing than the scenery was lovely. All his sentiments and principles as a man and patriot, seem praiseworthy, and accordant with the breathings of the age. He understands the true uses of an aristocracy; and seems to have but one wish in reference to the tenantry and dependants by whom he is surrounded—that by his influence and every resource, their physical and domestic comfort, and mental and moral elevation may be promoted.

## LETTER LV.

## THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Departure from Castle Neynoe—Route of travel to Cork—Anecdote of the superstition of the people occurring at Roscommon—Cattle-fair at Ballinasloe—Scenes exhibited in it—Characteristics of the people in dress and manner—Exhibitions of passion—Call at Eyrecourt—Interview with Mrs. Jones, a niece of Sheridan—Arrival at Killarney, and first view of its lakes and mountains—Retrospective outline of the Journey from Killaloe—The Shannon and beauty of the scenery on its waters—Wretchedness of the common people—Their cabins, and grovelling habits of life—Beggars, and sights of misery—Three days at Killarney—Crofton Croker's "Legends"—Contrast in the weather of two successive days—Journey to Cork—Scenes in Glen Fleak connected with the Whiteboys—Beauty of the country near Cork and its environs—Lord Ingestrie.

*Clarence Hotel, Cork,  
October 20th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

IT was with no ordinary feelings of regret that we bade farewell, ten days ago, to our kind and hospitable friends of Castle Neynoe. As will be perceived from the place of my present date, we have accomplished a long journey since, embracing large sections of the counties of Roscommon, Galway, Clare, Limerick, and Kerry; and carrying us through the towns of Roscommon, Ballinasloe, Eyrecourt, Portumna, Killaloe, Limerick, Tarbert, Listowell, Tralee, and Killarney.

The first incident to interrupt the smooth current of common-place feeling, occurred to us at Roscommon. Just as we were turning from the town, after a change of horses, we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of men and women in holiday dress, whom we supposed at first to be a company of Catholics, returning from mass, on some festival. Soon, however, the sounds of wailing and lamentation at a distance, intimated it to be a funeral, though there was no regularity of procession, nor other indication of a service of the kind; and orders were given to the postilion to draw up on one side till it should pass. This he did, and not long afterwards, the coffin, enveloped in white, with a black bow on the top, was seen borne along near the ground, and surrounded by a company of women, wailing in the most piteous tones. After all had passed—except some half-dozen stout men, who stopped in the middle of the road, a few yards in advance of us, as we thought, only in idle curiosity—the postilion attempted to proceed, when the bridles of the horses were immediately seized by the persons in the road, who, while the boy gave them the whip and spur in urging them forward, turned them by the head abruptly and violently around, till the carriage was nearly capsized in the contest. Captain Bolton and myself were utterly at a loss to conjecture the cause of so unwonted a procedure; and, not very well pleased with the treatment received, and the danger of being overturned, to which we were exposed, by a tone of voice of no equivocal character, brought

the parties to a parlance, till we could ascertain the cause of the difficulty.

All that we could for some time learn from the assailants was, that "it was the custom of the country," and we should do it; and it was some minutes before we got hold of the truth of the matter—simply this, that the superstition of the people requires any one meeting a funeral to turn with it, and to follow the corpse for some distance, not as a mere matter of respect, but from a belief that if this is not done, others of the family or neighbourhood will soon die! After this explanation, my friend gave a severe reprimand to the men for seizing the horses without informing us—entire strangers in the country—of their wishes in this respect, expressing at the same time our willingness to conform to any proper custom of those among whom we were travelling, and ordering the post-boy to wheel his horses, and drive the distance deemed necessary. On again pursuing our way, we asked whether the funeral was of a Catholic or a Protestant, to which he replied, not in the best natured tone, "you need not ask that, your honours,—Protestants are no such fools."

On our reaching Ballinasloe the same night, the town was found overflowing with people attending a great annual cattle-fair, held in it from the fourth to the sixth of October; and it was with great difficulty we secured a bed, and the most indifferent quarters. The same cause led to the detention of an entire day at the place, from the impracticability of securing post-horses to Eyrecourt, where we were engaged, and were expected at the time. The

scene presented by the town, however, afforded us abundant amusement. I wish I could furnish you with a picture of it. Of the crowds of sturdy men in a kind of uniform dress—a coarse woollen coat of grey mixed cloth, with long skirts, and large buttons, all cut alike, and all sitting upon their owners as if each one had been measured for his neighbour—corduroy *unmentionables*, blue woollen stockings, open collar, and wool hat—each moving with an energetic step and swagger, and bearing in his hand a snug shillala;—of the women in their muslin caps and cloaks, with bare feet and ancles; and then, at every point, the squealing of pigs, and neighing of horses, the braying of donkeys, the lowing of cattle, and bleating of sheep, the noise of the auction bell and crier, the bawling of ballad singers, and whining of beggars, the laugh, the jest, and jeer, the brawl and squabble, the whole presenting a spectacle of which you would join us in saying that you never witnessed anything similar before. The equipages of the neighbouring nobles and gentry, moving slowly through the throngs, in their gilding and livery, added by contrast to the effect of the whole. Among them were the carriages of the Earl and Countess of Clancarty, who have a magnificent seat in the vicinity. To these we had been furnished with letters, which would have secured to us their hospitality, but the hope hourly of being able to proceed to Eyrecourt, prevented us from delivering them.

As the night began to approach, and the whisky more evidently to produce an effect on those who had indulged in its libations, the noise and uproar

proportionably increased. Such skilful flourishing of shillalas I never expect again to witness, and never shall forget the screams and shrieks of infuriated passion, in the brawlings of the street, by which, till near daybreak, I was hourly awakened. Nothing ever listened to in the shouts of heathenism among the South Sea islanders, in their untutored state, ever gave me an impression half so vivid of the savageness of man. I literally shuddered in listening to them, in the belief that such tiger-like passion must at once lead to the murder of the persons against whom it was exercised, or the death of those yielding to its paroxysms, by the bursting of some blood-vessel of the heart.

The detention at Ballinasloe deprived us in its consequences of what we have every reason to believe would have proved a delightful day at Eyrecourt. Mrs. Jones, the lady of a gentleman in the army, at present quartered in that town, is a relative of my companion, and had been apprised from castle Neynoe of our intention of being with her the day previous to that on which we arrived. She is a Sheridan, the niece of him whose genius has thrown a lasting brilliancy around the name; and within the five minutes of the first salutations by which we were received proved to us that she shares in no small degree in the talent, vivacity, and fascination of mind and manner associated with it. Apprehensive that our visit might possibly be necessarily limited literally to a day, every arrangement had kindly been made for our reception during it, at Eyrecourt castle, the seat of Colonel Eyre, in the

vicinity of the town, and at the palace of Clonfert, a few miles distant, with the learned prelate of which see she is on terms of intimacy. Unhappily for ourselves, however, the necessity of proceeding to the head of Lough Dierg, to join a steamboat in order to carry into effect the entire plan of our journey to the South, obliged us to forego the pleasure embraced in these civilities, and reluctantly to take leave, within the hour, of one of whom we shall long retain a most pleasing remembrance.

In the afternoon of the 15th. inst., when yet scarce midway from Tralee to Killarney, a distance of some twenty miles, we suddenly gained a first view, from the midst of an uninteresting bog, of the magnificent mountains which overhang and encircle the lakes; from which point each nearer gaze gave assurance that we should not be disappointed in the loveliness and romance of scenery which had been pictured in our minds from infancy, as the beau ideal of the wild and beautiful.

At a distance of two miles the lower lake burst upon the sight, stretched in the midst of the landscape, like a sheet of silver richly studded with emerald gems, the gently descending shores from the height at which we were, with the town on the margin of the water, forming the foreground, while the lofty mountains in the south and west, towering in broad masses of purple and gold, filled up the scene.

None but those who may have accomplished the same journey from the north which we had, and by the same route with similar accommodations, can judge of the satisfaction with which on driving to the

door of the "Kenmare arms" in our *curricie car*—for we had two horses abreast before the vehicle—we met an English landlady, in silks and lace, to welcome our arrival, and usher us into a parlour and show us bed-rooms, having not only an air of civilization, but of comfort and even luxury about them. After a part of a day and a night, at a certain Mistress Haly's in Portumna, in Galway, we thought we had experienced the *ne plus ultra* of Irish filth and discomfort, but this was in reserve for us, at what had been recommended as the best house in Tralee, and from which we had made our escape the same morning, as if from a pestilence.

We had, indeed, in almost every respect become heartily weary of travelling in this section of Ireland. The whole valley of the Shannon—itsself a noble and American-like river—from Killaloe at the foot of Lough Dierg to Tarbert, near its entrance to the sea, is beautiful in its scenery, and rich and luxuriant in its soil and physical resources. It is far from being destitute of interest, too, in an occasional display of wealth and magnificence in the residence of some princely proprietor, such as the Earl of Clare, the Fitz Gerald, knights of Glyn and Kerry, &c. &c., and extensive and beautiful ruins in Abbeys, Monasteries and Castles, telling what the country once has been, but there is such a preponderance of poverty, degradation and wretchedness in the mass of the population, that the whole is shaded in melancholy and dashed with a sombre hue.

While travelling in America along the routes of the canals and rail-roads, now being constructed in so

many sections of the Union, I have often looked, with sympathy for the poor emigrants of the Emerald Isle engaged in labour upon them, upon the temporary sheds and "*shanties*" put up by the contractors for their accommodation; but these are palaces of comfort compared with the cabins passed by us by hundreds in a day since arriving in the south and west of the island. The veriest wigwam of the forest surpasses them in an appearance of cleanliness, if not of civilization. In the miserable and low exterior which they present, they are ragged and patched with mud and peat; and within are dark and filthy, serving equally as a shelter for man and beast. Immediately in front of the door, there is almost invariably a mud hole and pool of dirty water, in which all who enter or come out must necessarily plunge at the first step, and, in a majority of cases, a principal object seen within, in the darkness which you attempt to penetrate in driving by, is a large hog or two, surrounded indiscriminately by some half dozen ragged or not unfrequently entirely naked children, and an equal number of pigs, alike domiciliated together, and forming component parts of the family group! With what order of civilized beings can the inmates of such dwellings be classed! And yet I have seen an Irish lady shrink with horror at the suggestion of a residence in America, because "she never could live in an uncivilized country!"

And then the beggary at every turn, and every hour of the day. It is not only distressing, but stupefying to the heart of the slightest sensibility. Not the beggary of the healthful, the stout, and the young,

but that of the feeble, the afflicted, the infirm—of the child pining for nourishment even at its mother's side, and of the head white with years, oppressed with hunger—the beggary of those whose appeals to your charity are supported by a look whose undisguised language is that furnished by the poet, as addressed to the grave.

“Ah! misery stole me at my birth,  
And cast me helpless on the wild,—  
I perish!—O my mother Earth,  
Take home thy child!”

We remained three days at Killarney. Two of them were passed almost exclusively on the lakes—of which you will recollect there are three, the Upper, Middle, and Lower, flowing the one into the other—in making the circuit of each, with a boat's crew and bugleman, and in visiting the long noted points of special beauty and interest on their bosoms and along their borders; Innisfallen and other of the islets, O'Sullivan and Turk Cascade, the Eagle's Nest, Elena Bay and Cottage, Mucruss Abbey, and the Church of Aghadoe, and last, though not least, the Gap of Dunloe:

“Where the dark mountains frown in their pride,  
And rocks in disorder are thrown,  
Or lie shivered along the hill-side,  
Like the relics of worlds that are gone.”

But in place of a minute account of objects so often described, I will refer you to Crofton Croker's “Legends of Killarney,” by which you may revive your recollections, descriptive and geographical, of the

entire vicinage, and at the same time secure, in an amusing and lively form, the many stories of nonsense and folly connected in the traditionary legends of the country, with the scenery. For,

“ Every glen, of calm seclusion,  
Has its tale of dim delusion;  
Every rock, and every mountain,  
Every bower, and every fountain,  
Has its own romantic story,  
Or its legend old and hoary.”

Our bugleman was Spillane, the same introduced by this writer, as may also have been the fact in the crew by whom we were rowed, and the guides conducting us from place to place.

The weather happily was such, on the two days, as to afford the most striking contrast in the drapery thrown over the scene around. The first was wild and tempestuous, such as caused the boatmen when we had reached the margin of the lake, to hesitate whether or not to launch forth upon its troubled waters, and to call to mind the “angry flood,” as described by the poet, the ferriage of which proved fatal to “Lord Ullin’s daughter.” But I happened to be in a mood of mind congenial with the wintry blast and driving storm, and enjoyed the more luxuriously in it, that which partook most of wildness and sublimity in the surrounding imagery. The succeeding day was all brightness and serenity. Had we waited a twelvemonth, we could not have been favoured with light and shades better adapted to the full exhibition of the loveliness of the lakes and mountains, now dressed in the richest tints here

known of an autumnal drapery; while the whole surface of the water was so placid that—

“Reflected in the crystal pool,  
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;  
The weather-tinted rock and tower,  
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,  
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,  
As if there lay beneath the wave,  
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,  
A world than earthly world more fair.”

On the morning of the 18th inst. we bade farewell to Killarney, in a brightness of sun-beam and transparency of atmosphere that fastened, by our “lingering looks” at its lakes and mountains, every previous impression of their unchallenged loveliness and sublimity. A few miles brought us to Glen Flesk, noted for the wild nakedness of its features, and for a population peculiarly daring and intractable. It has long afforded its “Whiteboys” for the vigilance of the police and the penalty of the laws; and we had ocular proof, in passing through it, that some still dwelling there are subjected to the suspicion of being of the number. The Tralee assizes terminated the day previous to our leaving Killarney. A party of young men from Glen Flesk had been tried under the “Whiteboy Act” during it, and through the eloquence of Mr. O’Connell, as was said, had been acquitted. This, however, had not yet become known among their kindred and friends; and for miles, groups of females and children were met along the road, waiting the passing of the coach, to gain some intelligence of their fate; while others, at every place, ran

from their cabins by the way-side for the same purpose. The news brought by the coachman and guard, and loudly proclaimed by them as we were whirled by, produced the loudest and most extravagant shouts of joy. The blessings of "long life to ye," "the blessed God be with ye," &c. &c. followed the coach as long as we were within hearing, while in some instances, the mothers and wives and sisters of those who had been implicated, fell on their knees in the road, and with tears and arms outstretched to heaven, gave utterance to their feelings, in prayers of gratitude and thanksgiving to God.

After reaching Macroom, the travel to Cork is beautiful. The country around the city, covered with residences of taste and elegance, the entrance to it, and its whole aspect, equal in their claims of admiration those of most other places visited by us during the summer; and we gave yesterday to the inspection of the town and its environs, with great satisfaction and pleasure. Notwithstanding the near approach of the winter months, the whole surface of the country is fresh and verdant as in spring in the United States, though the foliage of the parks and groves begins to show the "sear and yellow leaf."

But for the lateness of the season, in view of our after arrangements, we would complete the circuit of Ireland, by pursuing a route by Waterford and Wexford, through the county of Wicklow, to Dublin; and would now, at least, proceed to Waterford before crossing the channel, were it not for engagements already made in England. To this I have a strong inducement, aside from every other considera-

tion, in a letter received since my arrival here from Viscount Ingestrie, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making, as an officer of H. M. ship *Blonde*, in 1825, under circumstances developing to me principles and affections of mind and heart which commanded my respect at the time, and have secured a lasting remembrance and regard.

While at Castle Neynoe, a letter addressed by him to me in America, and which had recrossed the Atlantic, came to hand. That now received is in answer to the acknowledgment sent of the arrival of the former. It incidentally shows that twice during the summer, once in Scotland, and again in the north of Ireland, we must have passed each other in our travels; and adds doubly to the disappointment I feel in thus having missed meeting him, by apprizing me that within the passing week himself and Lady Ingestrie will be at Curraghmore Park, a seat of the Marquess of Waterford, a brother of Lady Ingestrie, near that city, with an invitation to meet him there. But this, under existing circumstances, is impracticable; and within the coming hour we shall bid adieu to the Emerald Isle.

## LETTER LVI.

LAST WEEK IN ENGLAND.

Cross the Irish Channel from Cork to Bristol—Travel through sections of Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Surrey—Separation in London from Captain Bolton—Mood of mind in unison with the season of the year—Route of travel from Birmingham to Chester—Shrewsbury, Oswestry, Llangollen, Llanrwst, and Bangor—Suspension bridge over the Straits of Menai—Journey to Chester by Aberconway, St. Asaph, and Holywell—Visit at the Palace of Chester—Character of the Bishop, and habits of his family—Rev. Mr. Raikes, Chancellor of the Cathedral—Last impressions in England.

*Palace of Chester,  
November 6th, 1832.*

DEAR VIRGINIA,

IN this you have my last date in England.

After crossing the Irish Channel from Cork to Bristol, Captain Bolton and myself took a rapid journey of two or three days on our way to London, through Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire and Surrey—without having it in our power, however, to extend the travel into Sussex and Kent, in which counties, respectively, we had promised ourselves the pleasure of a visit, before leaving England, to Sir Robert Otway, and to Sir Henry Montessor.

After a week in the metropolis, my companion and myself were under the unwelcome necessity of bidding farewell to each other, at least for the year

to come, he to join General Wool, of the U. S. Army, —whom we had the gratification to meet in London in crossing to the continent,—and I to hasten to Liverpool, to embark for New York in the packet ship of the passing week.

The associations existing between us—now for a second long period—as intimate friends and fellow-travellers warmly attached to each other, made the separation one of painful regret; and the journey of three days by which I reached Chester, was as widely different, in its sympathies and excitement, from that by which, six months ago, over much of the same road, I arrived in London, as the seared leaf and blasted flower, the eddying wind and gathering gloom of approaching winter, are in contrast with the freshness, bloom, and beauty, the balmy breeze, and joyous smile of June. And during it, as, on every hand, I saw the emblems of the dying year scattered around,

“My spirit took a similar tone  
And sigh’d that it was all alone!”

After reaching Birmingham by the route before travelled, I directed my course to Shrewsbury; and from thence by Oswestry, Llangollen, and Llanrwst, to Bangor, that I might have a peep at Wales, and the gaze of a moment at least, at a masterpiece of art of the kind, in the celebrated suspension bridge over the straits of Menai—an object of beauty not far removed, in its height of one hundred, and length of sixteen hundred feet, from the sublime. The journey to this place was completed along the northern

coast of Wales, amid magnificent views of sea and mountain, by Aberconway, St. Asaph, and Holywell, in the vale of Clwyd.

While at Cork I received a letter from the kind and excellent Bishop of Chester, repeating the invitation which had been given to me at Durham, some months since, to visit him in this city on my way to Liverpool. It is now my third day at the Episcopal Palace, and I can scarce express to you, dear V——, the enjoyment I have taken beneath the roof of this learned and pious prelate. His whole character in mind and spirit, and the entire habit of life, in himself and in his family, are just such as those of a “bishop of souls” should be, and such as have, since I first crossed the threshold of his doors, hourly won more and more of the high respect and warm affection of my heart. He is so dignified, yet so condescending, so wise yet so simple—so kind, so courteous, so meek, and so spiritual, that I delight to sit at his feet, and in himself study the genuine spirit and blessedness of the office he fills.

His residence is styled “the Palace,” from usage and the custom of the times in which it was appropriated to its present purpose; but it is a plain though extensive edifice, immediately adjoining the cathedral, and communicating by a private staircase with it—spacious and lofty in its principal apartments, but as simple in its furniture and ornaments within, as it is unpretending in its architecture without.

In the order and regularity, the gentleness, the quiet, and kind spirit of the household, there is a propriety and a charm, which I have never seen sur-

passed; and could I have had a choice of mansions in the kingdom, in which to have made a last visit, there is no one within my knowledge, in which my thoughts and affections could so happily have been brought "home," or my spirit have been chastened into a frame so subdued and so desirable.

The Rev. Mr. Raikes, chancellor of the cathedral—of like character with the bishop—a nephew of Robert Raikes, Esquire, of Gloucester—the benevolent and distinguished founder of Sabbath Schools—was of the party at dinner the day of my arrival; and I have since had an opportunity, in the hospitality of his own house, of further cultivating his acquaintance.

The evening in his drawing-room, with a circle of Christian friends—the hymn, the exposition of the Scriptures, and prayer with which it was closed—the daily sacrifices of praise and prayer at the palace; and the services of the cathedral on the sabbath, when the bishop preached from the words of St. Paul in the Acts, "What mean ye to break my heart," &c. and when I received at his dispensation, the symbols of the "broken body" and "the blood" of a crucified Redeemer, will long gild with brightness, in the visions of memory, the closing scenes in the tour which I have now accomplished.

THE END.





